★ Oct. 23, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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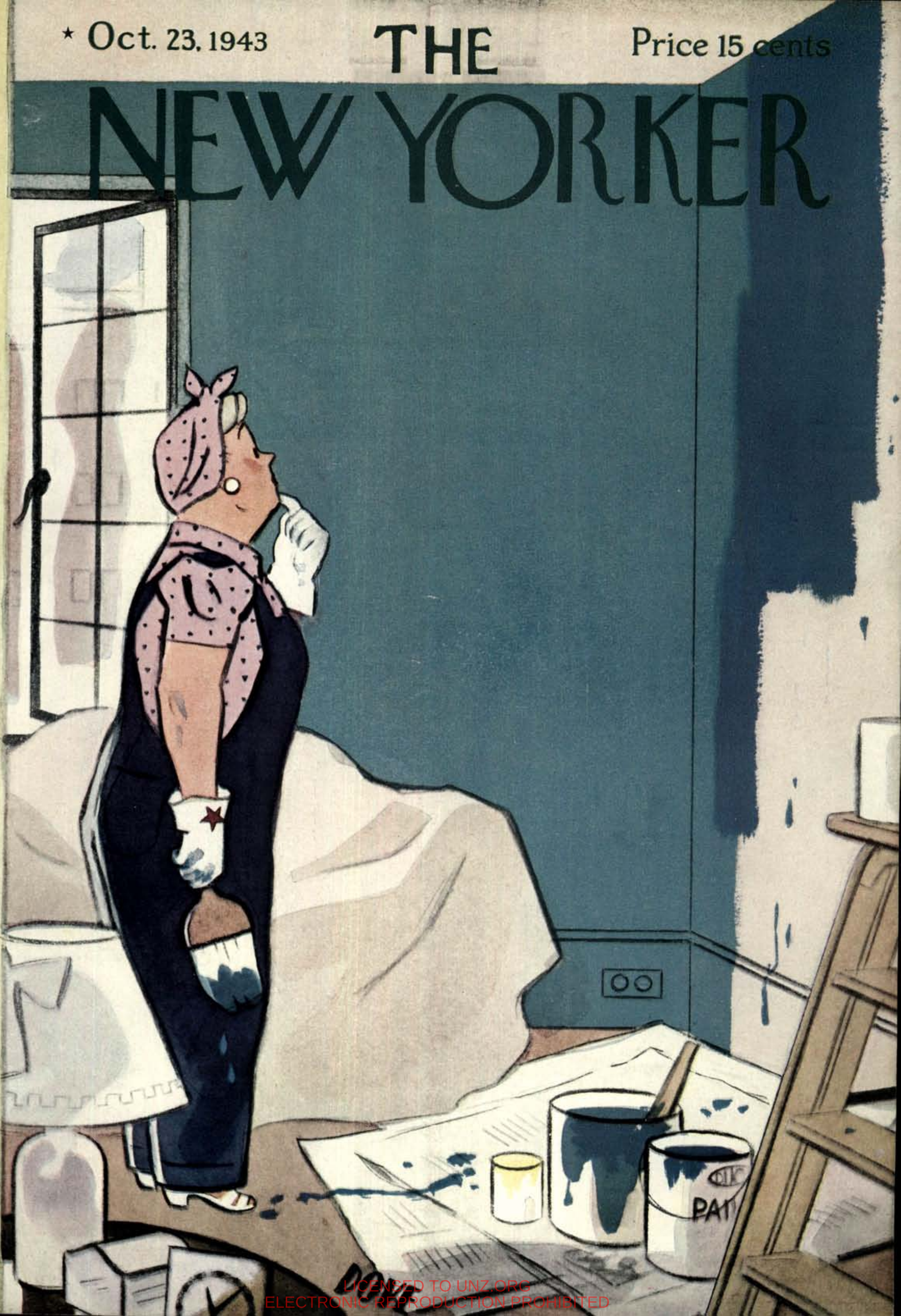

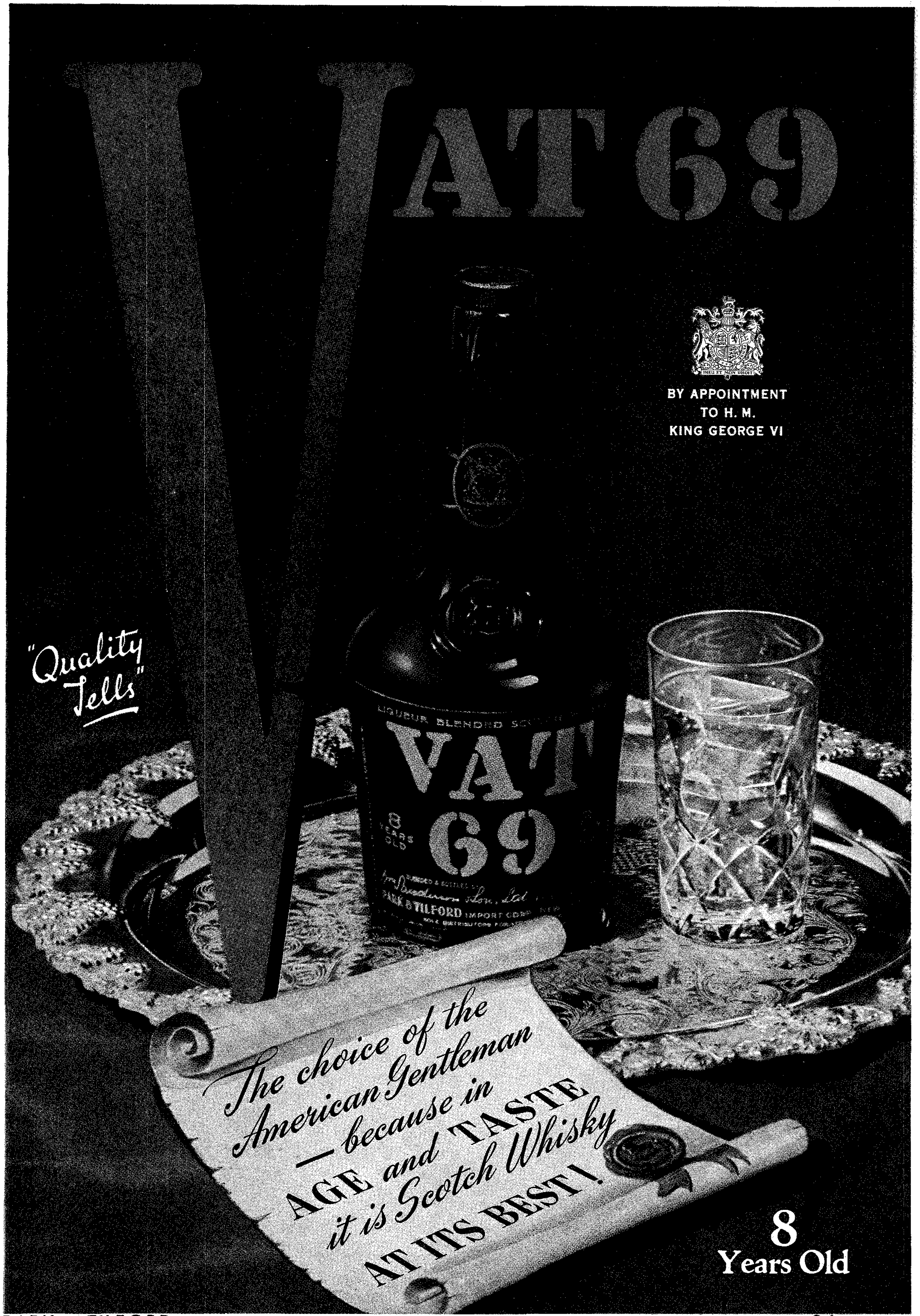
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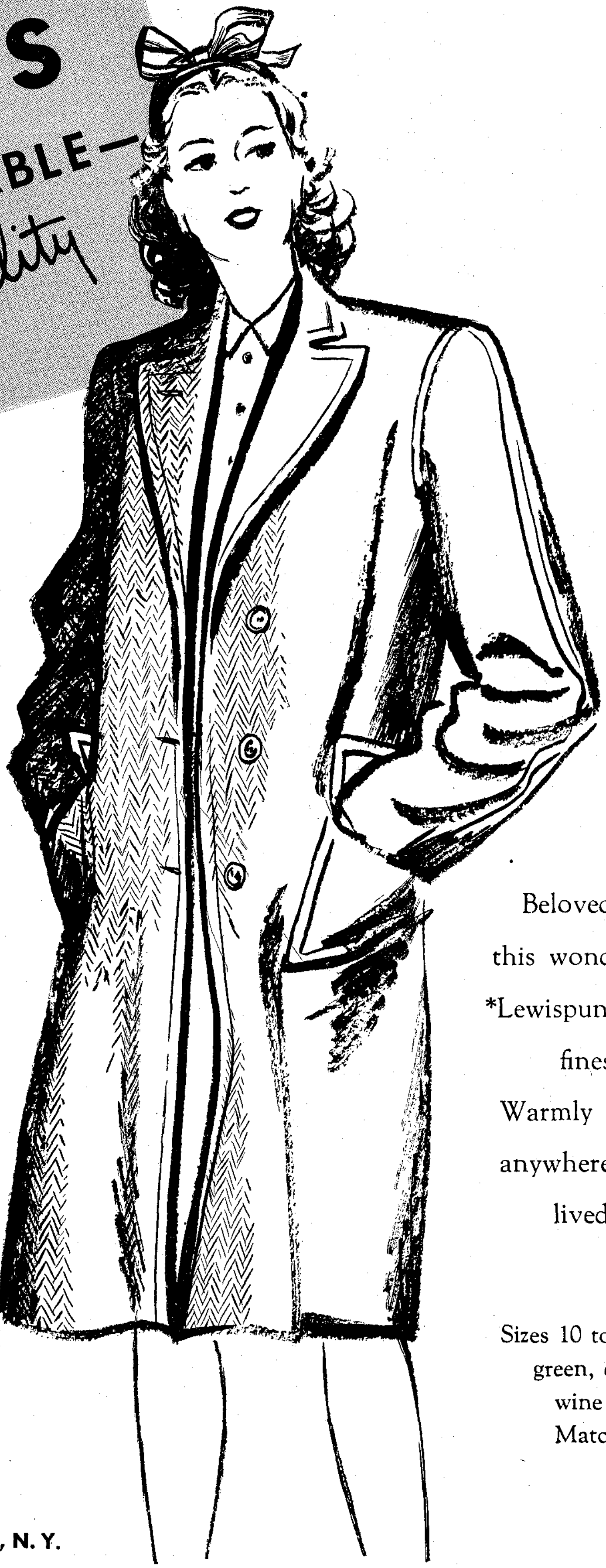

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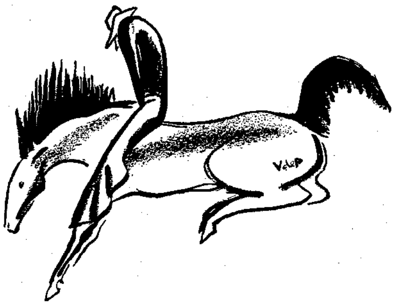
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Another Love Story—Frederick Lonsdale back with a comedy involving no less than three love affairs, all shady. The cast includes Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes magnificent as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A comedy of adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. With Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special Mat. Sun., Oct. 24, at 2:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is rounding out its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A New Life—Elmer Rice's rather disappointing study, with abundant obstetrical details, of a mother's struggle to save her child from its plutocratic grandparents. Presented by the Playwrights' Company, with Betty Field, George Lambert, and Ann Thomas. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Moves to another theatre on a date to be announced. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Three's a Family—Another play about babies, this one a farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, though somewhat elementary, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Othello—Paul Robeson, José Ferrer, and Uta Hagen in the Margaret Webster production of the Shakespeare play, presented by the Theatre Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a comedy concerned dimly with bullfighting and Martinique. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard also appear, and there is characteristic music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laugh Time—Frank Fay in charge of an assortment of acrobats, dancers, and trained dogs. Ethel Waters and Bert Wheeler assist him from time to time and it's all pretty good fun. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30, and Sun. at 2:15 and 5:30.)

The Merry Widow—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, and the cast includes Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special Mat. Tues., Oct. 26, at 2:30 for the Actors' Fund.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and lyrics, and Agnes De Mille has contributed a stunning ballet. All very satisfactory. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle, Eric Blore, and many, many more. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Naked Genius—A comedy by Gypsy Rose Lee, with Joan Blondell and Millard Mitchell. Staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Michael Todd. Opens Thurs., Oct. 21. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Mother's Day—A comedy by Aleen Leslie, with Leon Ames and Mona Barrie. Staged by Melville Burke. Opens Mon., Oct. 25. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Manhattan Nocturne—Eddie Dowling in a melodrama by Roy Walling. Staged by Stella Adler and produced by Walter Drey and George W. Brandt. Opens Tues., Oct. 26. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Victory Belles—A farce by Alice Gerstenberg, with Mabel Taliaferro and Barbara Bennett. Produced by Henry Adrian. Opens Tues., Oct. 26. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Outrageous Fortune—Elsie Ferguson, Maria Ouspenskaya, and Margalo Gillmore in a play by Rose Franken. Staged by Miss Franken and produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Thurs., Oct. 28. Benefit preview Tues., Oct. 26 for the Kips Bay Boys' Club. For tickets, call WI 2-5233. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Theatre—"Slavonika," "Lilac Garden," "Pas de Quatre," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 21. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Dim Lustre," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Fri. Eve., Oct. 22. . . . "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sat. Aft., Oct. 23. . . . "Aleko," "Fair at Sorochinsk," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., Oct. 23. . . . "Romantic Age," "Dim Lustre," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sun. Aft., Oct. 24. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Pictures of Goya," and "Helen of Troy," Sun. Eve., Oct. 24. . . . "Billy the Kid," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard," Wed. Eve., Oct. 27. . . . "Swan Lake," "Aleko," and "Princess Aurora," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 28. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Fair at Sorochinsk," and "Helen of Troy," Fri. Eve., Oct. 29. . . . "Slavonika," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Aft., Oct. 30. . . . "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Pictures of Goya," "Lilac Garden," and "Helen of Troy," Sat. Eve., Oct. 30. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

Ruth Draper—Presenting some of her monologues as a benefit for Greenwich House, Sat., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow. CH 2-4140.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has plenty of space for dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra, along with an ice revue, is in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—A fine place to hear good jazz. Hazel Scott, Mildred Bailey, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis, Sonny Kendis' orchestra, Frank Marti's samba band, and some strictly Manhattan palm trees.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—The only beach in the state that's comfortable this time of year. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, offers Fred and Elaine Barry and Stanley Melba's or-

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FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is at home to her friends in the Persian Room. There is also Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—The Oval Room has a quiet little continental orchestra that plays for dancing during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has music by Freddy Miller's orchestra. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—It's still the same old Stork Club. Russ Smith's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras play in the Wedgwood Room, where there is also a supper show headed by Frank Sinatra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan ought to be enough for you. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mme. Claude Alphand is here, with all her Gallic charm. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): a casual sort of place, with Spivy's rough-and-ready songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): not much connection with the life Parisian, but there's Celeste Holm and a small show. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): handsome and well-appointed, with Roger Stearns playing nice tunes on the piano. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): both the music and the lights are soft enough for Romance.

Miscellaneous—The **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place with a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Carl Brisson. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; songs by Anne Francine and music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): North Africa on Fifty-ninth Street, with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, containing Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): big and fairly noisy, with Charles Baum's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): claims to be New York's oldest Spanish night club, and it may well be. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Left Bank crossed with Times Square; Georgie Price heads the show. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): Chavez' rumba band and many, many girls, including Sally Rand. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): all-Negro entertainment with some big and some fair-sized names, including Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, and Maurice Rocco; Don Redman's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and a show. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): castanets, ruffles, and dark, flashing eyes.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Mary Lou Williams, Josh White, Pearl Primus, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Billie Holiday and a trio. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just big enough for Art Tatum, Ben Webster's orchestra, and a few admirers. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21,
THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30.

ART

Milton Avery—Recent water colors of American scenes: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

Will Barnet—A showing of water colors, oils, and prints: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Arbit Blatas—Recent portraits and landscapes in oil and water color: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Giorgio de Chirico—A loan show of some early works: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

Cloisters, Fort Tryon Pk. at 190—Militant and protective saints, as shown in medieval sculpture and painting. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Drawings and Prints—Works in color and black-and-white by such artists as Degas, Rodin, Cézanne, Braque, and Picasso: Kleeman, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Europeans—Works by Mané-Katz, Moise Kisling, Eric Isenburger, and other foreign artists living in this country: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 5.

William Fett—Recent abstractions in water color: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Flower Paintings—Works by Vaclav Vytlacil, Walt Kuhn, Maurice Sterne, and several others: Mortimer Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

French—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: Erich Maria Remarque's collection of works by Cézanne, Degas, Delaroix, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 13. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: water colors and drawings by about twenty artists, including Picasso, Miró, and Matisse. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Henry Gasser—Eleven conventional water colors: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Maurice Golubov—New work, and a good deal of it, in oil and tempera: Artists', 43 W. 55. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

Xavier Gonzalez—A variety of mediums and styles by a New Orleans artist: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Groups—At the **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: an exhibit of oils and water colors by Ogden M. Pleissner, Peter Hurd, Joseph De Martini, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: annual exhibition of painting and sculpture by members of the gallery's group, including Niles Spencer, Charles Sheeler, and William Zorach. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12: paintings, sculptures, and prints by Stanley William Hayter, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, José de Creeft, and Louis Schanker. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: black-and-whites by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 6. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: oils and water colors by Louis Bosa, Stephen Csoka, John C. Pellew, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 22.

Zoltan Hecht—Water colors of New York: Acquavella, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Eric Isenburger—Recent Impressionistic paintings: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 23.

Paul Klee—Twenty-four oils done between 1910 and 1939: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Landscapes—At the **MARQUIE,** 16 W. 57: works by Raoul Dufy, Chaim Soutine, Louis Eilshemius, Milton Avery, and other modern French and American artists. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: New England scenes by Revington Arthur. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 6. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: North and South American landscapes by contemporary artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 23. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by Dong Kingman, the Chinese-American artist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Constructions, jewelry, toys, and drawings by Alexander Calder, in a retrospective showing of his work. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 28.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other works by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Nineteenth-Century—Paintings by several American artists of the period in an exhibition emphasizing their similarity to modern schools: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

B.J.O. Nordfeldt—Recent paintings, mostly of Southern scenes: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

Fred Papsdorf—Oils by a Detroit primitive, in his first one-man show here: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Portraits—Works by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, including Arbit Blatas, José de Creeft, and A. E. Gallatin: 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 3.

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstractions in brass, along with a few black-and-whites: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

Josef Scharl—Water colors, oils, and drawings by this Expressionist: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

Sculptures—Thirty bronzes by Renoir, Degas, and Matisse: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 13.

Vincent Van Gogh—A loan exhibition of sixty-eight paintings and drawings, many never before shown in New York; a benefit for American and Dutch war relief: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

War Prints—Works by Raphael Soyer, William Gropper, Harry Sternberg, Robert Gwathmey, and others in the "Artists for Victory" group: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

Note—The semiannual outdoor exhibition of paintings in Washington Square will continue through Sun., Oct. 24, from 10 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 21, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 22, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Oct. 23, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 24, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 28, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 29, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Oct. 30, at 8:45 P.M. (Highlights: Zino Francescatti, Oct. 21, 22, and 24; Jarmila Novotna and Rudolf Firkusny in a Czechoslovakian memorial program, Oct. 28-29; Leonard Shure, Oct. 30.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Alexander Kipnis, Doris Dorée, Vera Brodsky, and others in a benefit program for the American Russian Institute, Sun., Oct. 24, at 8:30 P.M.; Ray Lev, Tues., Oct. 26, at 8:30 P.M.; Claudio Arrau, Wed., Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M.

Town Hall—Miriam Solovieff, Fri., Oct. 22, at 8:30 P.M.; Povla Frijsh, Sun., Oct. 24, at 3 P.M.; Joseph Schuster, Mon., Oct. 25, at 8:30 P.M.; Thomas L. Thomas, Fri., Oct. 29, at 8:30 P.M.; Gregor Piatigorsky (a benefit for the Organization for Rehabilitation through Training), Sat., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M.

Elsewhere—At the **WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL,** 40 Irving Pl., at 16 (ST 9-1391): Claudio Arrau, Sat., Oct. 23, at 8:30 P.M. . . . **TIMES HALL,** 240 W. 44 (LA 4-1000): James Friskin, Tues., Oct. 26, at 9 P.M.

OPERA

San Carlo Opera—"Aïda," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 21. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Oct. 22. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Oct. 23. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Oct. 23. (Broadway Theatre, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

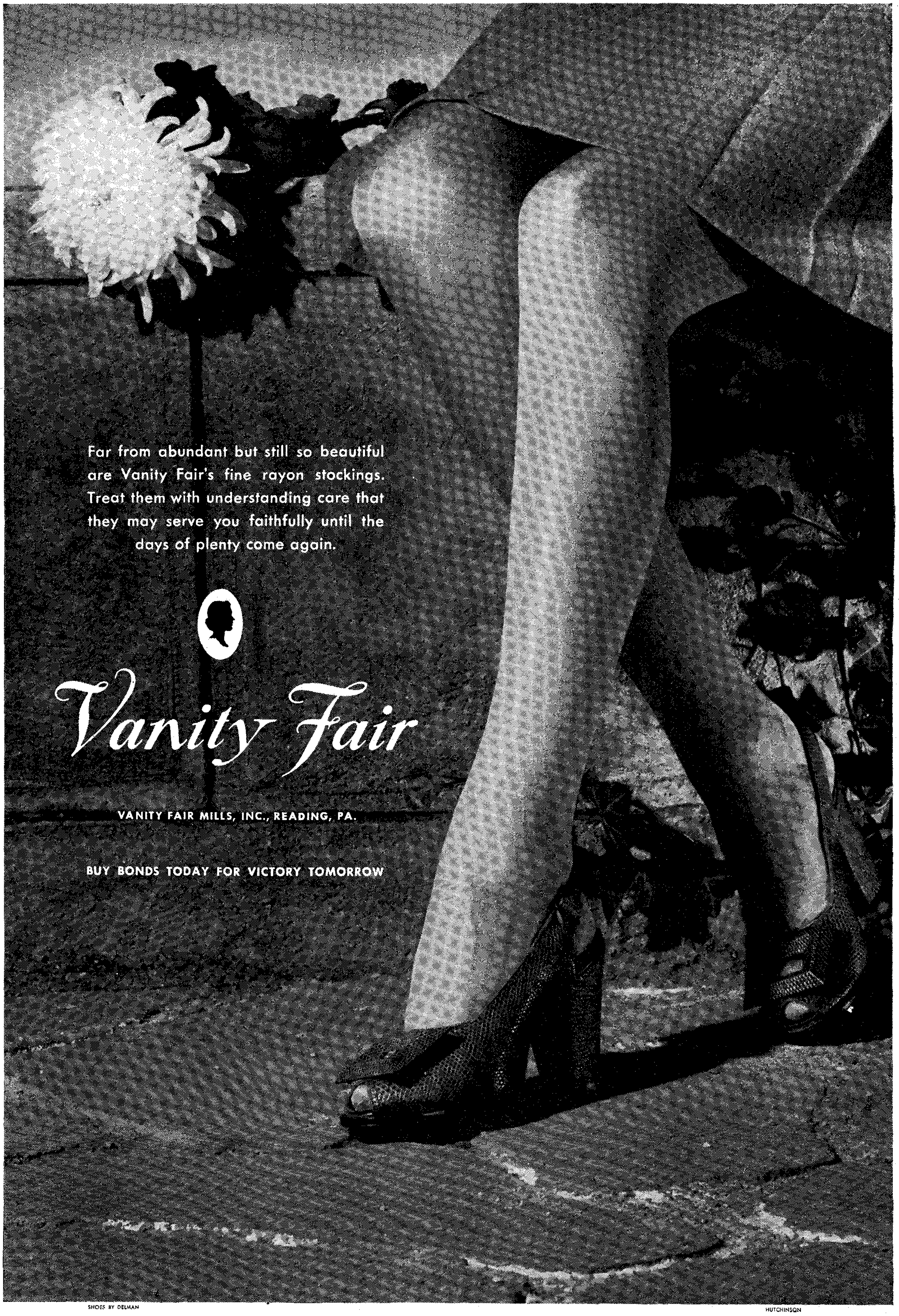
SPORTS

Football—College game: Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, Baker Field, Sat., Oct. 23, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Philadelphia-Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds, Sun., Oct. 24, at 2:30 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1:45 P.M. (Autumn Day Stakes, Oct. 21; Ardsley Handicap, Oct. 23; Scarsdale Handicap, Oct. 30.) . . . Frequent special trains leave Penn Station on Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and on other days between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, ar-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30.

tillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka, as well as booby traps and official photographs captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES**, 457 Madison, at 50: sixty-two photographs taken by Thérèse Bonney between 1939 and 1943 in France, Spain, Sweden, and other countries, showing the effects of the war on the children of Europe. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 29. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, and photomurals; also, at 2:30 P.M. each day, a fifteen-minute film showing the Sikorsky helicopter in action. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF DECORATORS**, 595 Madison, at 57: an exhibition of official Army photographs taken in Iceland by the Signal Corps. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

NAVY DAY PARADE—Navy men and Marines will march down Fifth Avenue, from 95th to 62nd St., on Sat., Oct. 23, starting at 2:30 P.M. The reviewing stand will be at 67th St.

RODEO—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden, through Oct. 31. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. (CO 5-6815.)

ANTIQUES FAIR—Old furniture, silver, china, and the like, exhibited by about a hundred and fifty dealers: Commodore Hotel, Mon., Oct. 25, from 4 to 11 P.M., Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 26-28, from 1 to 11 P.M., and Fri., Oct. 29, from 1 to 9 P.M.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—The development of America from 1492 to 1792, as shown by maps, autograph manuscripts and letters, books, and other material. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 30.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 24, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 23 and 30, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sun., Oct. 24, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Oct. 24, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Football: Yale vs. Army, Sat., Oct. 23, at 2:45 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—The Crowninshield collection of modern art and African sculptures, Thurs., Oct. 21, at 8:15 P.M. . . . English eighteenth-century furniture and Georgian silver, owned by Mrs. Edgar Speyer, Comm. Harry F. Guggenheim, and others: Sat., Oct. 23, at 2 P.M. . . . First editions and other books from the libraries of the late Col. Edward C. James and Dr. Grant C. Madill: Tues. and Wed., Oct. 26-27, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—Registration for Ration Book Number Four will be held at public, private, and parochial schools on Mon., Tues., and Wed., Oct. 25-27, from 3 to 7 P.M. All copies of Ration Book Three must be presented at the time of registration.

MOTION PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU—Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson in an English-made thriller about sabotage and espionage in Czechoslovakia. Not a Hitchcock picture, but almost as good. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Oct. 23. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Oct. 27. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; tentative, Sat. through Wed., Oct. 23-27.)

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Another version, and an able one, of the novel about an adolescent girl in love with a musician. Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 24-26.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A scenic and well-acted adaptation of Hemingway, somewhat marred by political cloudiness. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

HERS TO HOLD—Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten involved in a wartime romance which should appeal to those with a sweet tooth. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 23-25.)

NEXT OF KIN—The British have put this thriller together to show you that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 24-26. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 27-28.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Last year's Army show has been moved to the screen with extensive alterations and additions, but no harm done. There's a supplementary civilian cast which includes George Murphy, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

TRUE TO LIFE—A comedy that is not entirely laughable but has plenty of good moments. The cast includes Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, Mary Martin, and Victor Moore. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—An excellent treatment of Lillian Hellman's play, with Paul Lukas and others from the Broadway cast and Bette Davis to boot. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Oct. 22. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Oct. 25. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Tues., Oct. 26. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 24-25.)

WE WILL COME BACK—A stormy Russian film about guerrilla fighting, filled with lush Russian acting and lots of reality, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

REVIVALS

ALGIERS (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Thurs., Oct. 21.)

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 21.)

BLACKOUT (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 26-27.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress of All the Russias and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the young Czar. (Park, at Columbus Circle; starting Wed., Oct. 27.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Wed., Oct. 27.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 24-26.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the novel by Tarkington. Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 26-28.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—The Capra comedy about a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 26-27.)

NAZI AGENT (1942)—A spy picture, with Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 22-25.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 22-23.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY THE VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Park, at Columbus Circle; starting Wed., Oct. 27.)

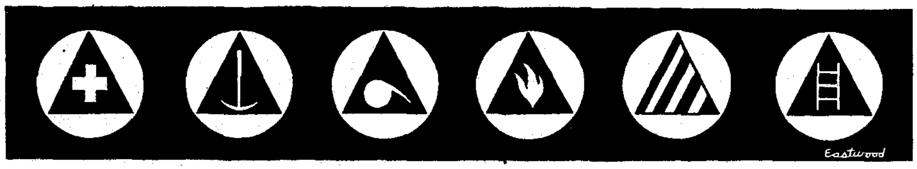
THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Wed., Oct. 27.)

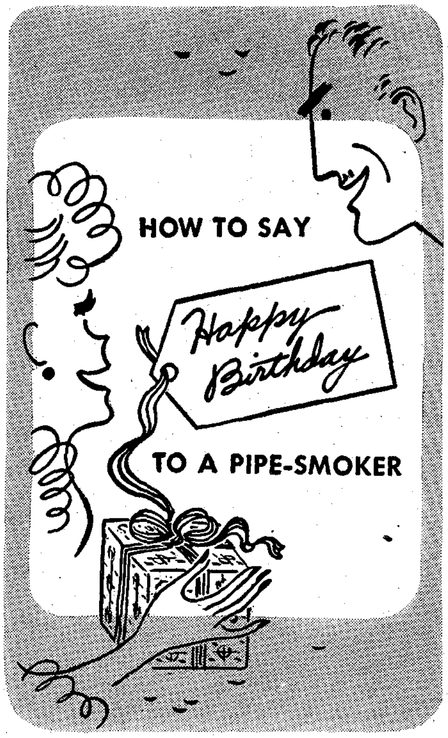
STAND-IN (1937)—A satire on Hollywood. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 26-28.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Oct. 22.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 22.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is





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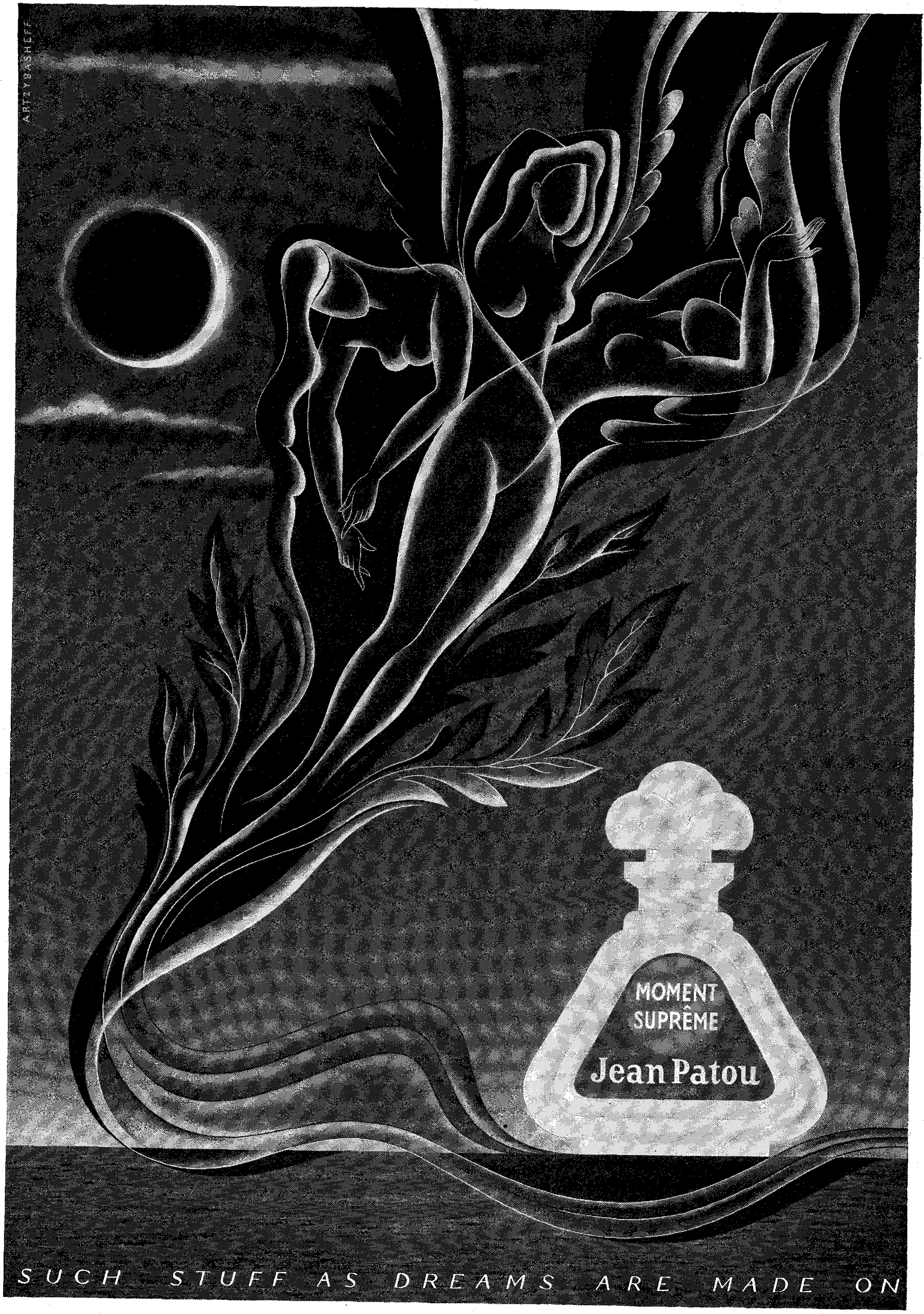
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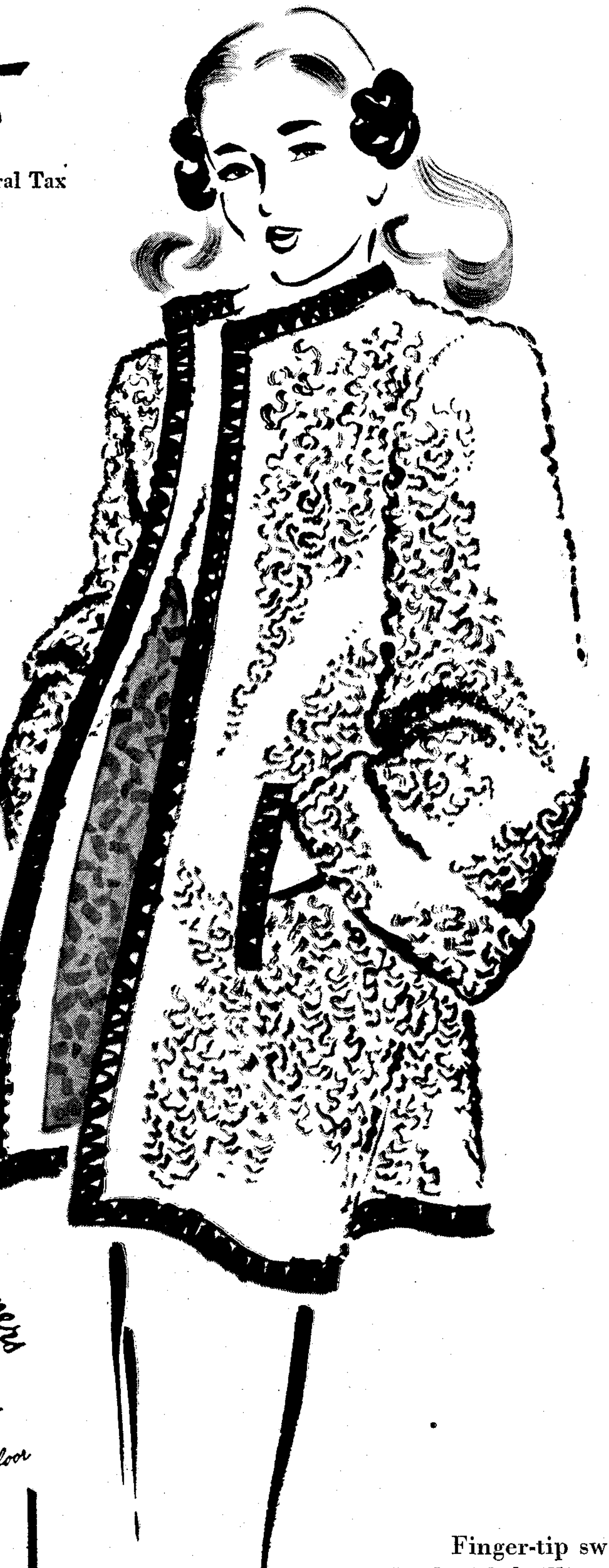

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS. AND FRI., OCT. 21-22: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. SAT. AND SUN., OCT. 23-24: "A Nous La Liberté" (1932), directed by René Clair. MON. AND TUES., OCT. 25-26: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with Jack Oakie and W. C. Fields. WED. AND THURS., OCT. 27-28: "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers. FRI. AND SAT., OCT. 29-30: "What! No Beer?" (1933), with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante.

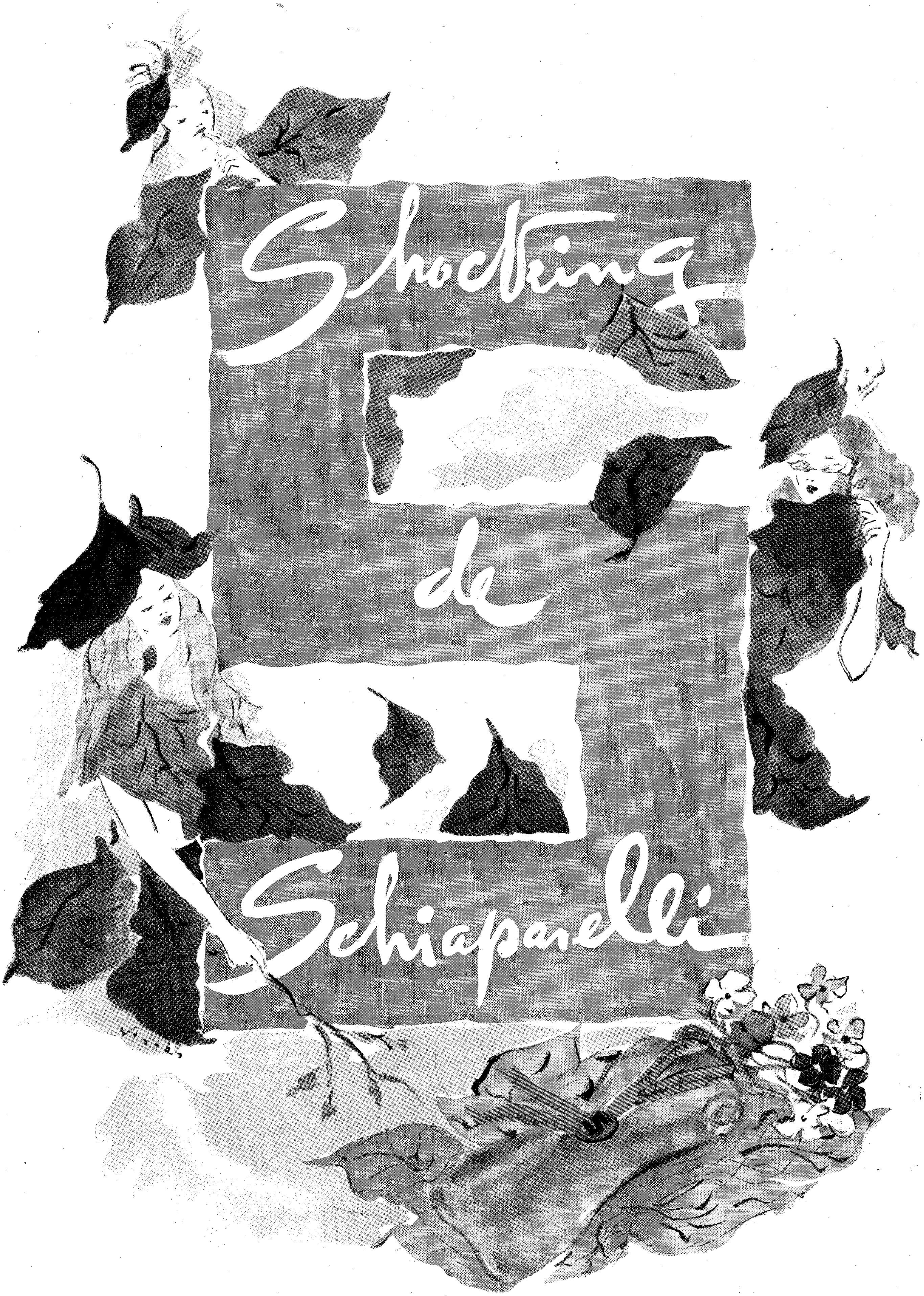
CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301): women to put in at least nine hours a week as staff assistants in nursery schools; anyone who can typewrite, and is free during the day, to work full or part time in the organization's offices. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a short lecture course and then do clerical work on a regular schedule in Red Cross offices and information centres; women to spend as much time as they can spare making surgical dressings, or sewing and knitting for servicemen and war victims. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics, map-reading, and other subjects, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies; women to staff salvage depots throughout the city, keeping records of the collection and disposal of salvage, and also to act as salvage captains in their own apartment buildings. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a thirty-five-hour course and then serve about six hours a week during the day as librarians in hospitals; men to take a hospital training course and then put in about six hours a week as orderlies in wards.

SALVAGE—There is an urgent need for scrap metal, rags, and wastepaper, which can all be used in the manufacture of war materials. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for portable phonographs, radios, playing cards, and ping pong and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. . . . Russian War Relief, Inc. has appealed for all kinds of clothing, in good condition, to be sent to Russia. Contributions should be mailed or taken to the organization's headquarters, 11 E. 35th. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.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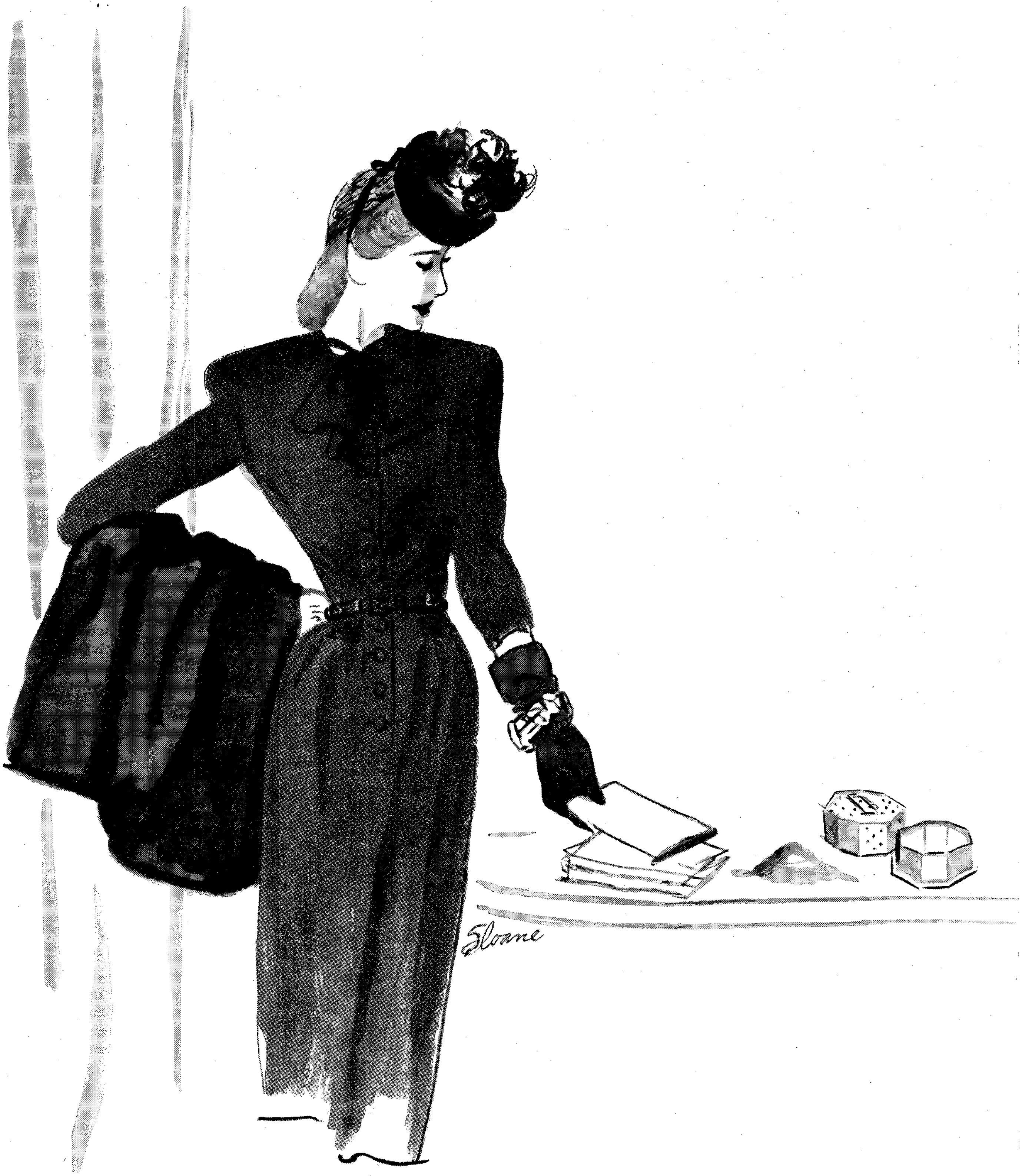

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

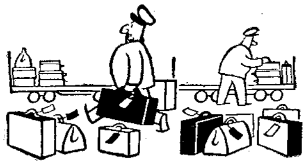
Notes and Comment

NOTE BROUGHT BY A DOVE: Browning, King's New Haven store is closing out its military uniforms.

ADVANCE INFORMATION NOTE: The smart money is betting on an invasion of the southern coast of France about January 1st, that being the time when Warner Brothers, who hit the gong with "Casablanca," plan to release their latest Humphrey Bogart film, "Passage to Marseilles."

THE redcap situation in Grand Central has deteriorated to the point where we have decided to step in and straighten it out. The problem is simple: There are more bags than there are porters to carry them. We propose to solve this by bringing up mechanized equipment. As follows:

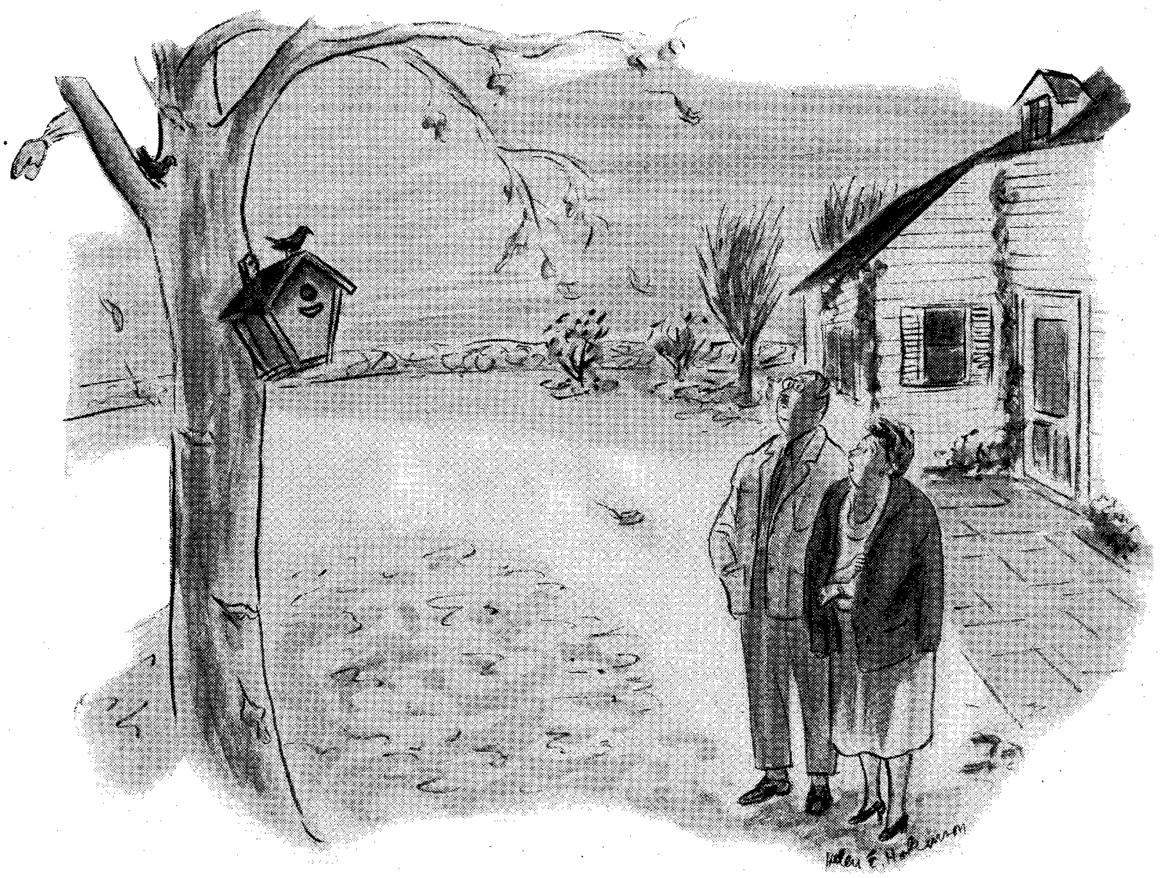
All hand baggage falls naturally into two classes—bags which are to go to the taxicab stand, and bags which are to go someplace else. We propose that before a train arrives at the terminus, the Pullman porter in each car distribute two kinds of tags to the passengers—bright orange tags for bags which are headed for the cab stand, royal blue tags for all other bags. These tags are to be affixed to the proper bags by the owners or by the Pullman porter. When the train arrives, all luggage is to be unloaded onto the station platform in the usual manner, except that it shall be placed far enough from the train so that it won't trip you as you step off.



Two motor-driven baggage trucks, very low-slung, will immediately pick up and haul away every piece of luggage, taking the orange bags to the cab stand, the blue bags to a convenient point inside the station, just beyond the train gate. (Already the virtues of our plan are apparent; the bags have moved forward under power and there have been no arguments.) At the cab stand the owners will claim their bags and either lift them into the cab themselves or pay a redcap to do it. At the other rendezvous, inside the station, the owners will claim their bags and either lug them away themselves or hire some assistance. Payment will be by tip. It will be seen that under our system, the only redcaps to appear on the station platform will be those with wheelchairs for old ladies or other stretcher cases.

WE see that about two million extra babies have been born since 1933—that is, extra in the sense that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company hadn't expected them. Statisticians for the company have just issued a statement explaining these unlooked-for little strangers. "The greater fertility," say the experts, "has been the voluntary expression of a free people who have faith in the future of their country." Doesn't that sound just like an insurance man? Our own explanation of the presence of two million extra children is that some husbands decided to have children in order to escape military service and that a great many young lovers had children because the time seemed short for love and for being together and there was no time to waste, so instead of waiting they got married and hung on to each other in love and desperation, and that always means babies. We hope the Metropolitan won't mind our explaining the bare facts of the matter to them. It's time they were told.

THE question that keeps us tossing and turning all through these frosty nights is "Will the Postwar Hour Have 100 Minutes?" The question was posed a couple of weeks ago by the makers of Ingersoll watches in a newspaper advertisement which went on to suggest a Day of Tomorrow made up of twenty consecutively numbered hours instead of the present double set of twelve, the hours to be composed of a hundred minutes and the minutes composed of a hundred seconds. The inducement put forward was that it would then be easy to divide or multiply any given length of time. This did not strike us forcefully. We passed fourth-grade arithmetic with flying colors and put such worries behind us forever. A plain question deserves a plain answer, however, and our reply to the Ingersoll watch people is, "Yes, the postwar hour will have a hundred minutes if you say so, but we won't like it." We are not so much worried about the inevitable period of adjustment, during which it will be necessary to carry two watches, one showing God's time and one Ingersoll's; that, with luck, should not be longer than ten years. No, what worries us is the violence that will be done to phrases like "a cocktail at five o'clock." Any attempt to render this savory phrase as "a cocktail at sixteen minutes past fourteen" would be merely brutish. A drink taken at sixteen minutes past fourteen would be absurd—as absurd as a seven-minute-and-seventy-six-second egg, which is Ingersoll for the way we like ours. We'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey; better be ready 'bout eight minutes past seventeen. And we'll dance till it's one-seventy-six in the morning. Hickory dickory dock, the mouse ran up the clock. The clock struck eighty-three minutes past twenty and down he



"I suppose they're going South, as usual."

• • •

run. Hickory dickory dock, and that's our last word on the subject.

Historical Perspective

A CANADIAN ARMY lieutenant has finally brought himself to share with the reading public one of his greatest treasures—a page from the diary of a German prisoner taken two years ago in the Middle East. The page is headed "Juni," and proceeds in orderly Teutonic fashion:

22 Sonntag—Nichts Neues! Krieg mit Russland.
23 Montag—Nichts Neues!
24 Dienstag—Nichts Neues!
25 Mittwoch—Waschtag!

Hawk Islands

THE Azores get their name from the Portuguese word for hawk, which is *açor*. The Portuguese explorers who first touched there early in the fifteenth century, while looking for a passage to the Indies, saw a lot of birds they took for hawks. Actually, they were buzzards. The Carthaginians had been there before the Portuguese, or at least somebody had been there and left a lot of Carthaginian coins. The Azores may well have been discovered in the thirteenth century by an Arabian convoy that set out from Portugal. Eleven days out, the Arabian seamen sighted what must have been the Azores, but they were in a hell of a turmoil, with clouds of noxious gas floating about and land heaving itself up out of the water, so the Arabs sheered off. The islands are always acting like that, and understandably so, since they're part of a chain of submarine volcanoes. A Captain Tillard, commanding H.M.S. Sabrina, anchored off the island of St. Michael, one of the Azores, in June of 1813 just in time to see an island heave up out of the sea and rise to a height of four hundred and ten feet. Captain Tillard noted this in the log and issued an extra tot of rum to all hands. The island disappeared some months later.

The Azores group consists of nine islands—a central group of five and two outlying pairs. All together, they comprise about nine hundred square miles, or half the acreage of Delaware. There are about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, which is a bit less than the population of Jersey City. The islanders are mainly descended from the Portuguese colonists and from a band of Flemings who settled there in the fifteenth century; there are also strong Moorish and Negro strains. The last census showed about a hundred thousand Azoreans in this country, concentrated in and around New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island. Lots of them go back to the old country after making their pile here, and the Americans who help establish the bases in the islands will be pleasantly surprised to be greeted in Down East English. They will find, however, that the natives do their best to live down the French saying "*Les portugais sont toujours gais*" and that it is hard to get drunk on the wine of the country. The Azorean idea of fun is to tie a long rope to the horns of a savage bull, turn him loose in the streets, and tease him by jerking the rope. There is a dwarf variety of cow on the islands, only three feet high when full-grown. The milkmen sleep in caves.

The Azorean climate is wonderful. The lowest recorded temperature is 45° F., the highest 86. Almost anything can be grown there. Tea, tobacco, grapes, pineapples (raised under glass), and sugar beets are standard items. Originally there were magnificent mountain forests of cedar, but these were carelessly depleted, and such timber as there is now consists of plantings of pine, poplar, and eucalyptus. The lobster fishing is good, and in normal times the islanders send thousands of lobsters every year to the Continent. One of the islands, Fayal, produces fine lace, which you've probably heard of. The only reptile indigenous to the islands is a harmless lizard; no snakes. There's a Roosevelt Park, so named in honor of Theodore, who made a stopover there on his way to shoot lions in Africa.

Bad Bargain

PROBABLY other and better manpower anecdotes will arrive in next week's mail, but this one is our favorite at the moment. It's about a girl who called up the proprietor of the corner delicatessen, where she had traded for years, and asked him to send over some beer and sandwiches. "Sorry," he told her. "The delivery boy won't make deliveries to you—says you don't tip him enough."

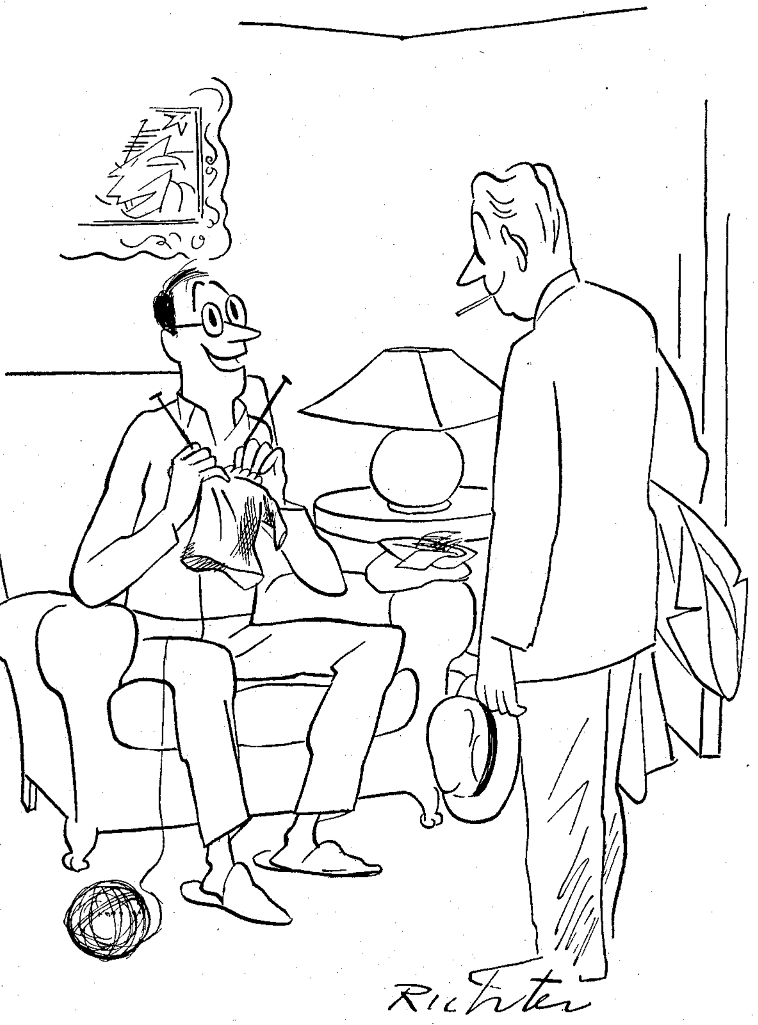
All Good Astrology

AN old acquaintance of ours, Miss Myra Kingsley, is up to new tricks. As you may possibly have learned from a sign in the corner window of W. & J. Sloane, the astrologer lady has been called in as a consultant by that firm, which has gone in for a series of what it calls Zodiac Rooms. For the past few weeks it has displayed in its window a bedroom said to be adapted to the tastes of women born under the sign of Libra. At approximately the time you read this, the sun and W. & J. Sloane will be entering the sign of Scorpio, and the display will change accordingly. We called last week at Miss Kingsley's apartment to get a slant at coming attractions. We succeeded, but first she wanted to make it clear to us that she was not satisfied with the Libra bedroom. "Kingsley worked like a beaver on it and look what happened," she said. "They couldn't have got a worse shade of pink if they'd shopped for it. 'Think of Ina Claire or Miriam Hopkins or Joan Fontaine,' I told them. 'Have something soft and feminine, but dignified.' And then they went and used baby pink." Her protest is heartfelt, since she herself is a Libra. The only part of the display she approved of was a pink hat with a veil, one of her own that she tossed in because it struck her as a perfect Libra hat. Incidentally, the whole display, except for the hat, has been sold, though not, as far as Sloane's knows, to a Libra.

Now, as to the future: For Scorpios, Sloane's will feature a dining room which Miss Kingsley hasn't seen yet but which will be, if her directions are followed, massive and magnificent. The way it works is that Sloane's decides on the kind of room and Miss Kingsley determines its spirit. "It's all perfectly good astrology in the long run," she said. Around November 22nd, or Sagittarius time, will come a man's study, probably upholstered in red leather and hung with trophies of the chase. And so it will go. Miss Kingsley figures that the highlights will be Aquarius (January 20th to February 19th), Pisces (February 19th to March 21st), and Taurus (April 20th to May 21st). Aquarians will have a very modern living room, probably done in red, white, and blue. "Aquarians are going to town right now," Miss Kingsley said. "Roosevelt and Willkie are Aquarians." For Pisces, Sloane's is planning a combination bath and dressing room, which Miss Kingsley considers ideal, because Pisces people are crazy about water. They are also shy and introspective, so the room will be soft and subdued. Taurus is another good one, because Sloane's intends to do a penthouse terrace and Taurus folk go for green, growing things. Miss Kingsley told us that other astrologers are very enthusiastic about the Sloane project. "They're in hysterics," she said.

Not to play favorites too strictly, we also asked about plans for a few other signs. The Gemini room will be a playroom and will contain a picture of the Quintuplets, who were born under Gemini. Aries people will have a rumpus room. They like games and are great practical jokers. The Virgo room will be a college girl's bedroom, featuring, if Miss Kingsley can wangle it, a Bryn Mawr pennant. "I always connect Virgo with Bryn Mawr," she told us.

Miss Kingsley's tieup with Sloane's has resulted in one general misconception, we learned. She works at the 1-2-3 Club in the evening, reading horoscopes, and the patrons tend to ask her to decorate their apartments while she's at it. This she is not equipped or inclined to do. "Kingsley isn't a decorator yet," she told us, adding, "although I guess I could do better than that Libra room." She also wanted us to know that these rooms at Sloane's are not absolutely essential to the happiness of the people born under the various signs. This is fortunate, because some of the rooms may well be out of their reach financially. The Scorpio dining room, for instance, calls for an extremely heavy and expensive set of silver. "It's simply what a Scorpio woman will do if she can," said Miss Kingsley.



"She told me last Friday morning, just before she went to work."

To the Letter

A DANDIFIED American Army officer, on duty somewhere in North Africa, took his signet ring to an Arab jeweller to have the tarnish removed from the inside. The Arab didn't speak English and the officer didn't speak anything *but* English, and pointing and gesticulating didn't seem to be getting them anywhere. Finally the Arab produced pencil and paper, and the officer, confidently surmising that the jeweller had a friend who would be able to read and translate for him, carefully printed "REMOVE THE TARNISH" and departed, to hearty nods of comprehension by the Arab. The next day the officer called for the ring. It was still tarnished inside, but it bore, in beautifully graven letters, the uplifting words "REMOVE THE TARNISH."

Li Ki

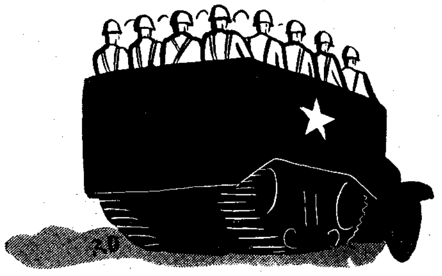
DISCOUNTING those two unpredictable factors, weather and enemy action, it is reasonably safe to predict that your damp, autumnal mood will be brightened by the sight of some two million chrysanthemum blossoms spotted about the city where they will do the most good—the Fifty-ninth Street Plaza, the Conservatory Garden in Central Park, the gardens at 106th Street and Riverside Drive, Bryant Park, and Cadman Plaza, in Brooklyn. The Park Department has set out ten thousand winter-hardy chrysanthemum plants in these places, and the fall chrysanthemum show will be an annual event in the parks from now on. The Park Department sums up this display as the Sara J. Woodard Memorial Chrysanthemum Planting, the seed from which this planting was grown having been donated by Mrs. Albert D. Lasker in memory of Mrs. Woodard, her mother, long a resident of this city. The winter-hardy chrysanthemums, whatever their size and color, are known collectively as the Chicago strain, having been laboriously developed by a Dr. Kraus, head of the botany department of the University of Chicago. He grew a hundred thousand plants before perfecting the present strain, from which he has been able to get winter-hardy plants of many different sizes and colors; no blue ones, though, because, by reason of some universal botanical law that nobody has yet been able to crack, hybrid plants which produce red or yellow flowers, for example, won't produce blue ones.

The chrysanthemum is the national flower of Japan. Before you uproot all your chrysanthemums and jump on them, however, be advised that the Japs got the chrysanthemum where they got almost everything else in their culture—from the Chinese. The Chinese were growing chrysanthemums at least twenty-five hundred years ago. Confucius called them *li ki*. In ancient China there was a city named after chrysanthemums; that's how much they thought of them. The Japs' attitude is at once reverent and practical. The flower appears on the Emperor's coat of arms and the plant is used in everyday life for medicine, distillation, and the preparation of a dish called *shoyü*—known in the Occident as Japanese souse—which also includes fermented mushrooms and is said by epicures to taste terrible.

Chrysanthemums were known in England as early as 1764, when they received their English name, but their first recorded appearance in this country was in 1847. They caught on fast, though, and by 1890 their admirers had formed a Chrysanthemum Society. It was in that year that an event occurred which was to change chrysanthemum history in the United States. A Boston merchant vessel, commanded by one Cap'n Alpheus Hardy, had just cleared Japan, bound homeward, when a young Japanese stowaway was discovered. Although Cap'n Hardy was bound by the laws of Japan to put back and surrender the stowaway, he allowed himself to be dissuaded by his wife, who was making the voyage with him, and brought the Jap on to Boston with him. Eventually the Jap got hold of enough money to go to Harvard. He graduated and returned to Japan, promising before he left to send the Hardys a suitable reward for their kindness. Eventually they received an unpromising-looking bundle of dry sticks. They set these out, on the advice of a garden-wise friend, and grew a sensational bed of chrysanthemums. These were the ancestors of some of the most famous flowers in the country today. This is not, however, a very good argument in favor of smuggling Japs.

Unsound

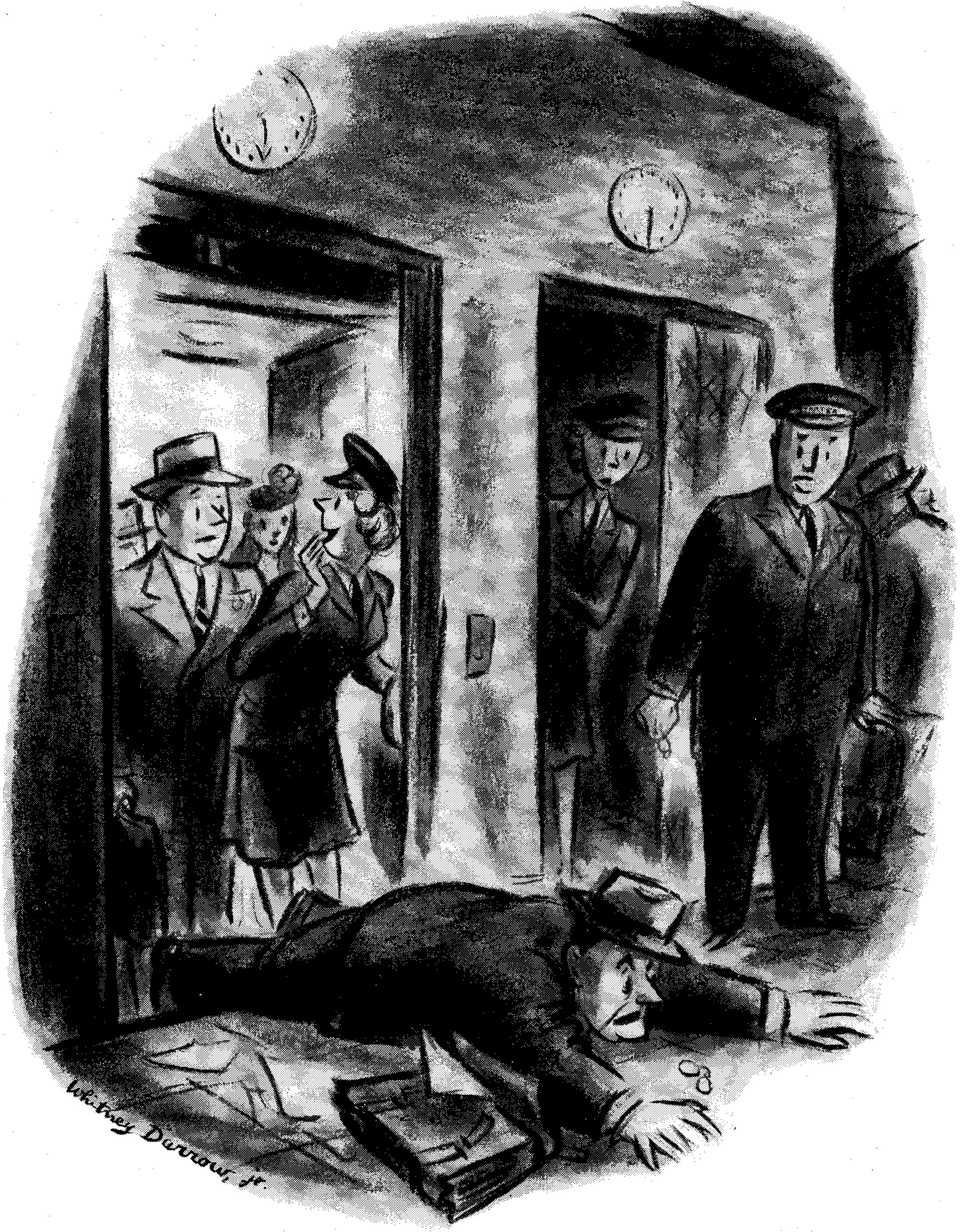
IN a window of the Ninth Federal Savings & Loan Association's office, near the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, there is (or was last time we went by there) a window display built around the slogan "Don't Put All Your Eggs in One Basket." It includes two papier-mâché hens and several real eggs. The other day a tanned, plainly dressed fellow stopped, looked at the tableau, and burst into a mighty guffaw. "Hell 'n' Maria!" he cried. "The Ninth Federal Savings & Loan Association thinks white leghorns lay brown eggs." He then hurried away, presumably to sew his money into a mattress.



Censored Ride

ONE thing you can still do is circumnavigate Manhattan Island on the hundred-and-twenty-five-foot S. S. Manhattan, leaving Pier 1, Battery Park, twice daily, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M.—forty-five miles, three hours, $1.75, special rates to servicemen. The Manhattan burns coal and is surviving the times. One of its colleagues, an oil-burner that used to pull out from Forty-second Street, has been rationed into inactivity for the duration. We made the trip last Friday afternoon, in company with about a hundred other souls, including two Australian fliers, several elderly couples, a score of soldiers and sailors on furlough, and Mr. Guy Finn, the official lecturer. Mr. Finn is a short, swarthy man with sunglasses and a nautical white cap. He sat near us on the rear deck and spoke into a microphone, his voice carrying somewhat scratchily through a loudspeaker to every corner of the vessel. Even more than the harbor itself, Mr. Finn betrayed the effects of war. The moment we weighed anchor, he made an announcement containing a topical note. "Good afternoon, friends and guests of the metropolis," he said. "I can discuss everything but boats and military points. Check your binoculars and cameras downstairs. Comfortable rest rooms for ladies and gents at the rear of the lower deck. Absolutely delicious hot dogs and guide books on sale throughout the voyage." Everybody sat tight. As the ship rounded Battery Place and headed into the East River, he launched into some vital statistics on the Statue of Liberty. "A hundred and fifty feet tall," he said, "weighing two hundred and twenty-five tons, with arms twelve feet in diameter at the widest." He cast a longing glance at Governor's Island, on our right. "After this war," he said sadly, "there will be many things to talk about again."

By the time we reached Manhattan


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"*Oh, dear! I do wish I could remember to say 'Watch your step.'*"

Bridge, Mr. Finn had made seven references to Al Smith (origins, boyhood, career in fish market, early political life, present employment, and so on), but it wasn't until we swept past a naval base which must remain unnamed that Finn warmed to his work. "Eyes to the left, folks!" he said, rather hysterically, we thought. "See the finest housing development in the city. Fireproofed staircases! Low-cost rentals! Sunshine and fresh air on the site of former dingy tenements, New York's famous slums!" Everybody stared hard to the right and Mr. Finn, in his emotion, bit his lip. He regained his composure at a point opposite Bellevue Hospital. In fact, possibly as a reaction, he became prankish. "See the netting on the windows, folks, to keep the mosquitoes out and the little bugs in." He followed this, at Beekman Place, with the announcement "Swank homes of the celebrated—Katharine Cornell, Miriam Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Rose. Aha! The shades are still drawn at the Rose home!" and at Ward's Island with "Hospitals for the mentally deranged, but nothing violent, you understand. Why, just the other day an inmate was sitting at the end of the pier fishing with a pole and no line. 'Fishing?' asked a visitor. 'You bet,' said the inmate. 'What for?' asked the man. 'Suckers,' said the inmate. 'Catch any?' asked the man. 'Yep,' said the inmate. 'You're the third today.'" The little boat practically shipped a sea with the laughter that ensued, and Mr. Finn retired for a brief intermission. A white-coated attendant thereupon hawked handkerchiefs embroidered with an outline of Hawaii.

It was easy sailing for Finn until the last lap, as we were nearing the long North River piers in the Fifties. "Downstream, and *on your right, please*," he said, "the home of Frank Sinatra, the Hoboken songbird." All eyes turned right. Finn, his voice rising, next described an easy way to get a seat at the Radio City Music Hall. "No need for you folks to wait in line all day," he said, as we sailed past a large, interesting, ocean-going vessel. "Just go through the R.K.O. Building, down a flight of stairs, and to a special box office near the post office in the basement." For the remainder of the voyage Mr. Finn discussed the hotel situation ("Everything filled from the Waldorf to the Mills"), the salvage of the Normandie, and Greenwich Village, "Home of the bohemians." We tied up at Pier 1 and Mr. Finn bade us all farewell. "It's not goodbye but buy bonds," he said. "Incidentally, folks, I forgot to say that Mrs. Roosevelt has taken an apartment in the Village and will live there—when she's home."

Orders

THE parents of a nine-year-old girl were shocked to find her treasuring in her doll's house a large bottle of a powerful and powerfully advertised headache cure. Under cross-examination, she admitted that she had broken into her piggy bank and gone around to the corner druggist to buy it. "The radio said to," she told them. "It said to go out and buy some *right away*."

HOW TO TAKE THE WAR IN YOUR STRIDE

(AFTER BEING TIPPED OFF BY JOHN P. MARQUAND)

IT was very hard for Roger to remember what he had been thinking about Tuesday, now that it was Wednesday. It was one of those weeks that passed like a dream, and you could not tell, from the flowers at Schling's, the mansard roof of the Union Club, or the barred windows of the old George Blumenthal house across the Avenue, that the Russians were entering Kiev, that Tom Dewey was back from Mackinac, and that the Pope was in the hands of the Germans. There were more uniforms in the streets, of course, and the Whitelaw Reid house was a club for service women, but Johnny Farrar was still publishing books, Hank Hansen was still reviewing them, and Roger was not able to understand how this sort of thing could go on, in October of 1943, just as though nothing were the matter. The Madison Avenue shoe stores were full of shoes, and you could not tell, from their appearance, how soon the war would be over. At any rate, Roger could not tell, and Peggy was no help. “Shoe stores are always full of shoes, Roger,” she had said. “Don't stand there gaping.” He could see her the day of their marriage, standing in her father's house in Stockbridge without the slightest knowledge of world affairs, and he knew he would have to go to Washington for the answer. He had taken the Congressional and he had seen Jack Leffingwell in the Pentagon Building. Jack had been commissioned a major soon after Pearl Harbor, but during his first week at the Pentagon he had walked into the general officers' dining room and they had made him a brigadier, to get him past the cashier on his way out.

“We don't know, Rodge,” he had said. “We just don't know. Come back again tomorrow.”

“What?” said Roger.

“Come back again tomorrow,” said Jack.

“Where?” said Roger.

“Here, Rodge,” said Jack, “here.”

“Oh, here,” said Roger, “tomorrow. Well, it's been swell seeing you, Jack.”

“It's been swell seeing you, Roger,” said Jack. “I particularly enjoyed it because I looked you up in *Who's Who* and found you were listed. Any time you want to become a private first class, let me know. We've got Bill Saroyan, you know, and we're working on Frank Crowninshield. He was down here the other day, shopping around.”

“Thanks, Jack,” Roger answered. “You'll be in the next edition. They're listing all Army officers above colonel and all Navy men above captain.”

Roger tried to recall this conversation as he and Peggy stood in the elevator. The garage had delivered the car at the door and Peggy had given Herbert and Nora Betty and Ed's telephone number in Connecticut, but there was no gas and they had decided to spend the weekend in the elevator, riding up and down.

“Roger,” Peggy asked, “did you remember your watch? Are you wearing your garters? What time is it, Roger?”

“What?” said Roger.

“What time is it?” Peggy asked.

“It is later than you think,” said Roger.

“Stop worrying about the war,” said Peggy.

The elevator stopped between the second and third floors and a midget got on. Roger felt Peggy give him a terrible pinch. “Roger,” said Peggy, “isn't that Henry Bernstein?”

“What?” said Roger. “Who?”

“The man on your right,” Peggy said, “isn't it Henry Bernstein?”

“No,” said Roger. “This is a restricted apartment house. Sometimes I think we ought to move.”

“It's Coolidge Weld,” said Peggy. “Hello, Coolidge.”

“Thought I remembered you from last night's dinner,” said Coolidge. “I sat on your right. Isn't your son my godchild? What's the news?” Coolidge asked. Coolidge was wearing a Poole blazer and he had a custody account of three million dollars at John Monroe & Co., a firm that had gone out of existence many years before.

It was like Coolidge to keep his money in a bank that no longer existed. Coolidge's whole life, Roger reflected, was an anachronism. Coolidge lived in the old Peter Cooper house, which had, of course, been torn down, but old Mrs. Weld, Coolidge's mother, had lived there, and Coolidge had never felt like moving—not even when his wife did, taking the children with her. Old Mrs. Weld had slipped into the house in the seventies; the house was so large that Peter Cooper and his son-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt, had never even noticed. Roger sometimes wondered what the stuffed peacocks on the Stanford White marble balustrades had to do with the German retreat in Russia, but Coolidge was his best friend and he usually dismissed this speculation as disloyal. He could not help wondering, however, how many times Poole's had been bombed out and why Coolidge had never proposed him for the Union Club.

“Rodge,” said Peggy, as the elevator went up. “Don't you remember?”

Roger did not answer.

“Don't you remember, Roger?” said Peggy.

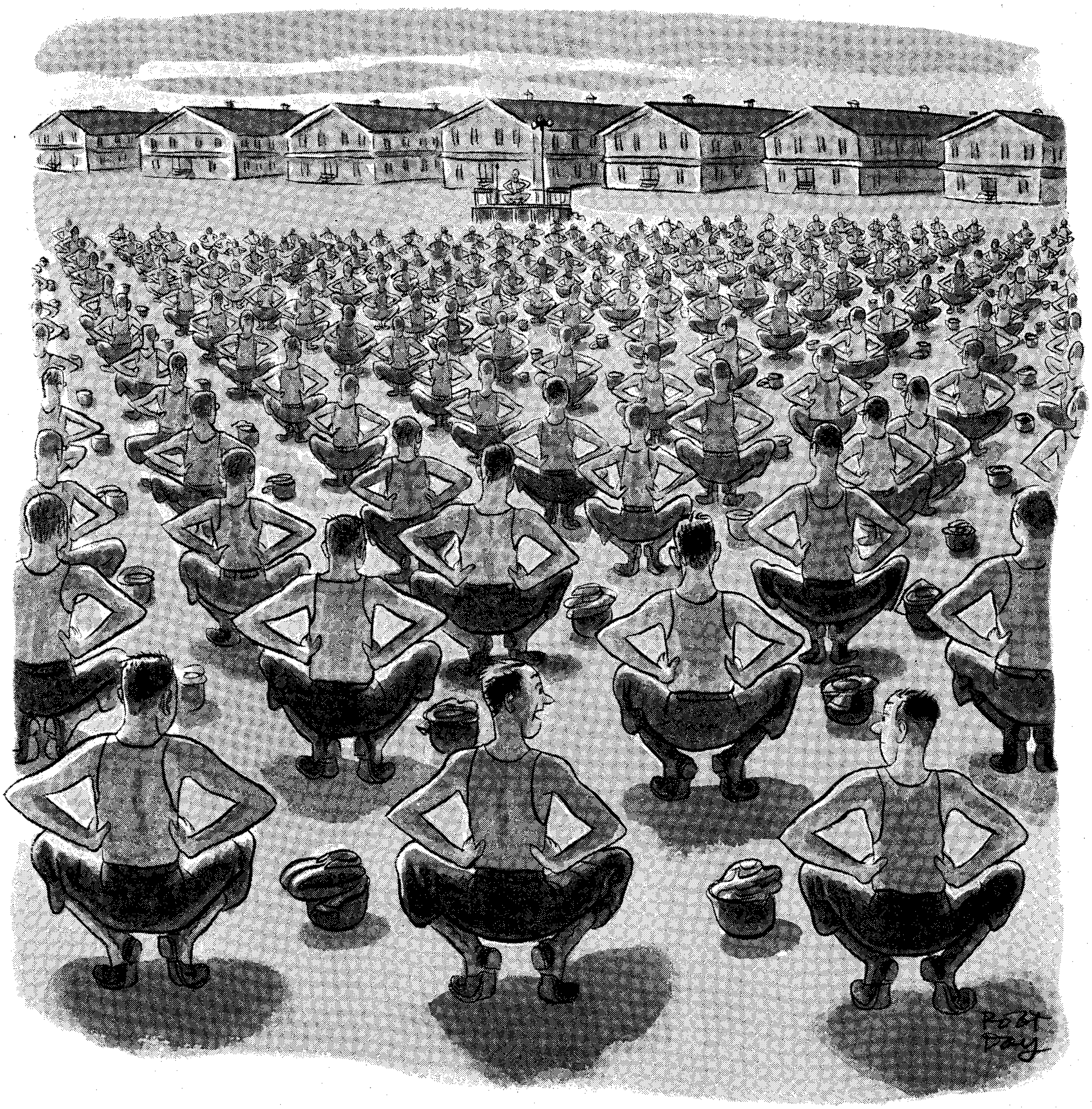
“Remember what?” Roger asked.

“Just remember,” said Peggy.

“No, Peggy,” said Roger. “No, I don't remember.”

Roger had been born in New Hampshire, in the general store, and although he had forgotten all about it, it filled him with a sense of futility. He knew he had been born somewhere, and he sometimes tried to recall where it had been and where he had passed his boyhood, but the radio kept interfering with his thoughts. *President Roosevelt announces the resignation of Sumner Welles as Undersecretary of State* (it ran). *Edward Stettinius . . .* Roger could see his father bending over the sundial and

Garrett Price



"It was these damn-fool calisthenics in Germany that brought on the war."

saying, "It's time you were a man, Roger," and he could see the sunflowers in the yard, but that was as far as he could get. That was the way he felt about his boyhood. He sometimes wished he had spent it in the old Peter Cooper house, like Coolidge Weld, but his family had never come to New York, and he knew this was out of the question.

The elevator started down again, and it made Roger think of Krasnograd, where there probably weren't any elevators. He pulled out a cigarette and Peggy offered him a match.

"Match?" he heard Peggy saying.

"What?" said Roger.

"Match," said Peggy.

"Oh," Roger said, "thank you," and he carefully lit the cigarette end which was not in his mouth.

"Roger," said Peggy. "Don't you think—"

"No, Peggy," said Roger. "I don't think. There isn't time to think, dear."

It all tied up together somehow—not thinking, smoking cigarettes, the war, the flowers at Schling's, the Pope, Jack Leffingwell, Coolidge Weld, Sumner Welles's resignation, Krasnograd, Dewey back from Mackinac. Still, it was hard to see exactly how. He wished they had enough gas to get to Betty and Ed's. There would be Martinis, he knew, and grace before lunch.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS. $2.25. Give your neck a break! The Toggery Shop.—*Subway car card.*

There's a limit to our endurance, Van Heusen!

BIVOUAC

Acting Corporal Riley stood with one finger hooked through the ring of the prismatic compass and peered into the sight to take the next azimuth reading.

"What is it again?" he asked irritatedly.

"A hundred and eighty-five degrees," answered Private Tennant, glancing up at the slip of paper on which the instructions were written. This afternoon's problem in the use of the compass resembled a treasure hunt: "Proceed 678 paces on 185° to a split-trunk elm; 785 paces on 278° to the northeast corner of a wheat field; 1089 paces on 120° to a road junction . . ."

Riley muttered, "Goddam it," as he alternately squinted into the sight and raised his head to stare in bafflement at the thickening forest.

The other soldiers of the squad stood around—Sackett, impatient at Riley's elbow; Weber, a rat-faced little man, scratching his chigger bites; Tobin, staring off at nothing with his usual oblivion; Sullivan and Romagnoli and Tolliver and Whalen, crouched on their haunches, backs against trees.

Sullivan said, "We'll never get finished at this rate."

"Yeah," agreed Sackett. "Let someone else take it, Riley—"

"Shut up, goddam it," snapped Riley, lowering the compass. "You make me red-bottomed, always griping about something."

"Look," said Sackett, pointing, "he hasn't even released the clamp. You gotta have the needle free to find out which way is north, Riley."

Tennant said, "If you're having such a hell of a time getting a sight, I'll go on ahead and you can take a sight on me."

"All right," said Riley. "It's about time someone was coöperating around here."

Tennant went off in a southwesterly direction, counting off his paces. When he reached a hundred he stopped and turned. Riley waved him to the left and Tennant moved obediently.

Riley got on his nerves, but today he didn't mind as much as usual. It was restful in the woods, shadowed and even somewhat cool. The silence was broken only by occasional bird calls.

They were on the second day of a week's bivouac. Yesterday they had marched twenty miles over the red Alabama roads and been tear-gassed by a plane; last night had been full of alarums and excursions as their outpost lines were raided by patrols from camp; this morning they had been busy digging slit trenches and planting dummy land mines. By comparison, this afternoon's occupation was idyllic even though they were on water discipline and had had to leave their canteens behind them. It was especially idyllic since Tennant knew the rest of the company was now breaking its collective back digging emplacements for Livens projectors. Under the circumstances even Riley was bearable.

The squad was coming toward him now, and Riley asked, "How many paces to here?"

"One hundred. We've got five hundred and seventy-eight to go."

Riley turned to Tobin. "O.K., girlie," he said. "Get out there and let me take a sight on you."

"What?" said Tobin, flushing.

"Stay awake, stupid," Riley told him. "Get moving."

Tobin was a plump boy of nineteen, homely and freckled and with a sunburned, peeling nose. He was shy and clumsy and blushed easily, all of which added up, in Riley's estimation, to effeminacy.

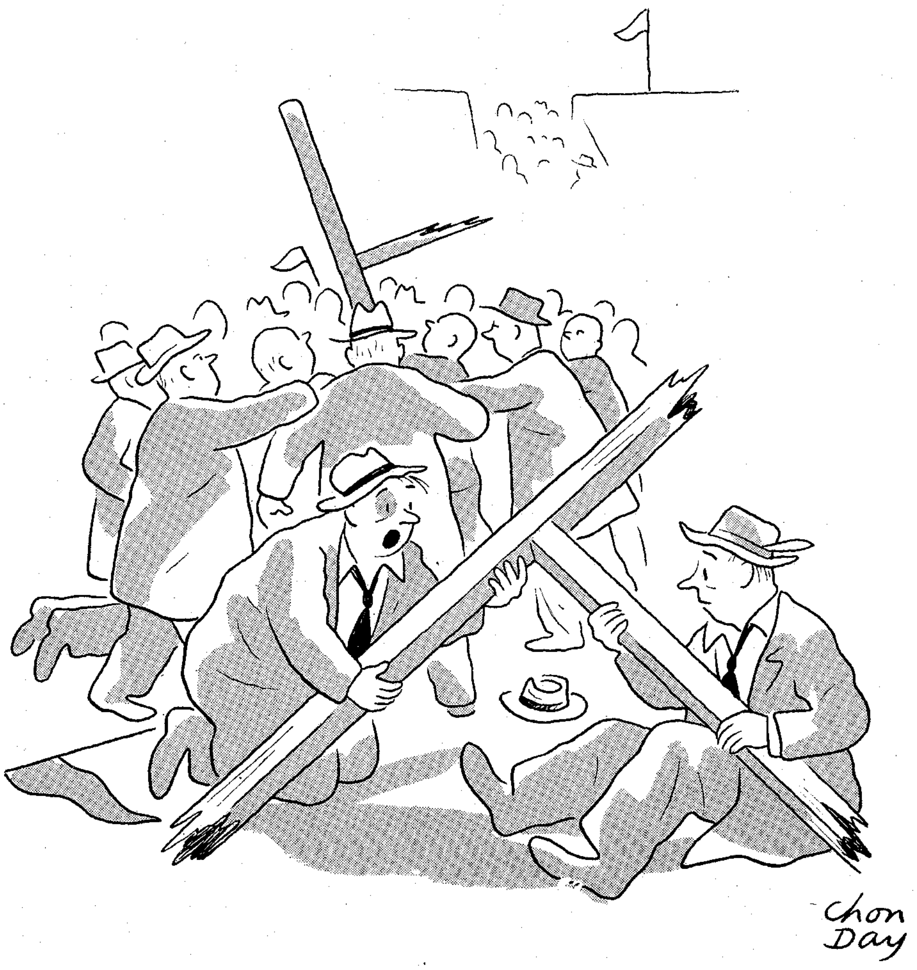
"Come on," said Tennant, and they set off, with Tobin still looking confused.

"You shouldn't let him get you down," Tennant told him.

Tobin smiled nervously. "Oh, he doesn't bother me. I consider the source."

That was the sort of prissy statement Tobin was likely to come up with, but he was a pretty good soldier, hardworking and uncomplaining and always willing to do the dirty job on any work detail.

So Tennant's sympathies were with him when Riley, a week before, had for no particular reason started to needle him. It was about some huaraches that Tobin wore down to the latrine. "Jesus!" cried Riley in his braying voice. "What do you wear those damn things for? Out in California no one but a nance would wear those damn things." Tobin had suffered it in painful silence, flushing and trying clumsily to appear occupied with getting



"Souvenir hell! I'm going to take it up to my place and burn it."

his foot locker in order.

No one had joined in Riley's little game and after a while he gave it up. But Tennant, who had been lying on his bunk writing a letter to his girl, had been watching Tobin and knew the boy was nearly dead of mortification, that he had been faced with something he hadn't the faintest idea how to handle, and that he would probably never learn.

THE men moved through the wood, a hundred paces at a time, until at last they arrived at the point where they were supposed to find the split-trunk elm. The wood was thinning out now and a meadow could be glimpsed ahead, but as everyone but Riley expected, they were off the beam. There was no elm.

Riley, his face hot with anger, told them to spread out and look for it and he turned out not to be as far wrong as Tennant had imagined; the elm stood about fifty yards to the left.

Weber found it, and he found something else. "Hey, you guys," he called. "Look—a snake."

They moved up to him. The snake was at the base of an old stump. It was about three feet long, white-bellied, with a green-and-black-patterned back. It was coiled distrustfully, its flat head raised and its tongue flickering in and out.

"What is it?"

"A moccasin, I think."

"They don't have moccasins in the South."

"The hell they don't."

Riley said, "That's a king snake. It's harmless."

The snake uncoiled and began to glide off, with Tobin and Romagnoli stepping nervously out of its way. Riley bent quickly and seized the snake behind its head, lifting it up, its tail twisting back, seeking a grip on his arm. "Here, Tobin, here's a present for you," said Riley, flinging the snake on him.

Tobin cried out and tried to fend the snake off. He fell over the stump and hysterically scrambled to his feet again, brushing at himself, looking around in terror for the snake.

"That was a hell of a thing to do," said Tennant.

"It didn't hurt him none." Riley was laughing.

"If you'd done that to me, I'd a stuffed it down your throat, Riley," said Sullivan. "I hate those bastards."

Weber had picked up a club and was swatting at the snake. It tried to double back, but Weber and Whalen were both on it now. They beat in its head and, as it coiled and uncoiled in death, they trampled it, their eyes alive and vicious, their breath coming quickly. Everyone was watching with a sort of lynch-crowd fascination. "Kill the bastard," breathed Tolliver. It was as though they were killing a Nazi or a Jap.

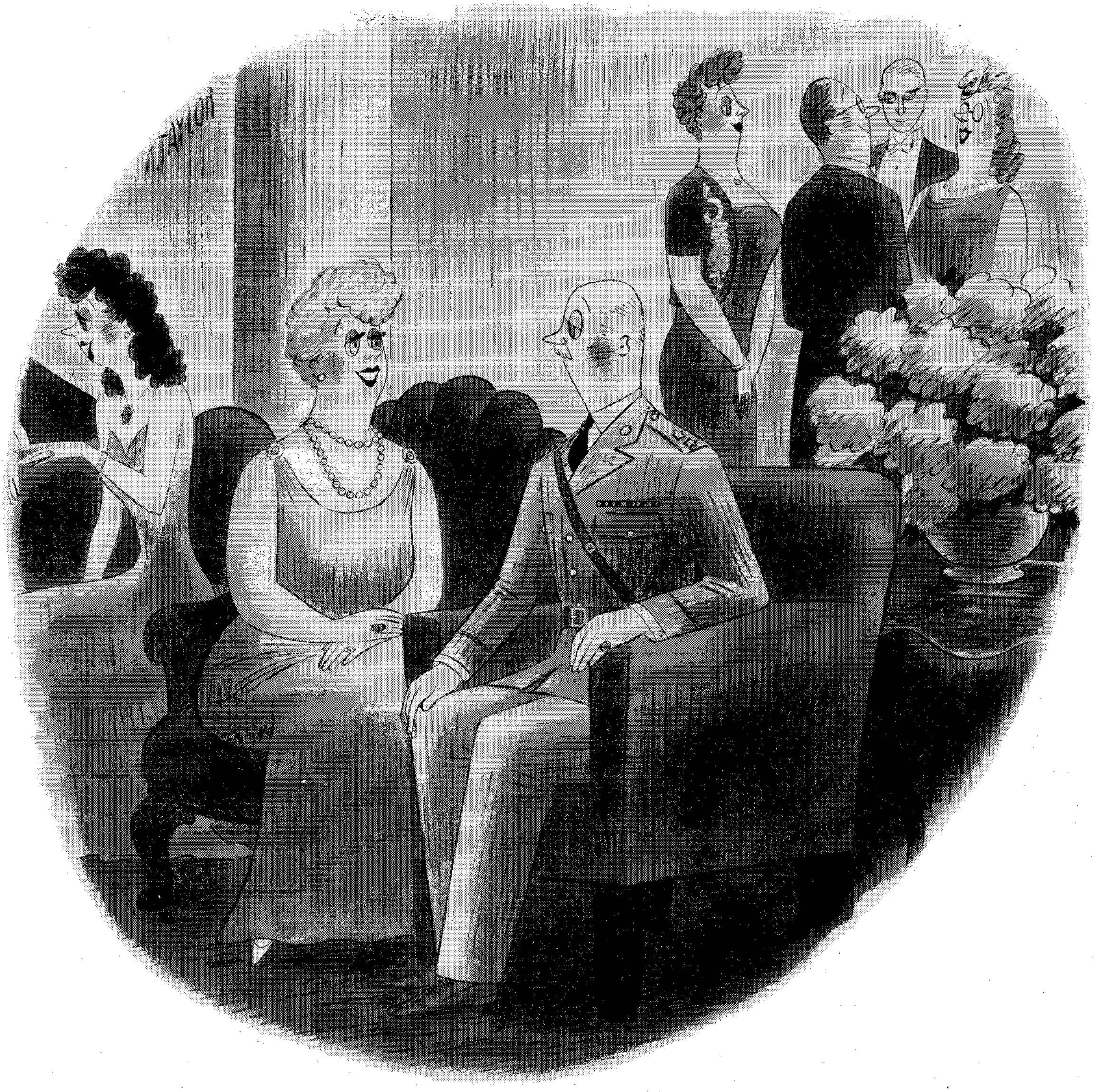
The next leg of their course brought them to the edge of the wheat field. Across the waving grain was a road bordering a fenced-in area where a group of Negro troops in gas masks and impregnated uniforms were decontaminating a battered truck. The garlicky scent of mustard gas carried across to them.

"Phew!" said Tolliver. "Let's get out of here."

"Don't be so damn jumpy," said Riley. "There ain't enough gas there to hurt you."

"What are the jigs wearing masks for, then?" asked Tolliver.

"Practice, you dope. They got to get



"Tell me, what did you do in real life?"

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used to wearing them, don't they?"

"Come on, come on," said Sackett.

"What's your hurry?" asked Riley. "Are you bucking for something, Sackett?"

"Hell," said Sackett, "does this always have to be the last squad in the last platoon? We're the GFU's of the whole company."

As the afternoon wore on the wrangling increased. The water discipline under which they were travelling became a goad and each swallow was drier than the last. It was particularly bad since now they were skirting the banks of Duck Creek, a shallow but inviting stream that came down from the hills to the north.

Riley, as thirsty as any of them, kept the squad from the water and came close to a fight with Tolliver about it.

Tennant took the compass for the last leg—790 paces on 354° to a deserted house—and it was across fairly open country, so it was easy to get a sight on an object some distance away.

The deserted house, which was their rendezvous with the rest of the platoon, turned out to be a rickety shack with gutted windows and a floor-sprung porch. A few soldiers were sprawled in the shade of trees, smoking and arguing about whether you could make more money for less work from sheep or cotton.

"Where's Sergeant White?" Riley asked.

"Down at the creek—"

"Water!" cried Tolliver. "You mean we can get a drink now?"

"No, but you can go swimming. Everyone else has."

The squad set off at a run, unbuttoning and pulling off their blouses. About a dozen soldiers were in the waist-high water of the creek; others were dressing on the banks. Sergeant White was having a cigarette with some other cadre men.

"It's about time," he said.

Riley went into some windy excuses.

"Can we go in, Sarge?" asked Tolliver.

"All right, but hurry it up. We've got to get back to the bivouac." He glanced at his watch. "We start in ten minutes."

When Tennant came up from the water to get back into his clothes, he found Sackett staring thoughtfully at the base of the tree near which they'd undressed.

"What is it, another snake?" asked Tennant.

Sackett, drying himself with his undershirt, shook his head and pointed. On the ground was a spread of white powder, as though someone had spilled a bag of flour.

"What—" began Tennant, then he said, "Oh, oh. Lime."

"Yeah," said Sackett uneasily. "This must be a posted area."

They both looked from the tree down to the creek. It was about ten yards.

"Well, because it's here doesn't mean it's in the creek."

"No, I guess not. I hope not."

"Did you tell the sarge?"

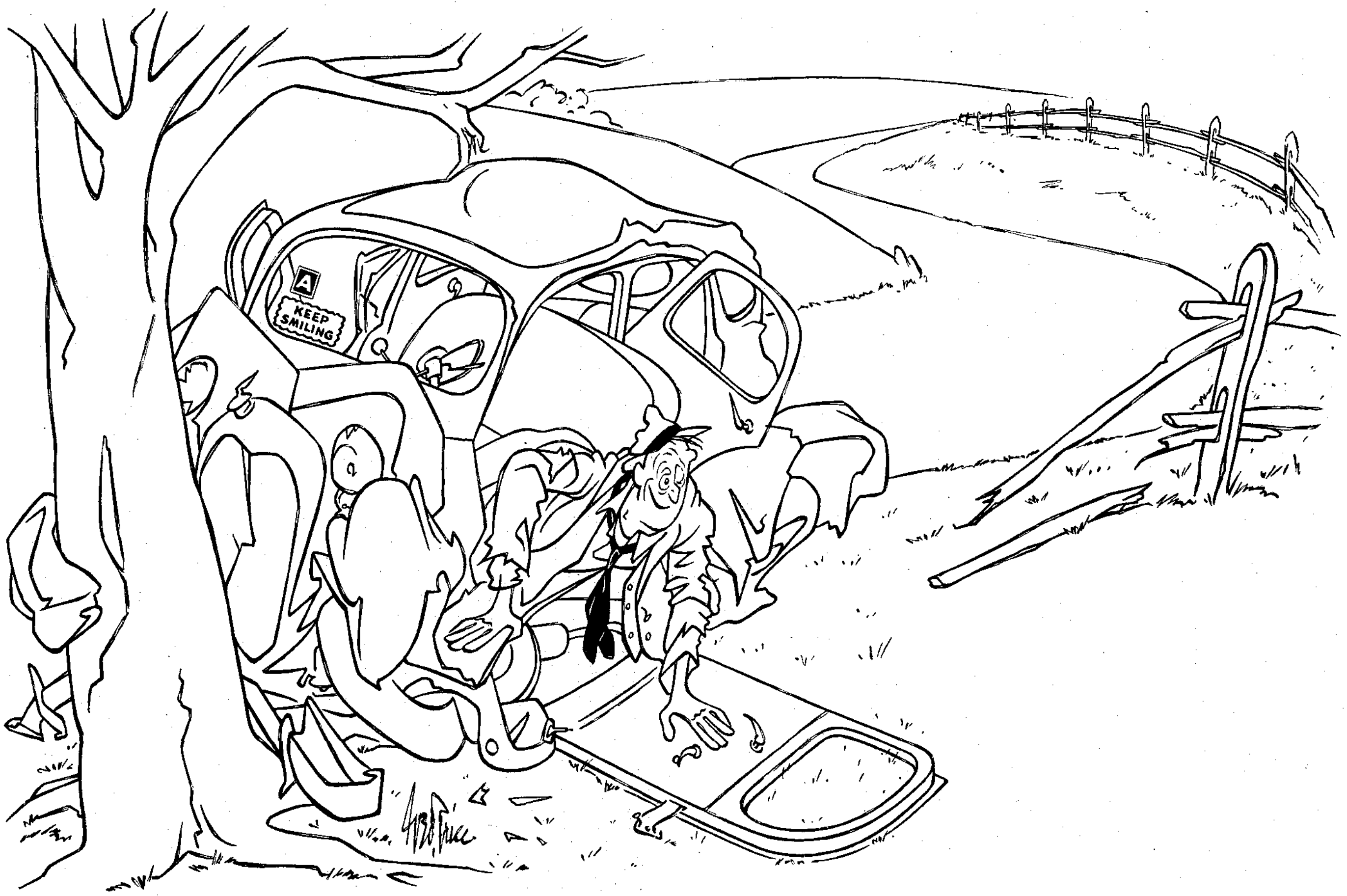
Sackett shrugged. "A hell of a lot of good that is now."

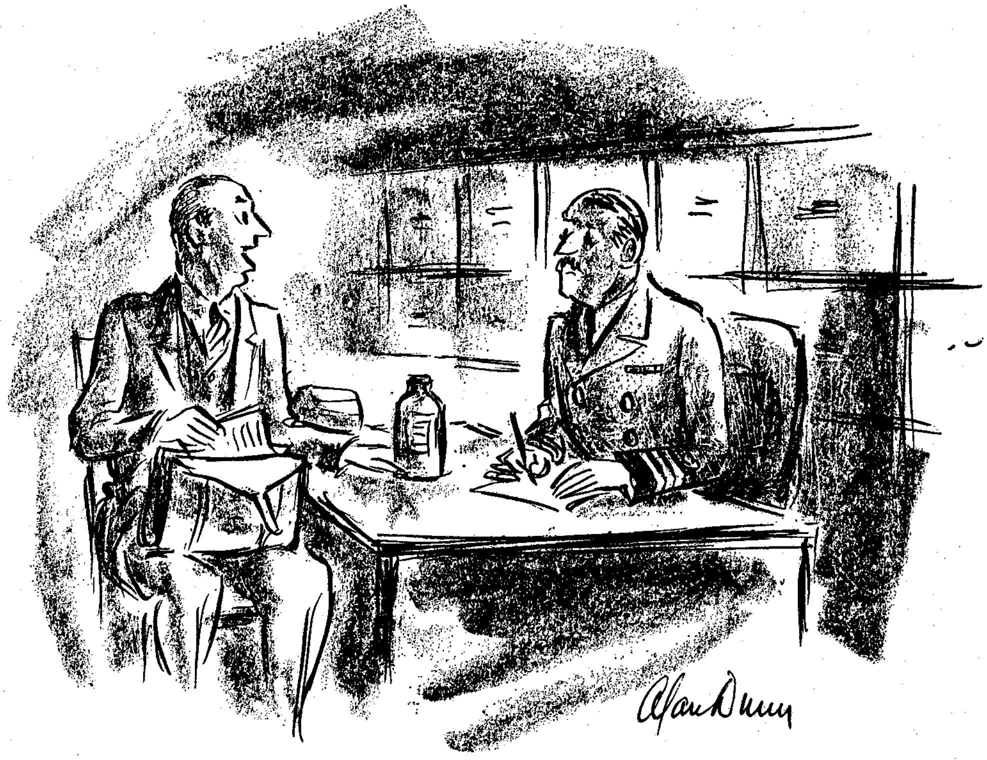
"I think you ought to," said Tennant, looking uncomfortably at his own body, although he knew it would be ten or twelve hours before anything showed. Then he thought: I rinsed my mouth in the creek! I might have swallowed some of the water!

They were back to the bivouac in time for chow, and afterward Tennant asked Sackett if he had spoken to White.

"Yeah. He told me to keep my trap shut. He went down to look at it, too. There's a hell of a lot more lime further up the creek."

Tennant didn't think he'd sleep much that night, but he did. He was wakened once for a gas alert and sat





"I imagine what you'd be more interested in, though, is our economy size—a tank-carful at $21,600."

in the dark pup tent with his mask on, gingerly running his fingertips over his arm and chest and back. He itched all over, but that might only be chiggers or mosquitoes. Sullivan, his tentmate, grunted and tossed beside him, mumbling something inside his mask.

When the alert ended, Tennant asked, "What did you say?"

"Damn the mosquitoes," Sullivan answered.

But at reveille Tennant knew the worst. They woke to a gray darkness, mist-hung and cool, and his exploring hands instantly found the first blister on the inside of his thigh. "Oh, God," he breathed.

Sullivan, beside him, said, "Hey, Tennant, is there anything on my back? It itches like hell."

Tennant turned on his pencil flashlight. It revealed Sullivan's smooth-muscled shoulders and back, the spine showing as he bent a little forward.

Below one shoulder hung three small sacs of brownish flesh.

"You've got it," Tennant said.

"Got what?"

"Mustard-gas blisters."

Sullivan turned. "What?"

"There was mustard gas in that creek."

"Jesus," whispered Sullivan.

"Put out that light in there!" a voice yelled from outside.

"Come on," said Tennant, and they crawled out from their shelter.

"Goddam it, you know enough not to show lights," a voice was beginning, when the whistle for assembly was blown. Noncoms ranged through the bivouac area, yelling, "Fall in as you are! Never mind dressing!"

When the company line of sleepy, half-dressed, curious soldiers had formed, the captain ordered, "Fourth platoon, 'tention! Right face . . . forward march!"

They were halted just outside the encampment and Tennant was now able to see in the shocked, incredulous faces of the others that they had discovered mustard blisters, too.

The captain was in a temper. "It was brought to my attention just an hour ago that you men went bathing in a posted area and that some or all of you have been contaminated by mustard. Trucks are on the way out from camp to take you to the post hospital. I want you all to undress, leave your clothes on the ground, and reassemble over here by Sergeant White." The way he said "Sergeant" made it apparent that White wouldn't be one for long.

Tobin was standing next to Tennant, and Tennant said, "Did you get any?"

Tobin nodded and indicated his legs; ugly blisters the size of half-dollar pieces were scattered along his thighs.

Sackett came over and examined them interestedly. "There's nothing on me yet," he said, and made a rapping gesture. "Knock wood." Then he jerked his head in the direction of the tents. "Did you hear about Riley?"

"No."

Sackett made a small circle with his forefinger. "He's got a blister about this big on his foot. Only one blister, and the damn pansy fainted. Just like a schoolgirl."

They could hear the grinding of gears through the trees as trucks from the camp turned off the main road into the bivouac area.

Tolliver and Weber approached with Riley between them. They had him by the arms and he was walking clumsily, his face ashen with nausea.

Tennant glanced at Tobin, who was watching Riley impassively. Then, as the platoon of naked soldiers went off toward the trucks, Tobin began to whistle. Catching Tennant's eye on him, he grinned and then began whistling again.

"What's he got to be so damned happy about?" grumbled Whalen. "Goddam it, I bet I won't be able to sit down for a month."

—Robert McLaughlin

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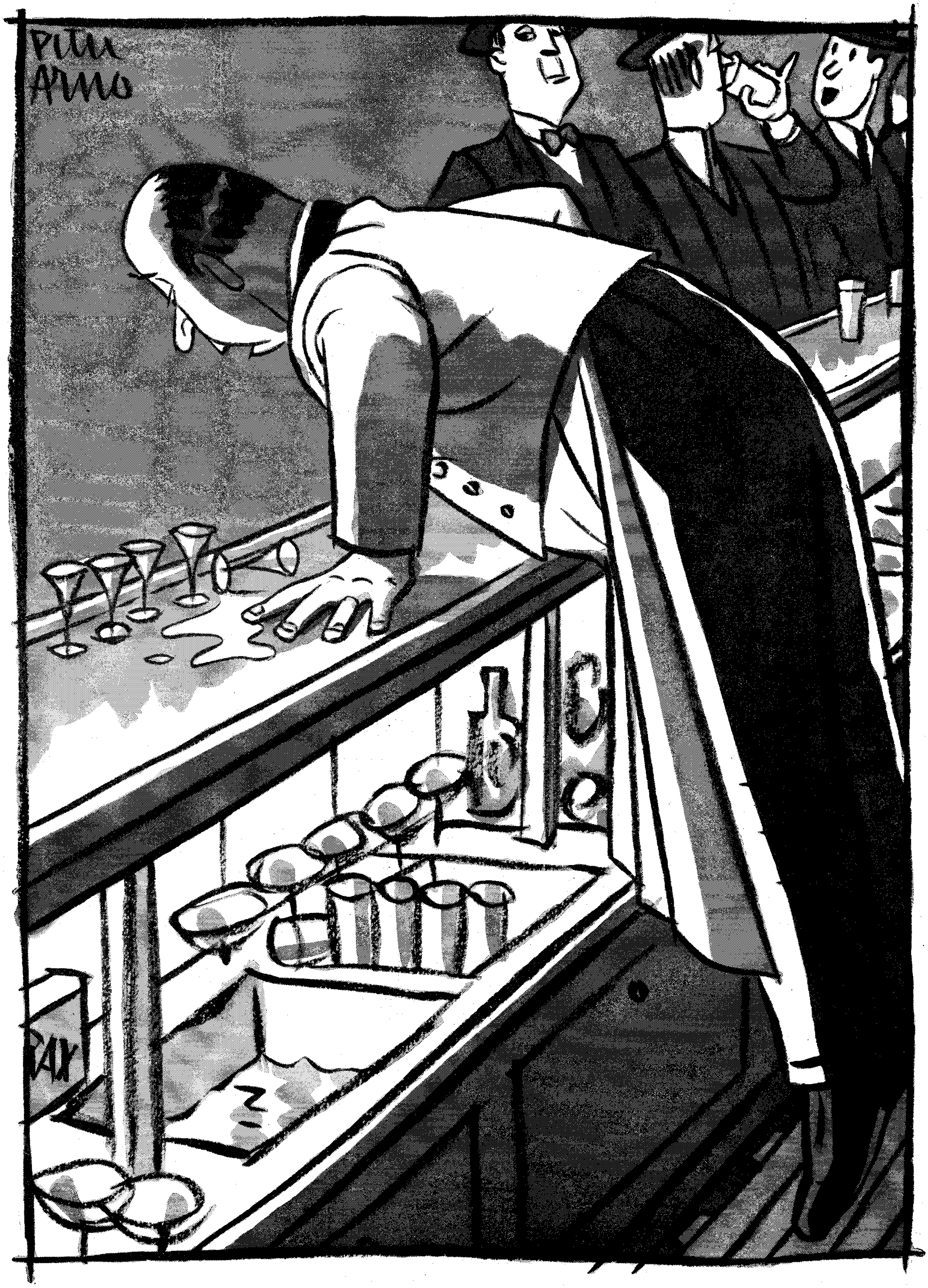
DOWNWARD AND UPWARD

Falling leaves are a poet's delight; to the rest of us they mean sweeping or raking.
—*Boston Globe.*

A poet may not rake
Leaves for the raking's sake?
And having raked, not burn?
These are not his concern?
The truth is that the fall
Brings leaves enough for all:
For children who delight
In the daft downward flight,
And ruffle in their walk
The leaves to make them talk.
Then man who had forgot,
In his unhappy lot,
That trees can still produce
In cities for his use
One crop upon his earth
That gives him his rebirth,
As he with rake and fire
Prepares the final spire
Of sorrow-scented blue—
Then he's a poet too.

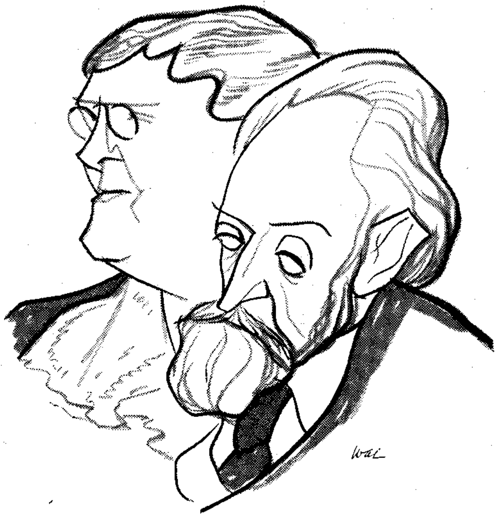
—David McCord



"Will that be all, sir?"

PROFILES

THE DOCTOR, THE LADY, AND COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—I



Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Meyer

Dr. Alfred Meyer, at eighty-nine, feels that he is on the threshold of a great career. For quite a number of years the Doctor has had an ambition to be the oldest living graduate of Columbia University. He covets this distinction so much that frequently he is able to convince himself that he *is* Columbia's oldest graduate, although he is actually in second place. The lead position is held by the Reverend Pascal Harrower, a resident of Staten Island, who is ninety-three, or manifestly four years older than Dr. Meyer. The Reverend Harrower never felt better in his life, but Dr. Meyer sensibly realizes that, by the law of averages, he has a fifty-fifty chance of inheriting the belt, and he is properly jubilant.

The Doctor's preoccupation with old age is nothing new with him. For some reason or other, he has felt moderately old ever since he was a young medical student. When he was thirty-two, he proposed to a girl a dozen years his junior and then advised her strongly against tying herself to an antique. She disregarded his advice, and the marriage has been highly successful. Mrs. Meyer, who prefers to be known as Annie Nathan Meyer, is well known in her own right, and, like her husband, she has one gnawing frustration. Mrs. Meyer has dedicated her adult life largely to establishing herself in the public mind as the single-handed founder of Barnard College, a claim for which there is some justification. The college itself is inclined to split the credit several ways, pointing out that Mrs. Meyer was only one of a group that raised money and campaigned for the project. Mrs. Meyer does not hold with this view. "I founded Barnard," she says, "and I intend to have it carved on my tombstone—'Annie Nathan Meyer, Founder of Barnard College.'" The feeling around Barnard is that Mrs. Meyer most certainly will do this and that before dawn the next day a substantial number of the alumnae will have turned out to scratch the inscription off. This does not mean that the college is mad at Mrs. Meyer. On the contrary, it regards her with affection. However, it refuses to subscribe to her rather sweeping claim. The matter is delicate, there being arguments on both sides, and it has developed into one of the great collegiate controversies of this period.

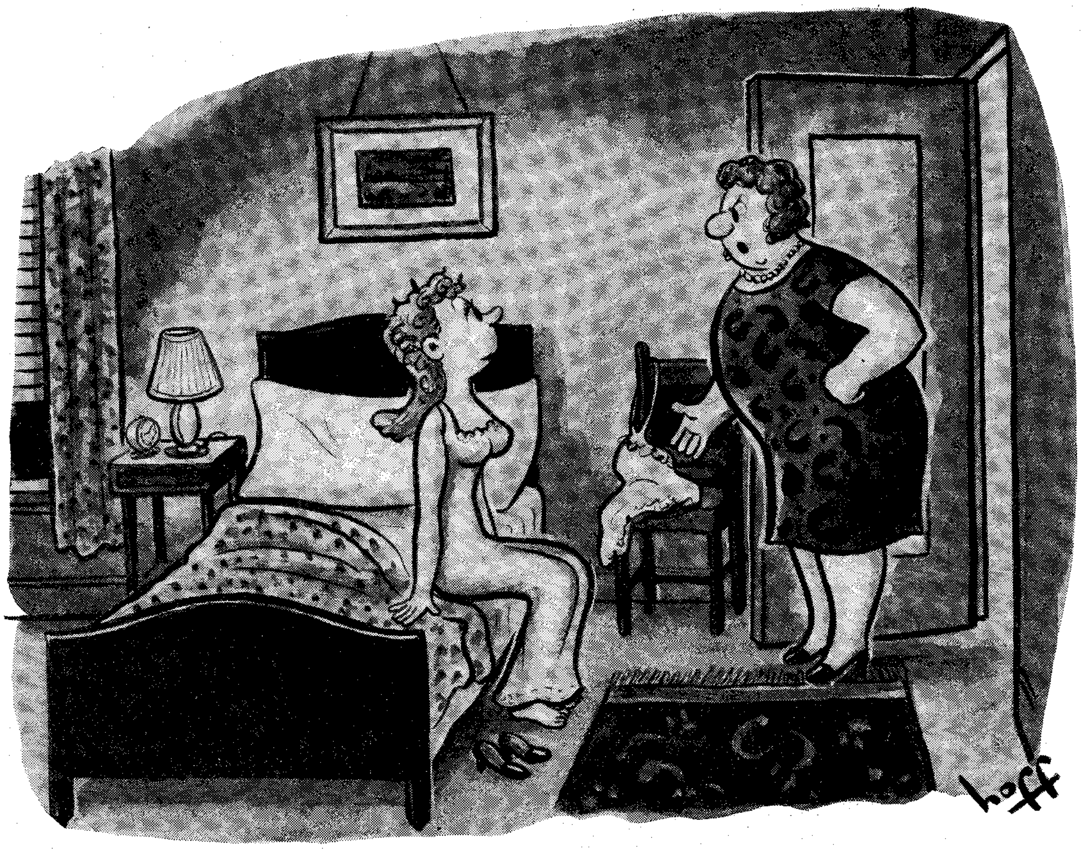
The truth seems to be that there were two or three vigorous attempts to expand Columbia into a coëducational institution before Mrs. Meyer took up the torch, most of them made by no less a personage than Dr. Frederick Augustus Porter Barnard, president of the university in the eighteen-seventies. They got no place in particular because the trustees felt that women, having taken to things like face powder and emancipation, seemed to be already sufficiently out of hand. In 1887, Mrs. Meyer, a member of a prominent New York family of Spanish Jews, had just married the Doctor, a graduate of Columbia Medical College. Her husband's zest for his alma mater was so unrestrained that she soon caught the spirit and began to deplore the fact that women couldn't be in on the fun at Columbia, too. A woman of remarkable drive, she wrote a forceful letter on the subject to the *Nation*, got up a rousing petition to the university, and began to raise money for establishing a women's college as part of it. The trustees gave in, cowed by the fury of her campaign, and before long a charter was granted for the college. As a result, Mrs. Meyer's fame occasionally seems to overshadow even her husband's. In a speech at Barnard three years ago, Mayor LaGuardia called her "New York's first high-pressure group" and spoke of the college as "the work of her young womanhood brought to such glorious fruition." This delighted both Mrs. Meyer and the Doctor but irritated Barnard, which often wishes that the Meyers would be a trifle less proprietary about Columbia.

Dr. Meyer does not begrudge his wife her acclaim, since he feels that his triumph, when it comes, will eclipse anything in honorifics in Columbia's history. The couple are familiar figures at the university's social functions. The Doctor is just a trifle over five feet tall and has a rather spindly, though wiry, body. His head seems disproportionately large, partly because of the way he wears his hair. The hair is snow-white and luxuriant and is chopped off in a straight line just above his shoulders. Viewed from certain angles, he might be said to be a cross between Beethoven and an aging lion. Dr. Meyer has never shaved. The resulting growth is, except for its whiteness, a fine example of what Columbia men were striving for in facial décor during the late eighteen-seventies. The beard is about half a foot long and unusually wavy.

Mrs. Meyer, who is seventy-six, is several inches taller than the Doctor, in spite of the fact that she is now slightly stooped because of arthritis. She has strong, regular features and carefully coiffed white hair. She disapproves of elderly women who allow themselves to look and act elderly. "I would rather die than be caught in a black dress," she says. Her dresses run to blue and yellow prints. The Meyers' divergence of views about old age is earnest, but it has never caused any friction between them. Whereas the Doctor clamors to be considered ancient, his wife strives just as hard to be young, but each supports and encourages the other's stand. "Poor little man," Mrs. Meyer often says, "he's liable to drop dead tomorrow. Look at him. A strong wind would blow him away." Words like these fill the Doctor with delight. "That's right!" he will cry. "Might drop off any minute." Partly to prove his age and partly to help his wife along in her enthusiasm for eternal youth, he enjoys having her manage and exhibit him as a doting young governess might handle a particularly interesting child. Mrs. Meyer plays this rôle wholeheartedly. She walks with a cane, which she frequently uses on the Doctor. Occasionally she does this merely to attract his attention, since Dr. Meyer has been quite deaf for fifteen years, but more often it is to reprimand him for something or other. In the presence of guests he talks with great spirit and stamina, but he has a not unpleasant tendency to digress. His wife sets him to rights from time to time. The Doctor, who is remarkably well informed on anything you can think of, may start off on a monologue about inflation and by some tangled bypath work around to the mating habits of the Blackfoot Indians. At this point Mrs. Meyer will rap him briskly over the head with her cane and say, "Inflation, Alfred. We were talking about inflation." Then Dr. Meyer will swing up the hearing device which he always carries around with him—and which he sometimes unexpectedly thrusts into people's faces—and shout at her, "Let's have that again?" Then, when science and repetition have combined to give him the benefit of her advice, he hustles back into inflation.

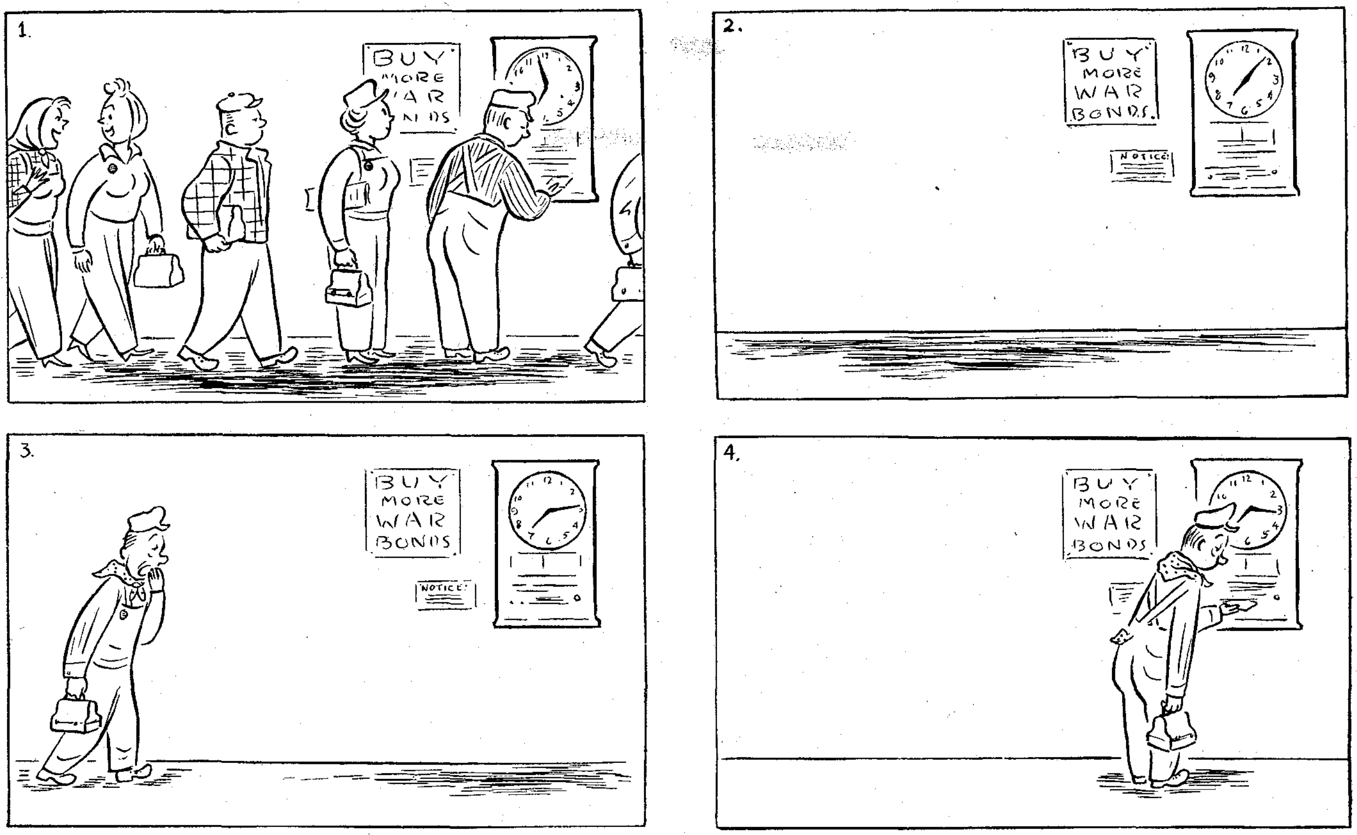
The Doctor's deafness has on occasion caused mild embarrassment at Columbia. In their regular attendance of university events, Dr. and Mrs. Meyer seem to favor affairs pertaining to Barnard, of which she is the senior trustee. At receptions, teas, graduation exercises, meetings of the board, and indoor sports events, they are much in evidence. Perhaps their favorite Barnard function is the celebrated Greek Games. The Doctor is critical of the participants in this event, feeling that the physical calibre of the young ladies may be falling off from year to year. The Meyers generally enter a little late and make a rather impressive procession of two down toward the front of the amphitheatre, where they always sit. Mrs. Meyer, who has a stately carriage despite the fact that she requires the support of a cane, leads the way and her husband bounces along behind her, looking cheerful and pleased and waving his hearing device at the people he recognizes. The moment he is seated, he begins to address a loud, running commentary on the proceedings to his wife and, unconsciously, to everybody else in the place. "Look at that little thing on the right end!" he will cry in his clear, high voice. "She's got the bowedest legs I ever saw in my life. Calcium deficiency in childhood. And the one next to her looks anemic. Whoa! Whoa! There's a runner out of breath. Damned if that isn't a pretty kettle of fish. Probably high blood pressure. My God, look at that little one—she's as knock-kneed as a donkey!" Although the Greek Games audience is used to this annual contribution of the Doctor's and rather fond of it, some of the players, hearing themselves publicly analyzed while in action, are taken aback. Occasionally a moody performer, having just learned from out front that her feet are flat, will be stunned into a state of temporary paralysis, but generally things go off very well.

Some of the faculty at Barnard think that Dr. Meyer makes sly use of his deafness. One or two professors have come right out and said that he does a bit of faking now and then in the interest of humor. At a senior tea not long ago, a faculty member introduced him to one of the girls, saying, "This is Miss Murphy, Dr. Meyer. You remember her mother." The Doctor looked a little puzzled, then in a grave but courteous tone said to his wife, "Dear, this is Miss Murphy, who murdered her mother." Another trait of the Doctor's that has worried the college group is his highly developed curiosity. Dr. Meyer has always had an insatiable desire to know as much as possible about whatever he finds within sight and hearing. During a tea in the gymnasium a few years ago, a distraught attendant rushed in and yelled, "The little Doctor has just disappeared in the machinery of the swimming pool!" Everyone ran out behind the pool to the boiler room, where the temperature of the water is regulated, hoping to retrieve enough of Dr. Meyer's remains for a decent burial. There they conducted a search. He was not in the room, having somehow crawled through one of the water pipes into the pool itself, which had been drained. Standing on the bottom, he called up to his anxious friends that he was making an inspection of the place to find out if it was sanitary.



"How do you ever expect to get anywhere—always going to bed early?"

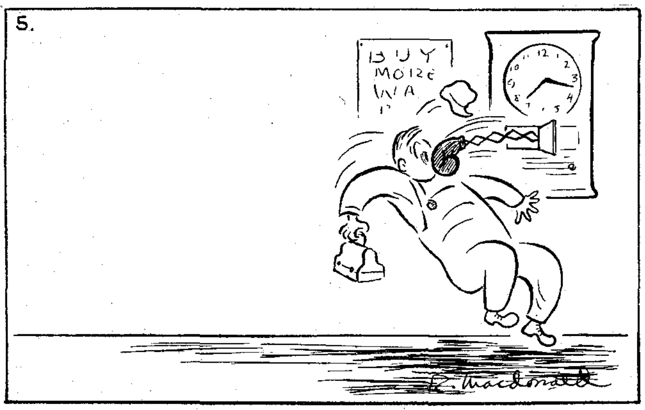
THE Meyers by no means confine their activities to Columbia, although they are more interested in the university than anything else. Many people who know them consider them the most versatile and energetic elderly couple in New York. Their six-room apartment at 1225 Park Avenue, where they have lived for the last seventeen years, is curiously unlike those of most couples



who have passed middle age and have no particular plans for the future. It has an atmosphere of expectancy, rather like a theatrical producer's outer office. Except for the pantry and the kitchen, which are painfully neat, the rooms are a hodgepodge of books, pictures, letters, manuscripts, old music, and typewriters stripped for action. The Meyers have accumulated an enormous amount of cultural miscellany. The place is crowded with bookshelves, some of which ascend to the ceiling, and nearly all of the wall space is given over to an amazing variety of pictures, the majority of them prints and oils by modern artists like Ryerson, Benton, James, Hutchinson, and Marsh. Their artistic preferences have kept up with the times, unlike those of the average elderly people, who are generally content to potter along with such staples as "The Horse Fair" and "Whistler's Mother."

In one corner of the living room is a Steinway grand piano. When Dr. Meyer was a younger man, he was considered one of the most accomplished amateur pianists in New York. He still has an excellent touch, and he practices about an hour every day, although he has not been able to hear a note he has played for the last fifteen years. "Just like Beethoven," he cries, as he pounds out a lively sonata. Even with his hearing device the Doctor cannot hear what he is playing, and he says that the pleasure he gets from the vibrations is negligible. However, he feels that, having been born with talent, he is more or less obliged to nourish it. He makes an arresting figure at the piano. Like many gifted musicians, he throws himself into his work. During a difficult passage, his spindly body bounces and twirls on the piano stool and his white beard flaps and eddies in the breeze set up by his exertions. There are half a dozen paintings of Dr. Meyer in the apartment. One of the largest shows him sitting at the piano. It bears an amazing resemblance to the famous picture of Brahms sitting at the piano. Since winding up his rather distinguished and colorful medical career thirteen years ago, the Doctor has had more time for the piano. On days when he is feeling especially musical, he will thump away for as long as three hours at a stretch.

A good many of the manuscripts and papers lying about the place belong to Mrs. Meyer, who is regarded by some of her close friends as the great unappreciated American dramatist. Shortly after getting Barnard under way, Mrs. Meyer turned to lecturing and literature, and finally to playwriting, which she had decided was her natural métier. Her first effort, "A Dinner of Herbs," was produced at the Empire Theatre in 1909 by students of the Sargent School of Acting. It was not considered sensational. Altogether she has written twenty plays, a number of which put in brief appearances at benefits in places like Buffalo. Although Mrs. Meyer is fond of saying that she has had eight plays on Broadway, only one of them actually appeared on Broadway with a conventional opening night, a run, and newspaper reviews. This was called "The Advertising of Kate" and it dealt with the headaches of a business woman trying to find a husband, one of the knottier problems of its day. It opened at the Ritz Theatre in October of 1922 and



collapsed after a short struggle. It was characterized by the *Times* as "one of those clever things of the sort that would win first prize in the graduating class of an upstate school for playwriting." George Jean Nathan wrote it off in three lines that ended "Bed at 9:50." It was during the twenty-four performances of this play that Mrs. Meyer conceived a great and permanent feeling of hostility toward Alexander Woollcott. A year earlier she had written a peevish letter to *Harper's* raising the question of why critics are given *two* seats for opening nights. One was enough, she said, and possibly more than enough. In reviewing "The Advertising of Kate," Woollcott wrote that, remembering her letter, he had attended the play alone and tried to make himself as small as possible, but when he saw all the empty seats he realized that he was doing the author no service and relaxed. "There wasn't an empty seat in the house," Mrs. Meyer says, with feeling. The star of the play was Mary Boland. "I don't know where Mary Boland would be today without that play," Mrs. Meyer frequently remarks.

For several years Mrs. Meyer continued to turn out plays, but with indifferent success. Most of them were about women, some for and some against. Few of her friends feel that it was lack of talent that prevented her from becoming a famous dramatist. They are more apt to ascribe her failure to bad luck. One of her plays, called "Fifth Avenue," was about to be taken by Mrs. Fiske, so the story goes, when Mrs. Fiske died. Another time, a man in Washington said he would produce one of her plays with the money he was going to win on the World Series. Though no baseball fan, Mrs. Meyer sat every day by the radio, praying for a Washington victory. Either through her efforts or those of the Washington team, the Senators did manage to win. It turned out, however, that the man had his money on the Giants, so nothing came of his proposition. Several of Mrs. Meyer's plays have enjoyed widespread popularity among amateur acting groups. One, "P's and Q's," which was first produced by the American Pen Women at the Morosco Theatre, has been played as far afield as China and New Zealand. Mrs. Meyer got a five-dollar royalty check for a performance of it not long ago, twenty years after it was written. The time will come, she thinks, when her plays will receive the appreciation that is due them. In the meantime, though she is not entirely through with plays, she is pouring a lot of her literary energy into letters to the editor.

A READER'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WAR

Now sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
  Let joy be open-handed,
For hail, the conquering hero comes,
  His brow with garlands banded.
He bears the marks of battles proud,
  Assorted honors grace him,
And who is first amid the crowd,
  Most fervent to embrace him?

His wife? His sire? The children four
  Whose features star his locket?
No, no! It is an Editor
  With contracts in his pocket.
And who, more tender than a spouse,
  His hand with rapture presses?
A scout, I think, from Random House
  Or maybe S. & S.'s.

Here come the valiant, here march the bold.
After them, Macmillan, e'er their deeds grow cold.
Home rolls the sailor, rescued from the brine;
Henry Holt will sign him on the signatory line.
Bring unholy ghosts, now, fetch the frantic quill.
The Publishers, the Publishers,
  Are crouching for the kill.

Upon some bloody field tonight
  Men breast the flood infernal,
For God, for Country, for the Right,
  And many a weekly journal.
No gunner at his smoking gun
  Lays down that grim utensil
But Mr. Luce is on the run
  To furnish him a pencil.

The castaway upon his raft
  Is probably engrossed now,
Composing, neatly paragraphed,
  His saga for the *Post* now,
While paratroopers turn a phrase
  In perilous positions.
The paths of glory nowadays
  Lead on to twelve editions.

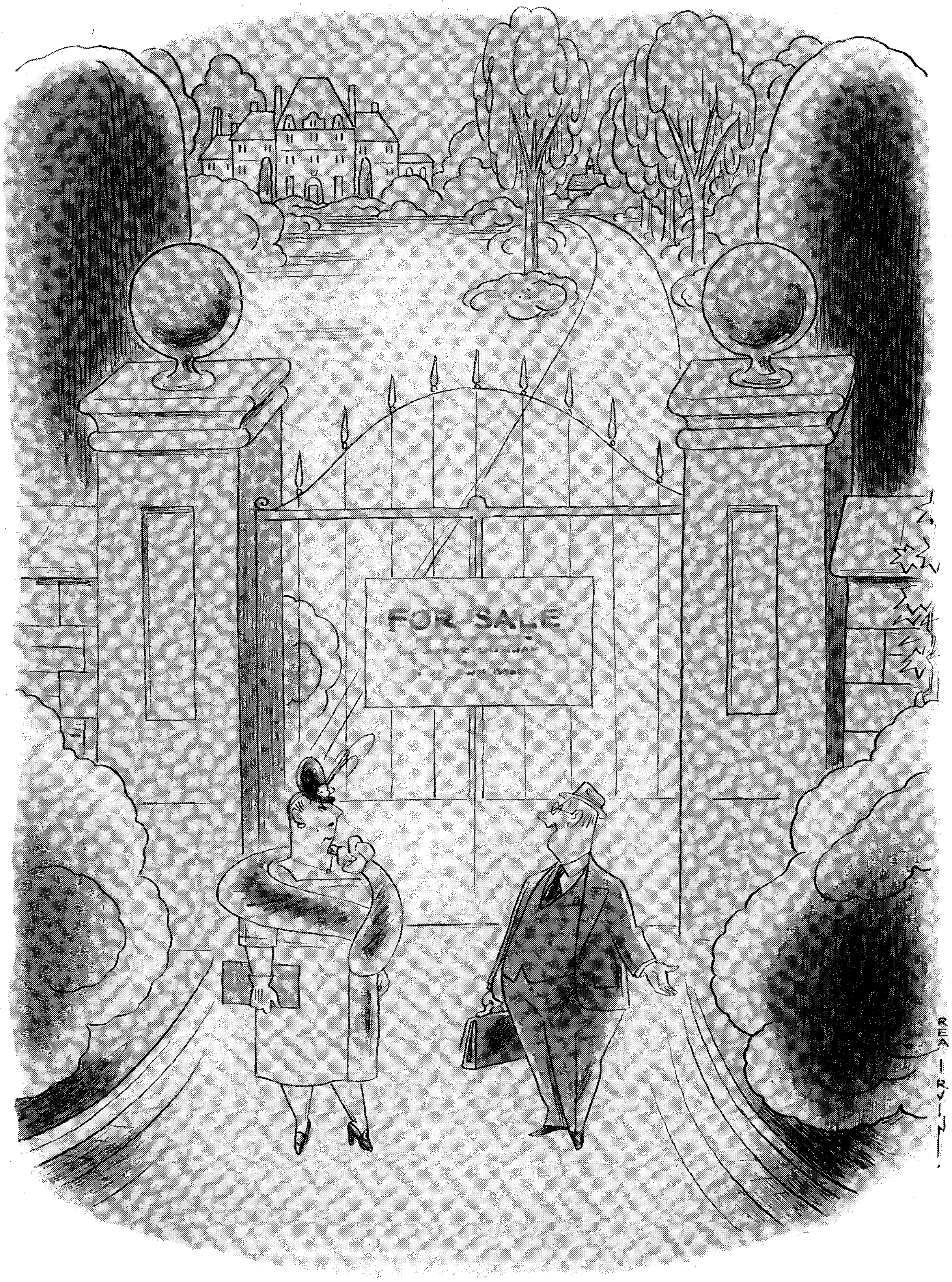
Back fly the bombardiers with medals on their hearts.
Read it all in *Collier's*, complete in seven parts.
Look will have the story with pictures underneath.
Uneasy lies the head, lads, that wears a laurel wreath.
Though you escape the bullet and live to see the day,
The Magazines, the Magazines,*
Will have you for their prey.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

*Including this one.

• •

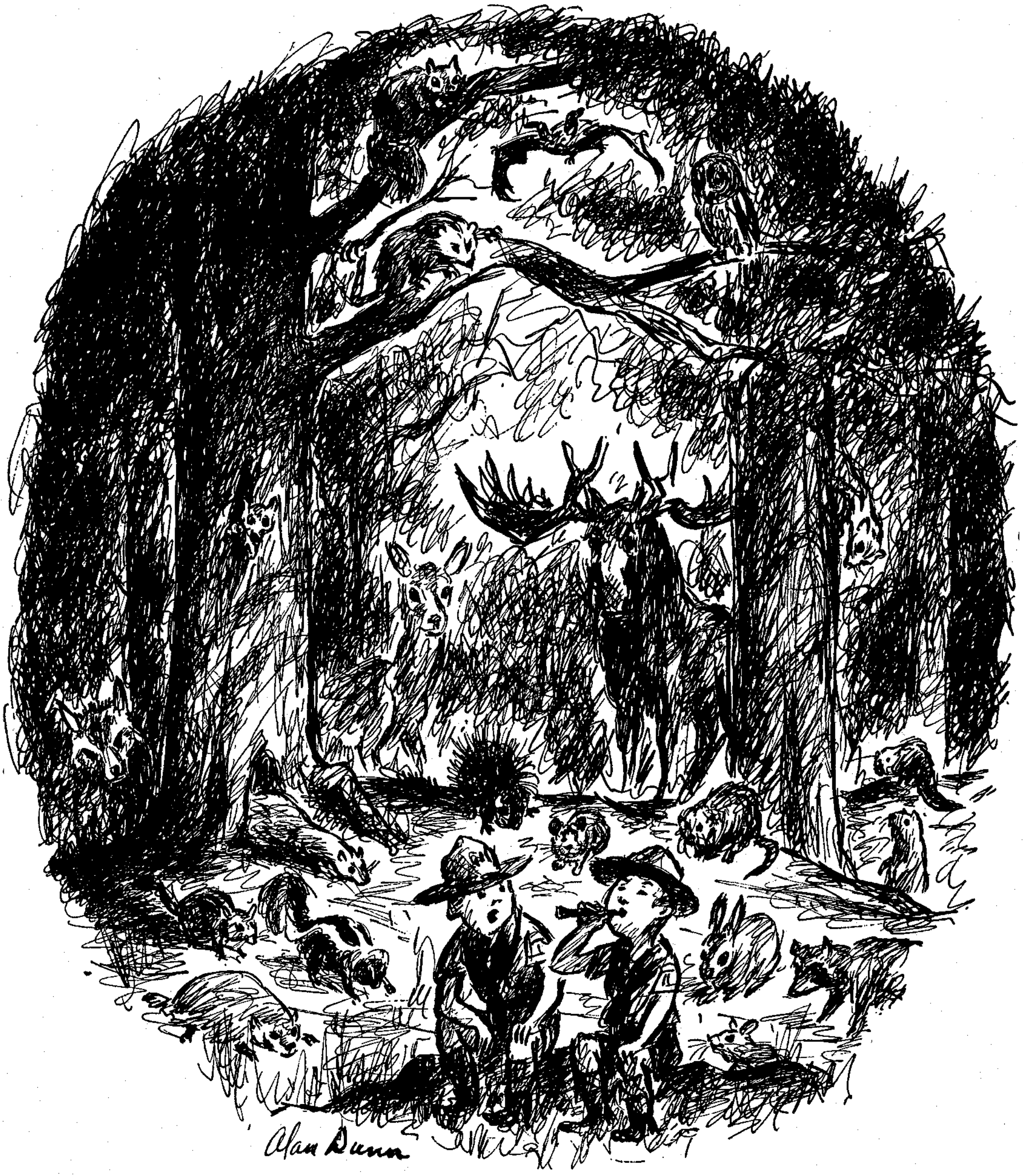
Mrs. Meyer writes letters to the editor on a variety of subjects, and sends them all to the *Herald Tribune*. She used to send them to the *Times*, but the *Times* had the effrontery to trim one of them rather heavily several years ago and she switched papers immediately. In her letters, Mrs. Meyer is unmistakably pro or anti whatever she is writing about; there is no middle ground for her. Over the years she has expressed approval of nagging wives, war memorials, the World's Fair, the men at Valley Forge, "Anna Christie," the Radio City Music Hall, soap, Robert Sherwood, the chastity of women, dunning by telephone, justice for Negroes, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, the *Bookman*, freedom of speech, faith, Norman Thomas for Mayor, Arturo Toscanini, decency, and William C. Bullitt. She has taken stands against smart-alecks, expensive funerals, the Irish, Lindbergh, Mrs. Lindbergh, the Japanese, the Nazis, Hamilton Fish, labor, Hearst newspapers, Leopold Stokowski, tardy theatregoers, murder, traffic lights, testimonial dinners, Tammany, and the misuse of B cards. Lately she has directed her most enthusiastic diatribes against the Nazis. Consequently, she is convinced that when the Germans start bombing New York they will single out the Meyer apartment for special attention. As a precaution, shortly before Pearl Harbor, she had all the windows of the apartment criss-crossed with adhesive tape. "From their point of view they would be perfectly justified," she says.



"And another very desirable feature—there's a bus stop right at the gate."

• •

THE Meyers' home life, though highly energetic, is orderly, being largely in the hands of a courtly but firm West Indian Negro named Clement, who has been with the couple for twenty-three years. Clement arrived in this country in 1914. After working as a servant for various families here, he enlisted in the Army in 1918 and was shipped to France, where he got influenza and spent the rest of the war in bed. When he came back, he was employed by the family of Robert Nathan, the writer, who is Mrs. Meyer's nephew, and later on switched to the Meyers. The Doctor and Mrs. Meyer are convinced that he played a considerable part in winning the war. They generally introduce him to guests by saying, "This is Clement, who fought the last war in France, you know." Clement runs the household with quiet competence. He refers to his employers as The Doctor and The Lady and is thoroughly familiar with all their habits and needs. The Meyers are both consumers of several kinds of medicine, and Clement sees that they take them on time. If



"It's one of those whistles dogs hear and we don't."

• •

he has any trouble accomplishing this, he locks up the box of chocolates that normally sits on the dining-room sideboard. The Meyers have hearty appetites and eat practically anything, but Clement has fastidious tastes, which are deferred to when the day's menus are arranged. For one thing, he doesn't like crabs, so on seafood days the family has lobster instead. He doesn't like squab or duck, either, so these two dishes never appear on the Meyer table. Clement's feeling of oneness with the family is so great that he always answers the telephone by saying, "This is Annie Nathan Meyer." This occasionally irritates Mrs. Meyer. One day several years ago, she said to him, "Look here, you aren't Annie Nathan Meyer." "I am Clement Nathan Meyer," he replied. The Meyers decided to let the relationship stand at that.

Clement's regard for the importance of his employers leads him to think that the world is aware of all their movements. Occasionally he is a little sharp with an ignoramus. Answering an inquiry on the telephone, he is likely to say, "Why, this is the afternoon of the International House Tea. *Of course* The Lady is not at home." He views as a personal triumph any recognition that either of them receives. After the Doctor got a citation from the Tuberculosis and Health Society last year, Clement was heard to remark over the phone to one of his friends, "I suppose you must have heard that we were awarded a Citation of Appreciation yesterday." During Barnard's celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, a few years ago, Emma Bugbee wrote an article about Mrs. Meyer for the *Herald Tribune* and, after it had appeared, called her up to see whether it had met with her approval. Clement answered the phone. "Indeed, dear lady," he said, "we are very pleased." Clement's genius for managing the Meyers occasionally sets a new mark for butlers to shoot at. One summer, at a country place the Meyers once rented in New England, several apple trees unexpectedly brought forth a fine crop of fruit. Mrs. Meyer told Clement to have the apples picked and stored in the basement of the farmhouse. Before long the Meyers began to notice that certain of their guests didn't seem to share their enthusiasm for the apples. Upon investigating in the basement, they found that Clement had graded the fruit into four barrels, variously labelled "For The Doctor and The Lady," "For Guests Staying a Long Time," "For Guests Staying a Short Time," and "For Those Who Just Drop In." In spite of Clement's rather taut stewardship, a feeling of great tenderness exists between him and his employers. Once, when the Meyers went visiting in New England without him, Clement stood it as long as he could, then telegraphed them, "Come home, you two, you've been away long enough." The Meyers packed up that afternoon and were back in their apartment the next day.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on Dr. and Mrs. Meyer.)

•

WASHINGTON. (AP)—The new director and key technical man of the nation's rubber program, Col. Bradley Dewey, carries his noon-day meal to his office in a regular old-fashioned laborer's lunchbox.

What's in it? The same thing every day—soap and soleslaw.

"He can't stop working," his secretary explains.—*Lincoln (Nebr.) Star-Journal.*

We were wondering.

EST. 1830

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We sincerely believe that fine Spanish and Portuguese wines maintain their traditional supremacy over any other aperitif and dessert wines in the world. Each of our selections represents a fine example of the historic sherry and port varieties and has been chosen with most scrupulous regard for the particular use for which we recommend it.

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COCKTAIL SHERRY* *Fine Amontillado, pale and dry*	GREEN LABEL TAWNY PORT *Fine, medium bodied wine—dry finish*
DIAMOND BACK SHERRY *Splendid, full rich dinner sherry*	RED LABEL PORT *Mellow and full bodied*
LA GOLONDRINA* *Full dry, a true connoisseur's sherry*	GOLD LABEL TAWNY PORT *A great wine, soft and very full-flavored*
CHOICEST OLOROSO *Magnificent, soft wine of "cream" character*	CHOICEST TAWNY PORT *"Bellows Select," perfection in tawny port wine*

*We recommend chilling for service as aperitif.

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Written by F. Hugh Herbert. *Directed by* Mr. Abbott

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

"A Triumph" —BARNES, *Herald Trib.*
JAN KIEPURA—MARTA EGGERTH
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

PAUL SMALL & FRED FINKLEHOFFE *present*
FRANK FAY • ETHEL WATERS • BERT WHEELER
in a Variety Show
LAUGH TIME
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AMBASSADOR Thea., W. 49th St. • Eves. inc. Sun.
Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40 • Sun. 2:15 & 5:30

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By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
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ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
"A violently funny and batty murder play."—*Time Magazine*
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America's Only Ice Theatre
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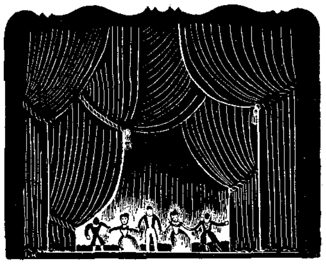
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 56

THE THEATRE

ADULTERY MAKES DULL BEDFELLOWS

"SINISTER chaps, these gods that be, Michael," says Diana, and away we go. The scene is a living room in the home of Mrs. Reggie Williams Browne, the time is a breathing space or vacuum in the history of the world, and the remark is occasioned almost entirely by the circumstance that it has been decided by somebody, though certainly not me, that what New York really needs at the moment is another comedy by Frederick Lonsdale. I don't know exactly what to tell you about the evening that may be lying in wait for you at the Fulton. There is, of course, an abundant supply of those epigrams with which Mr. Lonsdale has been titillating the Morgan-Harjes set since 1908. The quality of these quips is uneven. Sometimes a cliché has been so ingeniously rearranged that it comes out sounding almost like wit, sometimes the author's gay perversity is such that wicked old dowagers in the audience nudge one another almost out from under their hair, but most of the time, I'm afraid, his record of stylish conversations is just stupefying. At one point, for instance, Diana, a moderately sinister chap herself, offers us a rather involved thought about the double standard. "To a woman," she says, taking a deep breath, "a man's past only means that, thank God, he's had experience, while, to a man, a woman's past only means—that she's had a past." Don't bother to unwrap it. It's just a sample.



The real complexity of life among Mr. Lonsdale's powerfully sexed grammarians can be indicated in a sentence, though a tough one: Michael, engaged to Molly, is really in love with Diana, whom he seduced once in Paris; George can't decide whether to marry Celia or Maggie, both of whom he has seduced here and there at various times; and Elsie, though married to Reggie, is still strongly attracted to her first husband, John, who has seduced practically everybody and likes to talk about it. Anyway, all these people, along with a drunken butler and an old family lawyer, both standard models, are visible on the stage, sometimes all at once. It is a rich and sophisticated dish, though not precisely, you might say, the Blue Plate Gibbs. How Mr. Lonsdale gets everything straightened out in the end, I won't try to tell you in this fortunately limited space. An impacted wisdom tooth, the drunken butler, and a good many dubious coincidences are involved, but the whole business isn't very clear to me even now, and I think you'd better just accept my word that everybody winds up in the right bed. Come to think of it, George (see synopsis) really doesn't, but the hell with him.

Moving on to the cast, the chief attraction is probably Roland Young, a good actor but not, apparently, a very acute judge of scripts. It is Mr. Young's task to portray a small, neat, harried character, who has had eleven mistresses in the past and is now mixed up with two more. "I am a dull man," he says gloomily, "with just one way of expressing myself." Mr. Young indicates this unhappy state largely by popping his eyes and sniffing his mustache, but he is funny enough and has my respectful sympathy. His co-star, Margaret Lindsay, a handsome recruit from the films, with an impressive voice, has been entrusted with Diana and some of the most staggering lines since "Lady Windermere's Fan." Hers is strictly a triumph of beauty over syntax. Arthur Margetson, as a cynical man of the world, contributes a cryptic smile and a fashionable presence and is, I'm sure, exactly what the author had in mind. Of the others—Doris Dalton, Philip Ober, Henry Mowbray, Augusta Dabney—I can only say that they don't seem exactly right for Lonsdale types, something, praise God, that might happen to anybody. Raymond Sovey's boudoir setting is obviously just the place for a roll in the ermine and the living room is very pretty, too. The name of this piece, by the way, is "Another Love Story."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cheyenne Wyoming Eagle*]

Nail-biting often occurs in rats faced with problems that are difficult to solve.

When the frost is on the ~~pumpkin~~ shaker

WE HASTEN to assure you that there is no witchcraft involved in the scene suggested here.

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This magic produces the finest and most flavorful Whiskey Sour that ever you poured from a frosty shaker. A truly matchless drink for a cool, crisp autumn evening.

You may want to try your hand—this very evening, for example. Here's all you do: (But be *sure* to use that finest of whiskies, Four Roses.)

Put one part lemon juice and three parts Four Roses into a cocktail shaker. Add sugar to taste.

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and then, if you wish, decorate each drink with a cherry and slice of orange.

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IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products.

Our prices have not been increased —except for government taxes.

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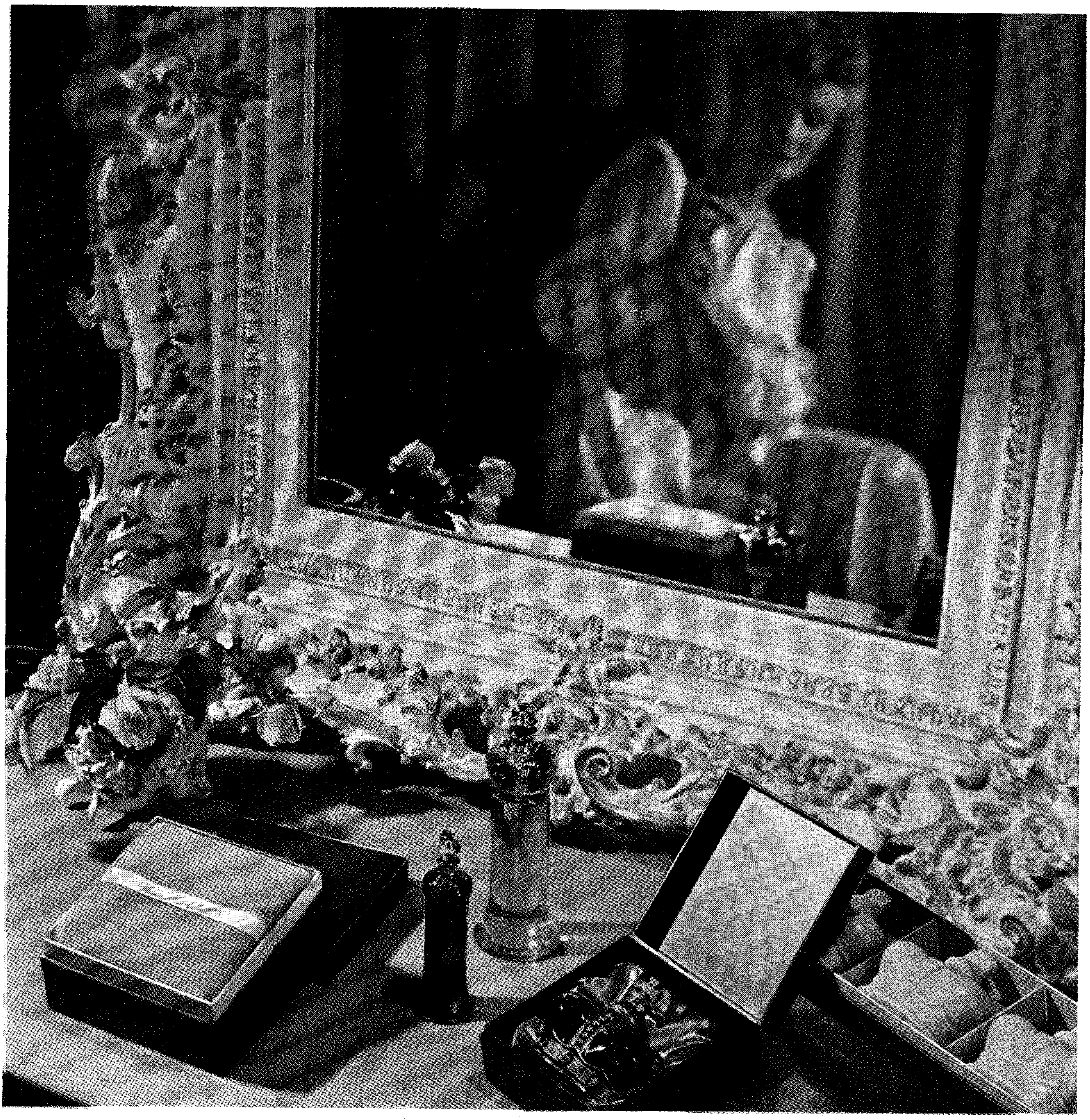

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THAT FAR-AWAY LAND

MY father came home from his newsstand one cold night in the winter of 1910 and said he had made up his mind. Before he had even taken off his ear muffs he was shouting at my mother. The city was no place to raise a family! Children were being run over by trolley cars! Jack the Ripper roamed the streets at night and the painted women were getting more brazen. No, New York City was no good for his children. We were to move to the country immediately!

My mother stared at him as though he had lost his mind. In the ten years they had been in America, neither of them had stirred out of the neighborhood of Second Avenue and Forty-fourth Street.

"Yes, mine wife, I'm moving my family out from this terrible environment—at last!" My father made a grand gesture like an actor. He was a tall, handsome man with fine, drooping mustaches. It didn't matter that his sagging trousers were held up by a piece of rope or that his cracked shoes bulged with bunions; there was an extraordinary air of elegance about him as he stood in the middle of our kitchen renouncing his milieu.

"We're moving to the country," he announced again.

My mother nodded and placed a bowl of potato soup in front of him. "Eat your supper first."

He began to eat the soup, still talking. "Where are the boys?" he demanded. "I must tell them the news."

"I'm here, Pop," I said from my place beside the kitchen stove, where I was finishing my homework. The kitchen was the only warm spot in the flat.

"And where's Gregor?"

"Gregor's practicing his new piece," I said.

"Practicing! In this weather!"

"Now, don't get excited," my mother said. "I lit the kerosene stove in the front room."

"So the poor boy's been exiled to Siberia again!" my father shouted. "Listen, mine wife, when Czar Alexander the Third sent me to prison in 1887, my cell was warmer than our front room!"

"You survived," said my mother.

"It was my political duty to survive. But is Gregor a revolutionist or is he a sensitive artist? Call him in here!"

"Please, Papa," my mother pleaded, "don't disturb him. Miss Chefetz wants he should know this piece by Friday, so he can play it in assembly."

"He can practice tomorrow, when the sun is in the room. Science has shown us that sunlight makes a room *seem* warmer even if the actual temperature—"

"Stop making speeches," my mother said. "I'll get him." She put on her shawl and went down the long hall. In a moment she returned with my brother.

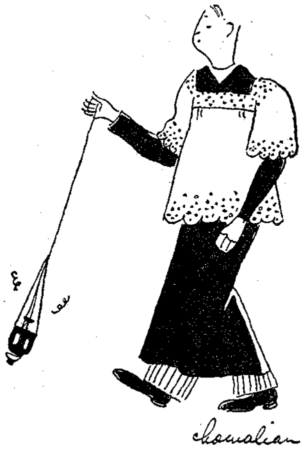
"Boy, it's cold out there!" Gregor said, blowing on his fingers. "Hello, Pop."

"Hello, my son," my father said. He leaned over and wiped the potato soup off his mustaches with a corner of the tablecloth. Then he stood up, unbuttoned his shapeless sweater, and addressed us as though we were a political meeting.

"My family," he began, "all my life I have been a Socialist. Your mamma is a Socialist. We hope that someday you too will want to build a better world for yourselves and your fellow-man—"

"For God's sake tell them already, Papa!" my mother said.

"Please don't interrupt." My father took a long drink of water, set the glass down on the table, and continued. "The influences over a young mind are very important. Boys, your mamma and I think the influences in this neighborhood are not so good. We want you should have the best of everything so that you will be equipped to work for this new world of kindness and mutual respect to which a good Socialist dedicates his life. We—"



"*Ach*," my mother sighed. "Finish up already!"

"I'm finishing," my father said. "My family, we are going to move away from this environment. We are going to move—to the country!" He spread his hands by way of conclusion and sat down. We didn't say a word. Gregor bent over and tied his shoelace. I sat staring at my mother. She was brushing some crumbs from the tablecloth.

"Well," my father said, obviously hurt by our silence, "if I happened to insult somebody, I'm sorry. Forgive me." He grabbed a toothpick from the wineglass in the middle of the table, turned his back on us, and began picking his teeth.

After a moment I said, "Pa, will I have to change schools if we move to the country?"

"Are you interested," he asked, "or are you just making conversation?"

"I'm interested," I said.

He turned to me eagerly. "Of course you'll change schools. In the country the schools are not even crowded."

"And what about Miss Chefetz?" Gregor asked.

"Maybe you think there are no piano teachers in the country? We're not moving to Africa, after all!"

"And where *are* you moving us to?" my mother asked.

"Far Hockaway!"

"You mean Far Rockaway, Pop," Gregor said.

"Please, Gregor, don't tell me what I mean. Doesn't it sound like Utopia, Mamma, Far Hockaway?"

My mother was not impressed. "Where is it, this Far Hockaway?" she asked.

"I don't know," said my father.

"A fine how-do-you-do," she said. "He doesn't know where it is, but we're moving there immediately!" She got up and began to clear the table with an air of significance which threw my father into a rage.

"Tomorrow, my dear partner," he said between his teeth, "I'll find out *where* it is. Today I know *how* it is."

"How is it?"

My father started screaming. "It's healthy! The air's clean! There are no streetcars or elevateds! It's a fine place to raise children!"

"I see." My mother stood by the stove quietly pouring herself a glass of tea. "And how do you know all this? Who told you about this Far Hockaway? God, maybe?"

"Mr. Buttrick told me!"

Had he said "President Taft" the effect couldn't have been more powerful. In our circle, Mr. Buttrick was the symbol of American capitalism and prosperity. He was a bachelor who lived with his brother in a brownstone house on Forty-fifth Street. The extraordinary thing about Mr. Buttrick was that he bought *two* New York *Times* at my father's newsstand every morning. One of these he would hand over to his brother as they mounted the steps to the "L." Mr. Buttrick, my father liked to explain to his Socialist friends, couldn't bear to read a mussed newspaper. Since both he and his brother read the *Times*, what else was there to do but to buy two? My father's friends would shake their heads gravely over this striking instance of American upper-class opulence.

"Mr. Buttrick said the future was in Far Hockaway," my father said. He began taking off one of his shoes. "He has property there—building lots. He says a smart man would start some sort of business out there."

"By a smart man he means a businessman, my husband, not you," my mother murmured. My father disregarded this. He took off his other shoe.

"Mr. Buttrick said a man like me, even, could get rich out there."

"Get rich. A fine way for a Socialist to talk. And in front of the boys too," said my mother.

"Unfortunately, Socialists are also fathers." He took off his heavy socks and hung them on a line over the stove. "You understand, boys," he said, turning to us, "I'm talking only like a father now."

"You're talking like a crazy man!" my mother shouted. "How can you move to the country when your business is here on Second Avenue?"

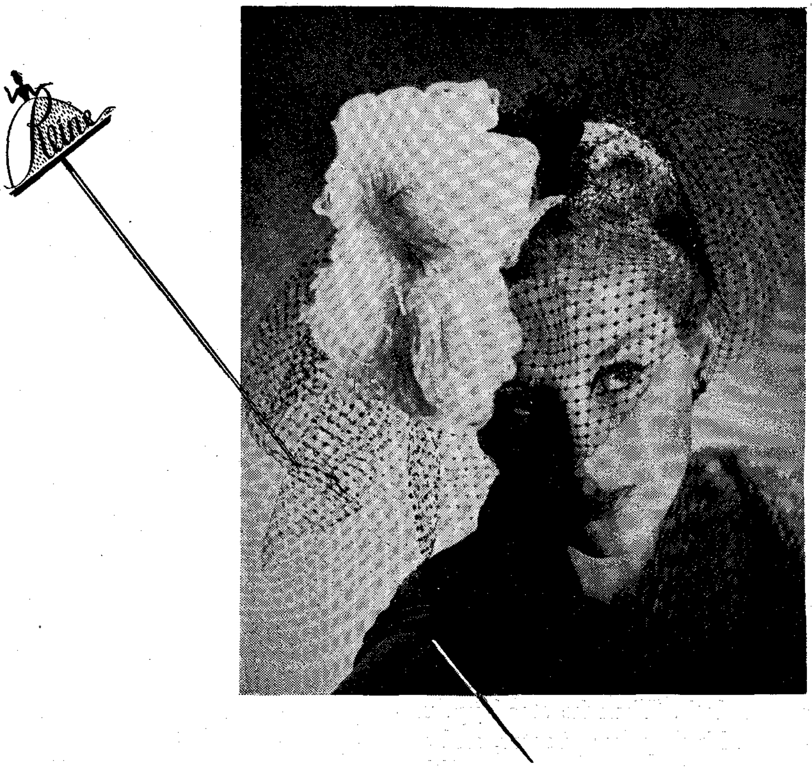
"Listen, mine wife," he answered calmly, "one thing I've learned in America. It's to take what they call a tip. Mr. Buttrick gave me a tip. I'm selling the business."

"Selling the business!" I said.

"Children," my mother said, "this is the end of us."

TWO weeks later my father sold the newsstand which he had kept for ten years under the stairs leading up to the Second Avenue "L" at Forty-second Street. After three days of bargaining and shouting, which all took place in the street, with the roar of the trains overhead, the deal had been consummated. The purchaser was a Russian intellectual who wore pince-nez. He had just arrived in this country and spoke practically any language you cared to mention except English. Of course he couldn't tell one New York newspaper from another. However, he had forty dollars, the down payment my father demanded on his business. He was to pay ten dollars a month for six months and then the stand would be his, free and clear.

Business having been finished, my father brought the exhausted new owner home to supper and fell at once into a violent argument over the Second International. For a while it was not certain whether my father would let him



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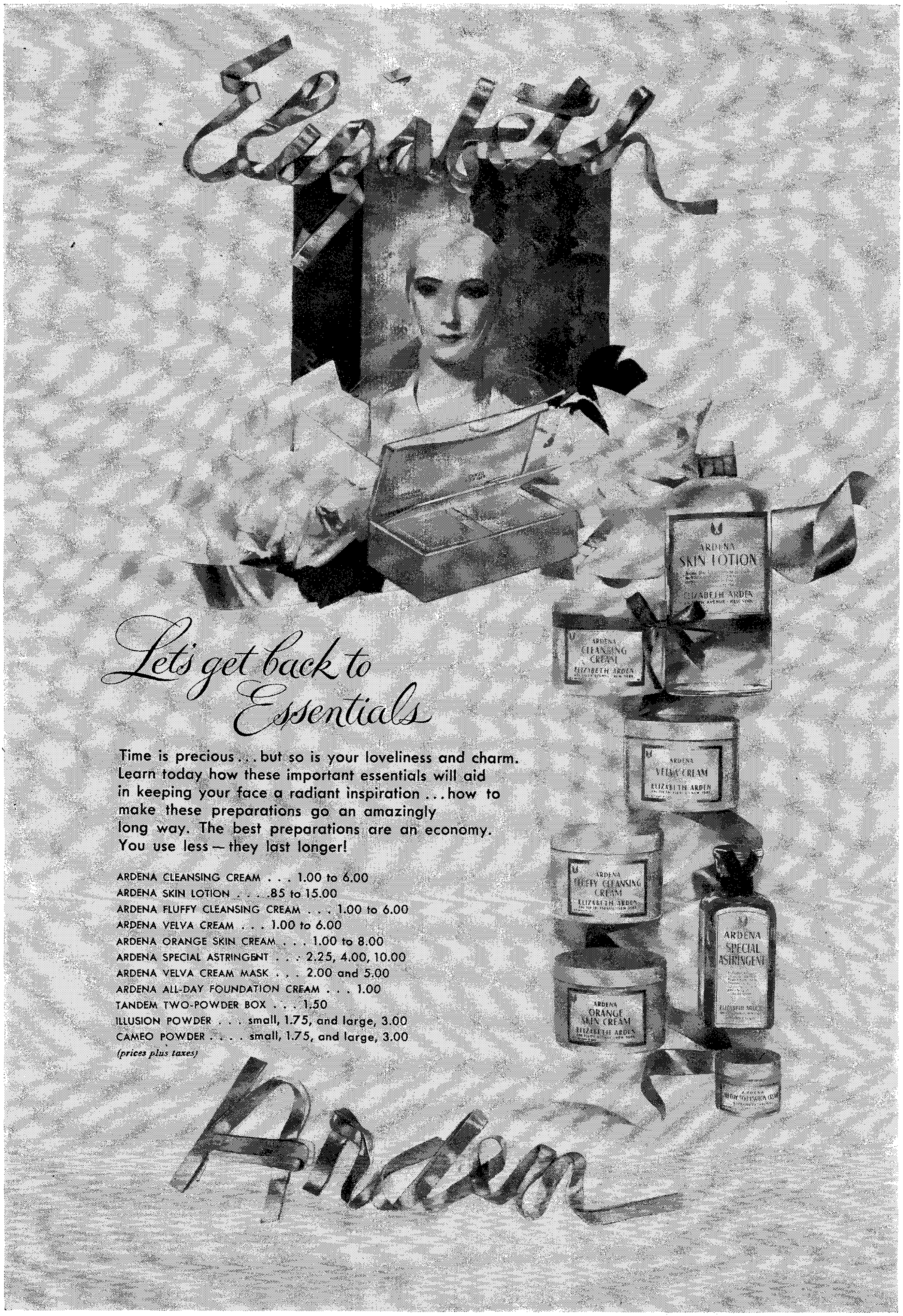
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distinctly masculine
decidedly correct

have the stand after all, but then my mother called to the new owner to come and help her pack the barrels that our things were being stowed in for the haul to Far Rockaway.

A week earlier my father had gone out there and rented a place to live. He had been too impatient to take the precaution of selling his business first.

On a fine Saturday morning in late February, we left Second Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. Our friends and neighbors and a few strangers gathered on the street in front of our house, watching our furniture being carried into the moving van. It was a little like a funeral. Except for some kids jumping up and down on the dusty quilts which were to cover our piano, everyone was rather solemn. The proprietor of the laundry on the corner, who had come to America on the same boat with my father, kissed him on both cheeks. Miss Chefetz, who lived down the block, came to say goodbye to Gregor and made him promise to practice every day. My mother stood at one side, in a group of women who had been her neighbors for years. She was laughing, but she was crying, too.

"As soon as it gets warmer," she kept saying, "you must all come with your children to the country and stay with us."

"Yes, yes," they said.

Our furniture was finally loaded; the van doors were shut. My father climbed up next to the driver and his helper and shouted down to the crowd, "Goodbye, comrades!" The horses started up. The crowd called goodbye. We stood in the street, my mother, Gregor, and I, waving farewell to our furniture with the others. Then we said goodbye to our friends and took the trolley car to the train.

WHEN we arrived at the Far Rockaway station we had to sit in the waiting room four or five hours until my father and the moving van arrived.

"So, here you are at last," my mother said as my father strode into the station.

We went out to the moving van and climbed up to the driver's seat. I sat on my mother's lap, Gregor on my father's, and we started off for our new home.

The two horses pulled us through wide, tree-lined streets. Wherever we looked there was a beautiful "home" with a porch.

"See?" my father said proudly.

"Yes," my mother murmured, "yes."

"Look!" my father cried out. He pointed straight ahead. "There's the ocean." We couldn't see anything.

"How far away is it?" my mother asked.

"Fifteen blocks. No more." My mother turned and looked at him.

"Well," he said, "a little walk in this marvellous air won't hurt you."

Suddenly the moving van turned into a side street, then turned again into a long, narrow alley lined with ashcans. A dog ran out and barked at us. At the dead end of the alley, the moving van stopped.

"Here we are, my family," my father said, jumping off. From her perch on the van my mother peered out at a two-story frame building.

"It's a Chinee laundry!" she cried.

"How can you be so stupid?" my father said.

"I refuse to live in a Chinee laundry!" my mother said.

"We're not living in the Chinee laundry!" my father yelled up at her. "We're living upstairs—there!" and he pointed to a narrow outside stairway leading up to the second floor.

"Over a Chinee laundry he's moving us," my mother wailed.

"But it's warm over the laundry," my father called up to her. "You don't know how warm a laundry can make a room. Gregor can practice day and night!"

"And in the middle of the summer how warm will it be?"

"I refuse to discuss with you while you sit up there and I stand down here. Come down, all of you!"

"Come, children," my mother said, and we all scrambled down.

My father escorted us up the stairs to our door, which opened into a kitchen. He ushered us in and, like a guide, began carefully pointing out each feature of our new home. "See, what a nice big kitchen, with a gas stove, not coal. And here, in this wonderful alcove, the boys will sleep."

"There are no windows."

"Since there are no windows, they'll be safe from drafts. It's very drafty by the ocean."

He led us into the next room. "And here you and I will sleep, mine wife." My mother raised a cracked green window shade, peered out into the darkening alley, and pulled the shade down again.

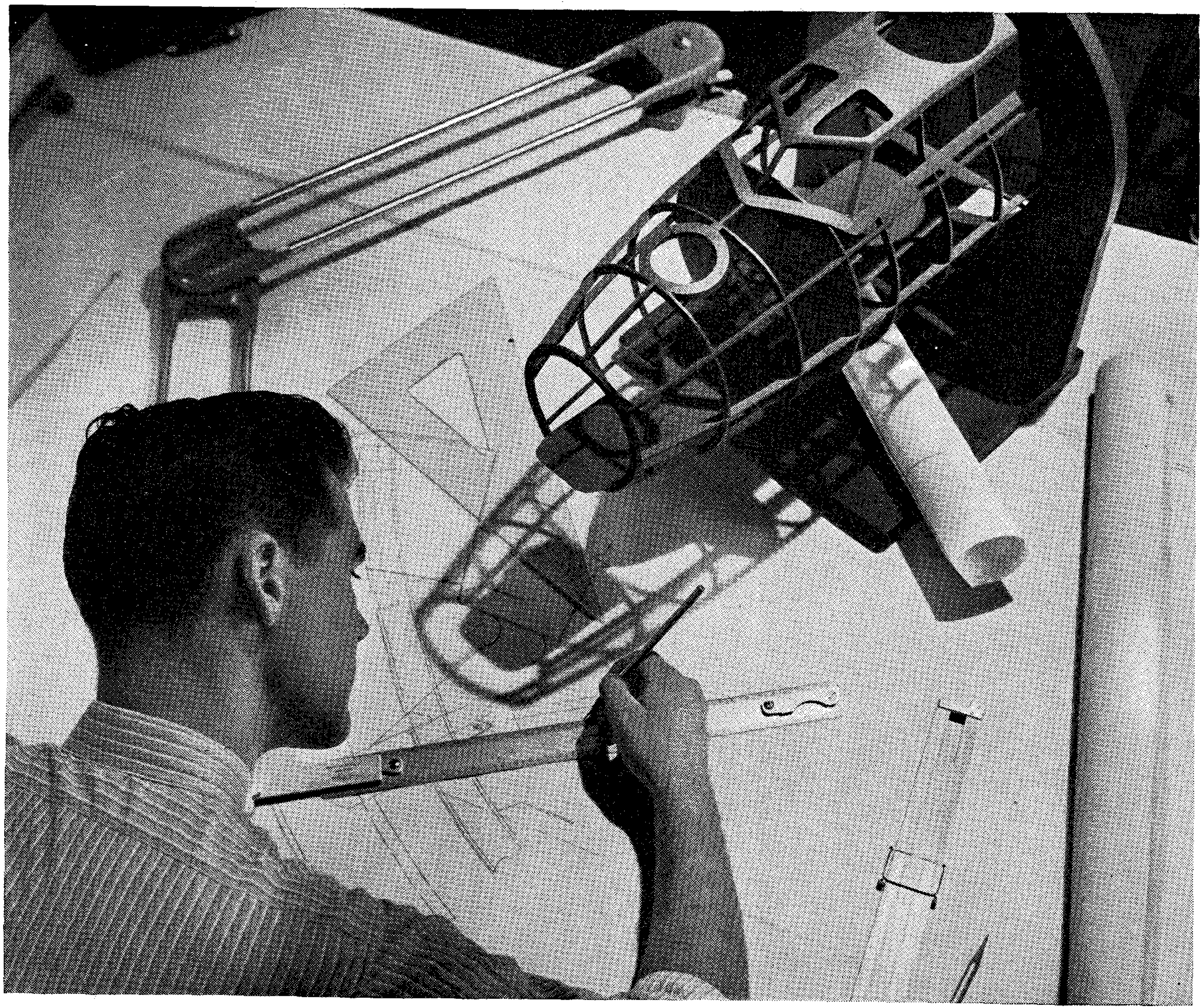
"Show me the rest," she said.

"That's all."

"That's all? Two rooms and a dark closet?"

"Two rooms and an *alcove*."

My mother looked about her, shak-



Back the Attack—with War Bonds

Prelude to flight

The Flying Fortress* you read about in today's headlines was once merely a vision in the mind's eye of a Boeing engineer. Before that vision became an airplane lifting into the sky, it passed through numberless stages, each giving it definition, and carrying it one step closer to flight.

The Boeing designer you see above is truing up and rendering with mathematical precision the "doodles" that first gave tentative, exploratory shape to a projected airplane. Skilled cabinet workers next take the designer's blueprint and translate it into a miniature model in three dimensions.

In this stage, tiny seats, control columns, instrument panels, windows and bulkheads are shuffled about to check size, proportions, convenience and workability. Once problems are thus solved in miniature, a full-scale mock-up is constructed for double-checking. Only after this is the proposed airplane ready for construction in metal.

Out of such pre-flight stages the Boeing Flying Fortress, the Stratoliner,* the transoceanic Clipper, and the Kaydet PT (Primary Trainer) have emerged. They represent, however, only one aspect of the many highly intricate processes involved.

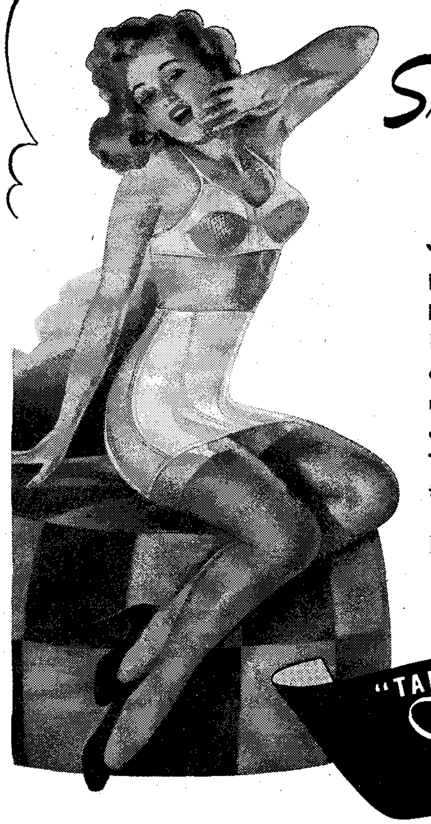
Other problems demand engineering mastery of such fields as electricity, lubrication, heating, tooling, metallurgy, radio, meteorology, air conditioning, hydraulics and a score more.

The Boeing engineering staff, numbering over 3000 and including men of experience in more than 25 distinct fields, is considered one of the ablest groups ever assembled.

Once the war is won, Boeing skills in research, design, engineering and manufacture will bring you many new and worth-while things; and you may know of any product that if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS



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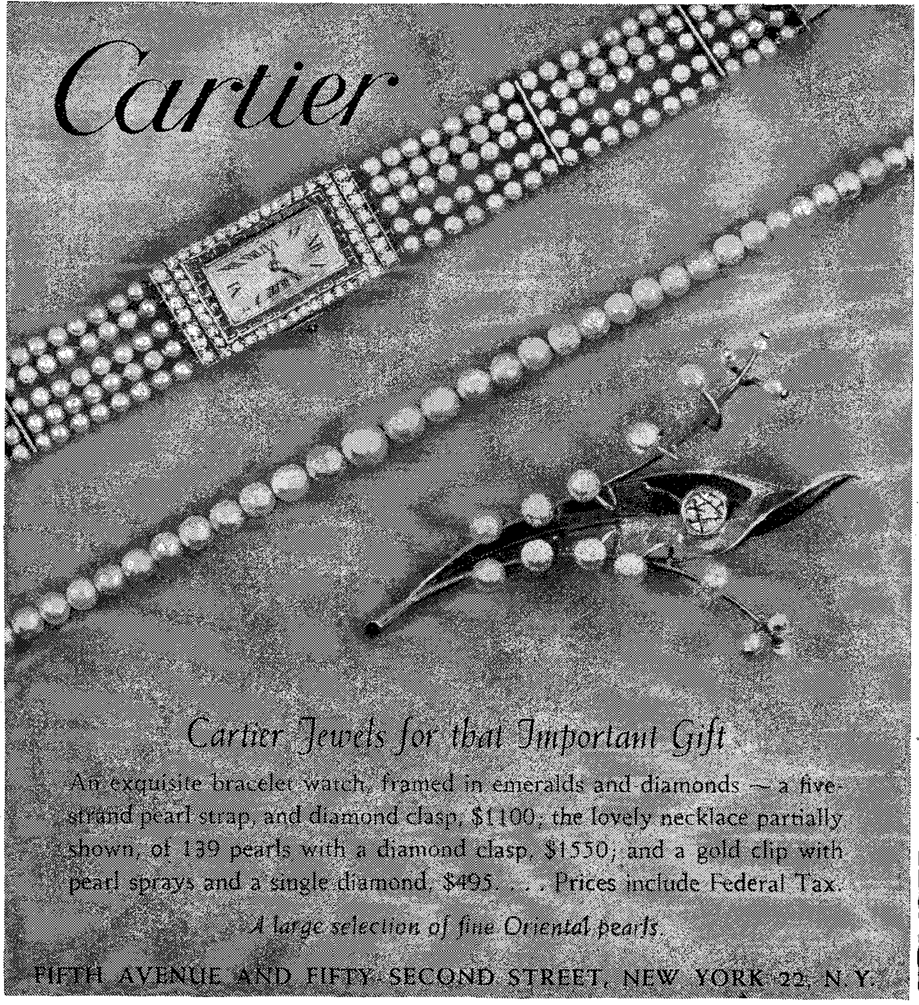

Cartier

Cartier Jewels for that Important Gift

An exquisite bracelet watch, framed in emeralds and diamonds — a five-strand pearl strap, and diamond clasp, $1100; the lovely necklace partially shown, of 139 pearls with a diamond clasp, $1550; and a gold clip with pearl sprays and a single diamond, $495. . . . Prices include Federal Tax.

A large selection of fine Oriental pearls

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ing her head. "My new home in the country. . . . Tell me, where do you intend putting the piano? In the kitchen, maybe?"

"I am not taking notice of any sarcastic remarks, mine wife. The piano goes in our room."

"I see. And the sofa?"

"In our room."

"And the big armchair?"

"You're just trying to exasperate me! Everything goes in our room."

"We won't be able to get in and out of bed." Suddenly my mother was searching in her pocketbook for a handkerchief. The moving men came in with our sofa and waved her out of the way.

"When you get used to it, Mamma, it's very pleasant," my father said quietly. "I admit, now in the late afternoon, it's a little dark, but that's because science has shown us that in the winter the sun's rays—"

There was a knock on the open kitchen door. My mother looked out and I saw her go white.

"Come in, come in, comrade!" my father called out. The Chinese laundryman, wearing a long pigtail, came into the empty kitchen. He grinned amiably.

"This is our landlord," my father said. "He believes in Socialism, if I understand him correctly. . . . This is mine wife." Under his breath, he muttered in Russian to my mother, "For God's sake, stop staring like an idiot and say 'Hello'!"

"Hello," my mother said.

After ten minutes of gesturing and gibberish, we realized that the Chinese laundryman had come to welcome us and to invite us to supper with his cousin downstairs in the back of the laundry. They were having pot cheese. Throughout this mutilated conversation, punctuated by the comings and goings of the movers with the rest of our goods, my mother sat on a packing box, wearing her hat and coat, her eyes fixed in terror on the Chinese.

"No, no," my father said to him. "Bring the cheese up here. We eat here, all of us!" The laundryman smiled, bowed, and went downstairs.

"I invited them to supper," my father announced with one of his elegant, theatric gestures. My mother got up suddenly, picked up her pocketbook, and started for the door.

"Mamma! Where are you going?" he called after her.

"I certainly am not staying here!"

"What are you talking about? We paid the rent already!"

"I travelled with you from Russia to

Germany, from Germany to Castle Garden, from Castle Garden to Second Avenue, but to Far Hockaway, my husband, no."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I thought you said this was the country!"

"It is. Didn't you see the trees? And tomorrow I'll show you the beach. And afterwards—"

"Whoever heard of a Chinee man living in the country?"

My father stared at her. "Oh, mine wife! You, a Socialist, talking like this," he said quietly. "Don't you remember the song? 'Arise, ye prisoners of starvation, arise ye wretched of the earth.' Even in the country you find them, my wife—the prisoners of starvation, the wretched of the earth." He turned away and started to take some pots out of a barrel. "I am ashamed."

My mother watched him a moment. She wanted to be sure whether he was acting or not. But it was obvious that he was genuinely pained.

"Mamma," Gregor said, "are we going to have supper?"

"Yes, sonny," she said. She took off her hat. I stood one of our barrels on end and then spread a tablecloth over it. Gregor brought up a few chairs. The laundryman appeared at the door with his cousin, who bore the gift of pot cheese, which he handed to my mother. My father led them through the rooms, showing off the furniture. He ran his hand over the piano keys for them. They were delighted and said something to each other in Chinese.

"After supper," my father said, "Gregor will play his new piece for us."

"What for you come to Far Rockaway?" the cousin asked.

"I have a friend in New York," my father said. "He gave me a tip. He tell me here's a good place get rich. We get rich here. All of us—you, me. Make lots money." The Chinese thought this was very funny. My father looked at them while they laughed and laughed. Presently he laughed too.

"Supper's ready," my mother called. We sat down around the barrel—my father, our new Chinese neighbors, Gregor, and myself. My father was still laughing when my mother brought out the blintzes she had made with the pot cheese.

—VICTOR WOLFSON

•

VIRGIL BURNETT FILES
PETITION FOR DIVORCE
FROM U. S. ARMY BASE

—*Headline in the Iowa City (Ia.) Press-Citizen.*

Just a dreamer.

LISTEN: OCTOBER 23, 1943

Here we go pioneering in radio again: All up through the Northwest, and especially in Wisconsin and Minnesota and the Upper Peninsula there are the silver foxes and there are the minks. They live on ranches. The ranchers who ranch the silver foxes and the minks have long hearkened to the radio, but it never had quite the influence on their prosperity that it now brings to bear.

Fur ranching, what with underman-power, food costs, and that Hitler, is no cinch. A man has to grab a market price while it is quoted. Getting the fluctuating prices direct to the foxes and the minks isn't as easy as it would be standing (say) at the Stork Club door. In the past, the fur-bearing brokers in New York have tried various ways of quoting to the far-flung fur-flung rancher—none of the ways very sure fire.

Now a smart broker goes on WCCO (CBS in Minneapolis-St. Paul) each week-day dawn with one minute of strictly-last-night-New-York-closing quotations. He doesn't know whether broadcasting will work better than the old fashioned methods, nor what its effect on the ranchers, the minks, and the foxes may be. Everybody hopes that it will work fine. The ranchers are getting up in time to listen. The foxes and the minks are staying in bed hoping something terrible will happen to WCCO.

★

Jimmy Durante burst like a lovely rocket on CBS from coast-to-coast and from floor to ceiling on October 8. Asked how this occurred, Mr. Durante replied, phonetically verbatim: "I'm flyin back from a tettatet with Secre-terry Morgentaw in Washington and I sits down for a bite ta eat. The plane banks for a toin, my soup slides over to a guy across the aisle and he eats the soup. The plane banks another toin and my steak slides over and the guy eats the steak. The plane banks and my salid slides over and he eats the salid too. I leaves my seat in my disgust, and the guy grabs me by the arm and says: 'What's the matta, wise guy—*no dessert?*'

"So, I takes one look at him and who does it toin out to be but Garry Moore. 'Jimmy' he says, 'beginning Friday we start a new program on CBS.' Am I delighted. I kiss him on both cheeks. He kisses me on both cheeks, delicately detourin around the obs-tacle in the middle. I slap him on the back, he slaps me on the back, we both slap the pilot on the back. The plane goes promply into a tailspin, and we all wind up on Columbia tonight. Wutta nexperience. Wutta netwoik!"

★

Altogether too many people have been asking who writes the titles of the capricious pieces Alec Templeton plays each Wednesday evening over some 69 CBS stations—titles like *Debussy in Dubuque, Grieg's in the Groove, Bach Goes to Town, Ode to the Bottom of a Bumble Bee, Mozart Matriculates, Have a Few with Dinicu, Corelli in the Old Corral,* and *Gnats to You.*

So a posse of CBS title-searchers went out and found out who writes the titles. Templeton does.

★

There are plenty of technical reasons why professional musicians are so enthusiastic about "The Voice" on CBS, but here's a plain human reason that just came in from Mrs. Leiland Atherton Irish, executive vice-president, secretary and manager of the Southern California Symphony Association. "The democratic foundations of American music were demonstrated conclusively when Frank Sinatra, an outstanding young American artist in the popular field, lent his support to several symphonic organizations, among which was the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra playing in the Hollywood Bowl. Through the proceeds of Mr. Sinatra's appearance in the Bowl, which grossed $12,500, we were able to balance a $226,000 budget and therefore close the season without a deficit."

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

A REPORTER AT LARGE

EVERYONE WALKS TOO SLOW

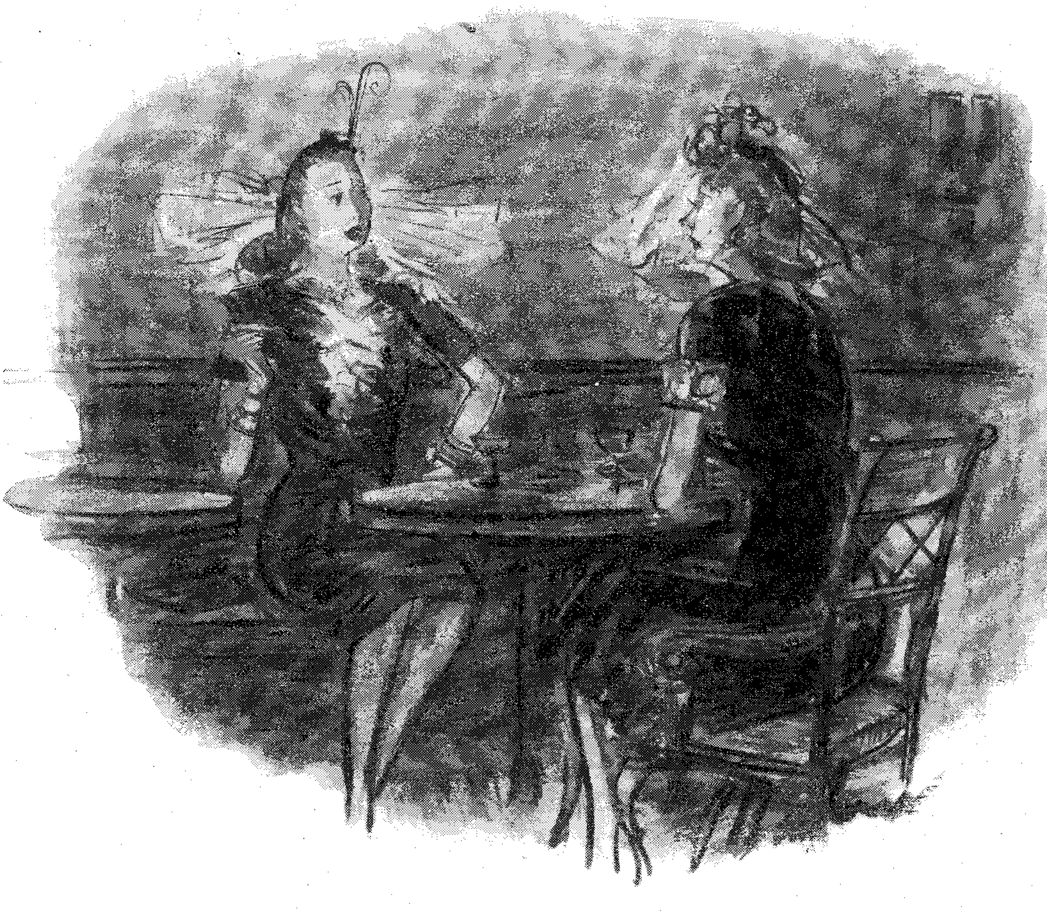
A COUPLE of weeks ago I spent an evening with a man I'll call Jim Carlyle, an honorably discharged Marine, who told me a little about how he feels being a civilian again now that the war is over for him. Carlyle, who is husky and twenty-eight, was mustered out of the Marines last spring because of injuries he received on Guadalcanal. His wounds still make him wince on damp days and there's no telling when he will be bothered by a malarial chill or fever, but he is in good enough shape to hold down a full-time job and otherwise lead what might be called a normal life.

I went to see Carlyle in his small, cozy flat on the fourth floor of a tenement walkup on Vyse Avenue, in the Bronx. His bride of four months, a slight, friendly girl by the name of Lucille, was entertaining a neighbor in the kitchen, but now and then she came into the living room, where we were sitting, to see that we were comfortable. On her first trip she brought us two glasses of ginger ale and a deep bowl of pretzels and then carefully unfolded two linen napkins for us. Carlyle pointed out that small green swans were embroidered at the corners of the napkins. "Lu sewed those swans herself," he said, after she had left the room. "She's a wonderful girl. Fixed up a nice apartment for us, too. Everything's fine, and you can say it again. I got my job back at the post office, only it's better than the one I had before I went away. I work inside now on a day tour—eight to four-thirty. A clerk. No more wind or rain or sleet stuff for me, climbing up dark halls late at night with special deliveries. Everything's fine, just as Lu says.

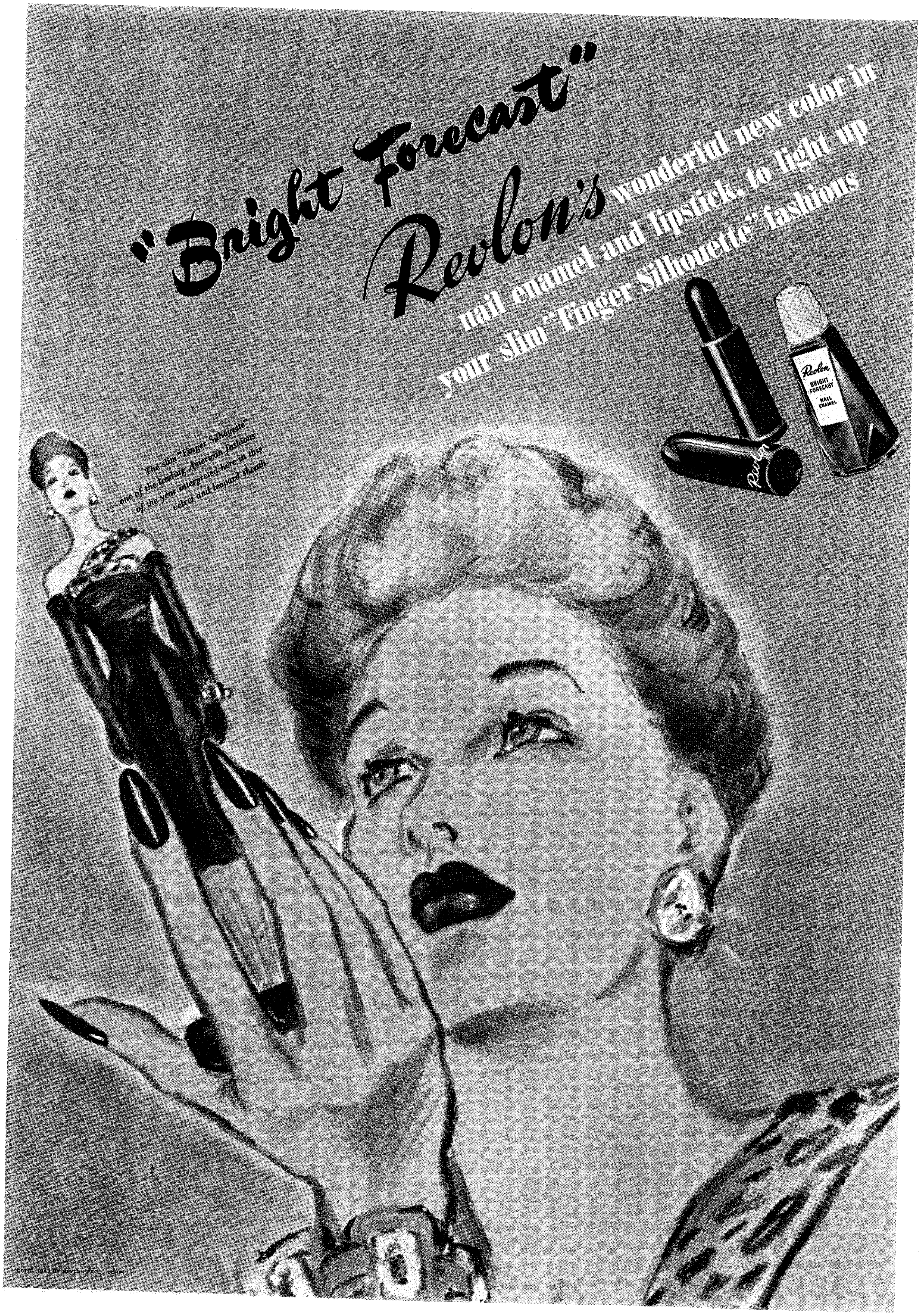
"My uniform's in the closet in mothballs, of course, but being in civvies isn't too bad. They hang looser and the shoes are lighter. Tell you one nice thing about wearing civvies—no stranger with a nickel cigar in his mouth comes up to you and says, 'I used to be a Marine myself.' Whenever I'd be coming home on leave from New River, where I was stationed a while, some potbellied guy on the train would sit down near me and tell me that and I'd look at his corporation and think to myself, 'Look what was a Marine.' Being in civvies is all right." Carlyle sipped his ginger ale. "*Everything's* all right," he said, "and that's the way I'm going to see it after a while."

He explained that he was going around with a pent-up energy which he neither liked nor understood. "Everyone walks too slow to suit me," he said. "When I'm out on the street, I want to push people to make them go faster. It's like I had a chip on my shoulder without knowing how it got there. Right now the biggest thing on my mind is a certain boisterous gentleman down at the post office who happens to have a little authority. He picked on me a couple of times before I left for active duty. He'd come into the room where we have our lockers and eat our lunch, and do his stuff. I'd be in the middle of a sandwich and he'd be wondering out loud in front of all the fellows if Carlyle had finished doing his primary case—that's where the mail starts getting sorted out after it's been cancelled." Carlyle smiled. "Every day," he went on, "I've been waiting for that guy to pull his old act, but he just comes into the locker room and pats me on the back and wants to know how I'm feeling, as if it's any of his business. His authority doesn't mean so much to me any more. No more than the authority of those old-timer Marine sergeants did after we got to Guadal. Up to Guadal those old boys would always be talking about what they did in Nicaragua and we'd listen. Well, one night, after we'd been fighting all day on Guadal, one of those sergeants starts bending my ear about Nicaragua again. 'What the hell do you think we're having here,' I told him, 'a pink tea party?'

"But I never really minded the boisterous gentleman. I was contented at the post office: three weeks' vacation, sick leave, old-age pension, and, if you mind your business, it's practically illegal for them not to give you a raise. I got the job eight years ago after I graduated from Morris High. Pop had been a good Democrat since Moses was a cowboy and he took me down to the clubhouse one night. A couple of days later a letter came to the house and Jimmy



"She says he's never missed a single alimony payment. It sort of restores your faith in men, doesn't it?"



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MAKING NEW ONES OUT OF OLD ONES

Many a veteran Santa Fe gondola, already marked for retirement, has had to take a new lease on life.

Battered, broken and ready to quit, these hard-worked cars no longer had the strength to hold their loads.

Somehow, these "old boys" had to be kept rolling!

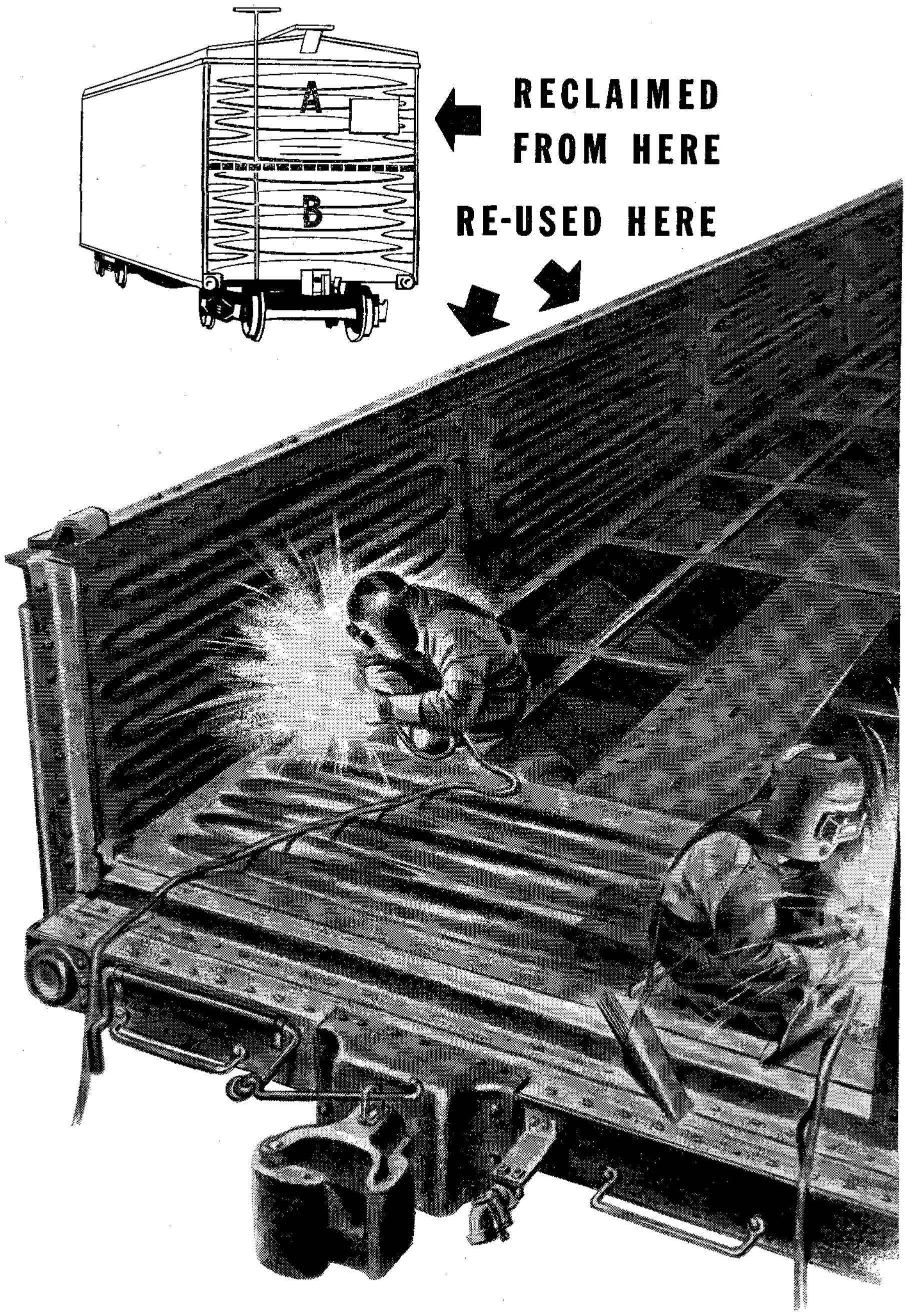
So Santa Fe shopmen got busy. They took old steel ends from broken-down box cars, and rebuilt the old gondolas with steel sides, and a new, steel-reinforced floor—all made from *old, used* materials.

Now, these rebuilt old gondolas are proudly hauling coal and ore to the mills, war material to Army camps, tanks and guns to waiting ships—doing their part in binding an entire nation together into one unified war effort.

Here's How It's Done

Old steel box car ends are cut in half, and the two halves, "A" and "B", reassembled and riveted to the frames of the old gondolas. Old steel beams are used to reinforce new floors in place of the original wooden beams. The running gear is completely overhauled.

"Back the Attack with War Bonds"



Santa Fe

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

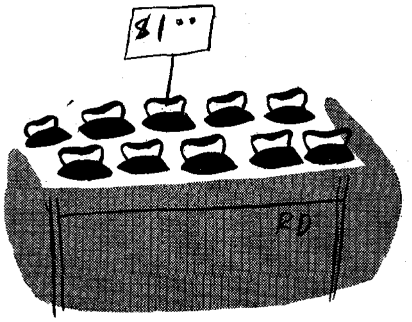
Serving the Southwest and California

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Carlyle was in the post office. Right away I could see what I wanted to become—a postal inspector. So I studied accounting and fingerprints and some law at the Fordham branch downtown in the Woolworth Building. An inspector has to be a lawyer and a detective and know everything. Whenever the F.B.I.'s stuck, they call in postal inspectors.

"About the only thing that bothered me back in those good old days was that my three kid brothers could play rings around me at just about any sport. Oh, I played a little football and basketball—for St. John Chrysostom's and the Holy Family Church up here in the Bronx—but my brothers had the class, and you can say it again. I wasn't giving an inch, so I decided to get back at them by joining the reserves of the world's toughest corps—the Marines. That happened back in 1939. There was another angle to that, too. If I could arrange my vacation dates right at the post office, I'd be able to go down to Cuba for two weeks on some special maneuvers the Marines had for reservists. The Cuba trip never did come off, but anyway I was in the Marines and my brothers were just athletes. Nineteen thirty-nine was a good year, all right. Working in the post office, studying law, and going rowing Sundays in Bronx Park with the fellows. In my own peculiar way, I was doing all right."

CARLYLE was called up for neutrality-patrol duty in October, 1940. "I got to Cuba that time all right," he said. "You ever been to Cuba? A hell of a place. They're drinking what they call *mojitos* with mint leaves in them all day long and it's warm and sunny all the time. Got to Iceland, too. Don't let anyone ever tell you there are Eskimos up there. Did some more training at New River and they made me a sergeant. June of last year they shipped us out to the West Coast. What a place! The people there are in a terrible hurry. Only they're not going anywhere. You follow them down the street to see where the fire is and all of a sudden they duck into



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a bar for a drink. What kind of a hurry is that? We had nine days out there and then we sailed for New Zealand. I wish I was in New Zealand now. They had Indian summer the whole time I was there."

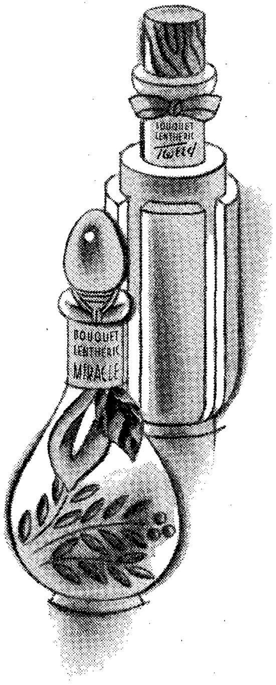
Carlyle eyed the pretzels a moment, but he didn't make a move for them. "After New Zealand came Guadal," he said, "and I *don't* wish I was there now, or anywhere else where a fellow gets hit by snipers, as I was, arms and legs. I was in the first wave of Marines that landed. I can remember plenty of things about that place, all right. Like the Japs' first counterattack, when I was in an advanced observation post with Johnny French, my telephone man, and a runner whose name I still don't know. We were in a four-foot-deep foxhole watching the Tenaru River where it empties into Skylark Channel. Most of the fellows were betting the attack would come right there on the beach, and sure enough, come dusk, there were ripples in the Tenaru, only there wasn't any breeze, and a log was moving on the river, only it was going against the current. Well, the machine gunners let fly with their bursts and the ripples started coming at us. Twenty feet in front of our foxhole there's an American tank that broke down when we'd first landed. I'd been yelling for days how that tank ought to be fixed or towed away or something because it was right near landing territory. No soap—the human element. I don't have to tell you that three ripples with a light machine gun climbed into that tank and started firing at us in our foxhole. In back of us our artillery is firing at the Tenaru and barely missing us. That was the way it was. American shells from behind and bullets from an American tank ahead. I think there were mosquitoes buzzing in the hole with us that night and there were leaves from the palm trees fluttering down and grazing your face, feeling as if one of the Japs in the tank had crawled out and was just starting to scratch your cheeks with his fingernails.

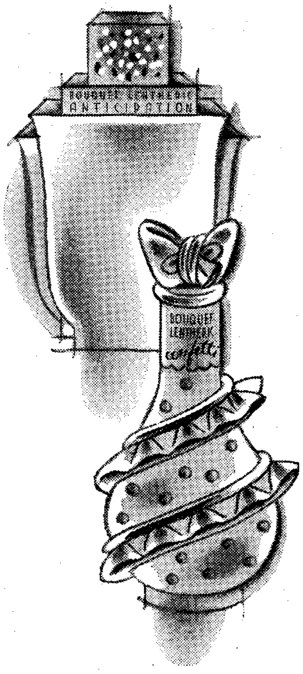
"There was burial detail, too. I can remember how we were going through the Jap dog tags and found out it was the Jap Imperial Marines that had attacked us. The same guys who had taken Singapore and Hong Kong and Wake. Six-footers, and no bandy legs. I remember how one of the fellows found the picture of his brother's girl on one of those Japs. His brother had been at Wake and this fellow started screaming and jumping all over the dead Jap. Then there were the weeks of nights before our Navy finally got going, when the Jap cruisers would lie offshore and light up Guadal with their searchlights and shell us. We got so that after a while we said nuts to the foxholes and we'd stand up and call out to the cruisers whether their range was short or long." Carlyle stared at the living-room carpet. He picked up a pretzel and crunched it in his hand. The crumbs fell on the carpet. "The whole business," he said after a moment, "was more than I'd bargained for when I joined the Marines. I think it was even more than what an All-America from Notre Dame would have bargained for." Mrs. Carlyle looked in just then and saw the crumbs on the floor. She knelt down and swept them into one hand. When she rose, she faced her husband with a wide, deliberate smile, waiting patiently for him to look up. When he finally did, he gave her a brief but warm smile, and she walked out of the room, apparently reassured.

At the end of October, 1942, Carlyle, wounded and suffering from malaria, was evacuated from Guadalcanal and, in successive stages, was taken to Navy hospitals at Tulagi, to another island base, and finally to Mare Island, on San Francisco Bay. He underwent several operations there and after three months received his discharge. He came out with four decorations. He was back in New York four days later. "Pop must have been to the clubhouse the night before," he said, "because there were two detectives with him and Lu, who'd been waiting for me ever since I went away, to meet me at Grand Central. The detectives hustled us through the station and into a cab just like I was a big shot worth being assassinated." The next few weeks were crowded with parties, seeing old friends, and making War Bond speeches. Toward the end of May, Carlyle was married. After a week's honeymoon in the Catskills, he and his bride moved into their apartment on Vyse Avenue.

"It was after the parties were over," Carlyle said, "and we were living a regular life that I started wanting people to move faster. It could be that the draft-dodger business had something to do with it. That happened right after we got back to the Bronx. It wasn't much, but it was irritating. I was walking over to my mother's house one day and three soldiers and their girls were coming down the sidewalk arm in arm. I made way for them, but they wouldn't do the same for me and pushed right into me. One of the soldiers said 'Draft dodger' at me and a couple of the girl sopranos started screaming '4-F!' I hauled off and knocked down the soldier. He was on the sidewalk rubbing his jaw and I started making a speech. You know, about Guadal and me getting wounded and the ribbons. When I got through, I asked them if anyone had anything to say. Thank God, none of those punks opened up." He shifted restlessly in his chair. "I know a lot of ways to kill men now," he said quietly. "Jujitsu, and the Black Death punch, and judo."

I said that the incident might well explain his edginess, but Carlyle didn't entirely agree. "I get riled all the time," he said. "Even with Lu. On Guadal, when we'd be going through the jungle, a sniper's shot would go off. It sounded like a dry twig snapping. We were more afraid of that sound than a shell whining. That's what I do now—I snap like a dry twig. Take a couple of Sundays ago. I was having the best time since our honeymoon. The war could have been something in a history book. We slept late and Lu made some of her roast chicken and then we went to church. After that we went over to my folks' house and I brought in a box of ice cream and my mother said, 'Jimmy, you shouldn't have done that,' just the way she's been saying for years. My brother's girl—he was on Guadal with me and he's still out in the Pacific—was there and so was my Uncle John. Uncle John played the piano and then we put 'Moonlight Masquerade' on the victrola and Lu sang with the record. After that Lu and I took in a picture at a neighborhood house. The feature was all right, but we shouldn't have stayed for the shorts because one of them was a picture on how the Rangers are being trained. They had a part in it where this Ranger knocks down a barbed-wire fence that's six foot high and six foot in depth. Plenty of strands, too. 'Baloney,' I started saying, 'that Ranger's a dead man by now.' Lu said, 'Shhhh,' but I wouldn't. I told her we'd strung only one lousy strand of wire on


BOUQUET LENTHERIC Tweed
BOUQUET LENTHERIC MIRACLE


BOUQUET LENTHERIC ANTICIPATION
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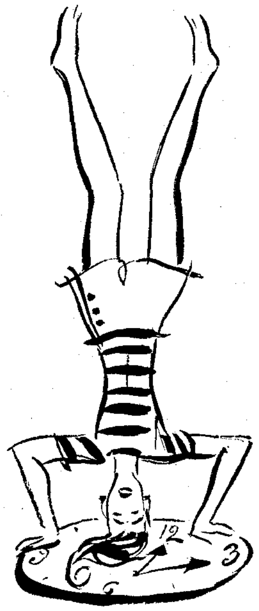

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Guadal and it stopped the Japs. Lu kept saying, 'Shhhh,' and I kept saying the picture was a fake until she took me by the hand and led me out of the theatre.

"I can snap when I'm at my job, too," he went on. "Some of the post-office rules and red tape have been going on since the American Revolution. Can't do much about it, either, because you're not paid to think. But on Guadal I wore the stripes and I thought. I made my own decisions and backed them up with my life. Sometimes I feel like walking straight out of the post office, even if it's to sell shoelaces, just so long as I can depend on myself again.

"It isn't that I think I'm a hero and that I'm better than anybody who isn't. It's got something to do with what's important and what isn't. I'm mixed up when it comes to that. Politeness, for instance. Like Lu's friend, Mrs. Dever, came over the other day wearing a new hat. Right away Lu tells her, 'My, what a beautiful hat.' When the friend left I said, 'You know, Lu, I think Mrs. Dever's new hat stinks.' Lu said she thought so, too, but that you had to be polite. On Guadal the things that were happening were too important to be polite about. You didn't do anything there because it was the right thing to do but because you had to. If a fellow in my company held his flank under Jap fire instead of running and was saving my life that way and maybe losing his own, that was important. If I'm in the hospital and my brother out there walks five miles through the jungle past snipers and crosses Henderson Field, where maybe some Zeros might feel like crossing, too, and then gets to the hospital and talks with me and gives me his month's supply of candy, that's important. If Lu says goodbye to me and tells me she'll wait and makes a novena once a week and when I come back she has waited and marries me, that's important." Carlyle shook his head, puzzled, and said, "I don't know which is right—what we did at Guadal or saying 'My, what a beautiful hat.' I don't know if I'll ever figure that one out." Carlyle was silent for a moment. "But Lu says it's all right to be polite," he continued eagerly, "and she's part of Guadal. That's the way I used to be myself and I liked it. I don't like carrying around that Guadal stuff twenty-four hours a day. It's too much for a guy like me."

CARLYLE looked out of the window at the block of vacant lots that made up the view from the living room.

When he spoke again, he spoke more to himself than to me, and in the careful monotone of a referee instructing two fighters to break clean. "I'm finished with the war and I'm alive," he said. "I did all right for my country and I'm decorated. I'm married to Lu. I have my job back. This year I'm making two thousand dollars, next year maybe twenty-one hundred. I'm going to start studying law again. I'm going to try to be a postal inspector." We heard Mrs. Carlyle saying good night to her friend at the hallway door. "I've got to look at Guadal right," he said, louder and rather cheerfully. "I have to see how much good it did for me. For instance, I had charge of a lot of guys' lives out there and I had to take care of myself, too. So now I have more self-confidence. I've travelled and met all kinds of men in my company and now I know more about human nature than I ever did before."

Mrs. Carlyle came in and sat down on the arm of her husband's chair. He looked up at her and went on talking. "Maybe after a while I'll stop snapping and begin to level off," he said. "Then everything will be fine." Mrs. Carlyle ran her fingers through her husband's hair and stared across the room. "Jimmy's a good boy," she said. "Jimmy's all right." —DANIEL LANG

•

"But what we both want is to get home at night and see both kids covered up and eating an onion sandwich."—*Joan Blondell, quoted in the Post.*

All of us have some odd goal like that that keeps us going.

•

Mrs. French, whose vocal and artistic merits have been dwelt on considerably in the past, was in good voice despite the fact that there was practically no air to breathe. As always, she sank with exceptionally good taste and considerable emotional conviction.—*Boston Herald.*

Any bubbles?

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From "Killing Hogs and Curing Pork," by F. G. Ashbrook and G. A. Anthony, Farmers' Bulletin 913, U.S.D.A.*]

If the water is heated in the house it should be boiling when removed from the stove and carried to the barrel. At the time the hog is scalded the water should be at a temperature of 185° to 195° F. If no thermometer is at hand, stick the finger into the water three times in rapid succession, and if it burns severely the third time the water is about right.

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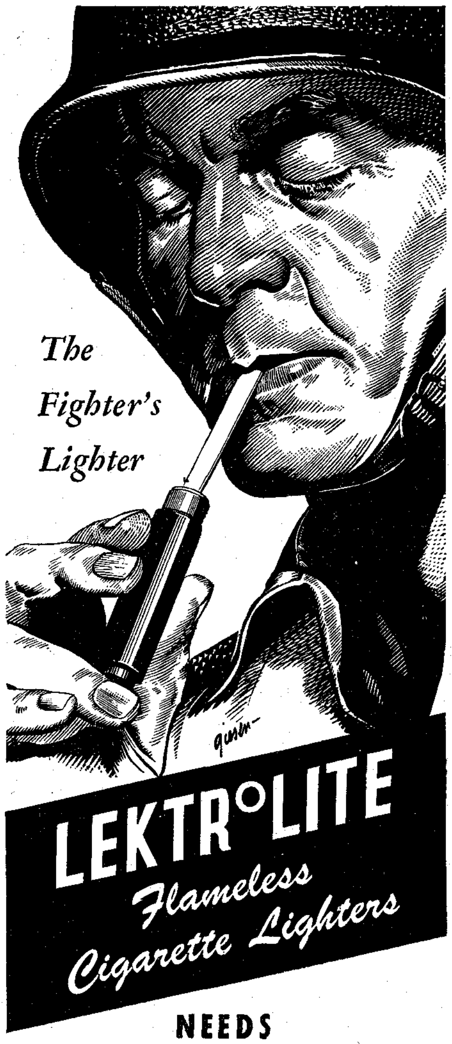

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*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request

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FOOTBALL

Off Saturday

RAIN being a necessary ingredient of every football season, the best of all possible arrangements is to have the annual fall cloudburst break loose on that dull weekend that turns up in the middle of almost every schedule. As a matter of fact, nothing at all turned up in the middle of certain schedules this year, for Dartmouth, Yale, and Princeton took last Saturday off. So hardly anybody really felt bad when the rains came on Friday evening. Then, too, practically any game you could think of was already in the bag, with the possible exception of the match between Holy Cross and Cornell up in Ithaca. Nevertheless, those people who played it safe and stayed home with the radio missed, as all people who play things safe deserve to, a pleasant if overcast afternoon out in the open air and a certain mild excitement.

Even uptown at Baker Field, where Columbia had somewhat rashly elected to keep its promise to play Army, there were moments during the first quarter when it seemed possible that the twenty-three thousand customers who had found their way up there through the mists off the Harlem Ship Canal were going to see a good old give-and-take game of football. Columbia, making the best of what it had to offer (Otto Apel in the backfield and Tom Rock and Swede Thorsen in the line), found itself happily in possession of the ball almost at Army's goal line before the game was more than five minutes old. Then the officials decided that Columbia hadn't really recovered an Army fumble and that the ball belonged to Army after all. A moment later, Army pulled a couple of lateral passes out of its hip pocket, some West Pointer ran eighty-two yards for a touchdown, and bang went one more ball game. That was farther than any other West Pointer ran for the rest of the afternoon, but since Army kept on running with the ball most of the afternoon anyway, the score kept on climbing. Later in the day, when the second Army team had replaced the first one, the boys politely started kicking on second down, to give Columbia a chance to run with the ball. But, inasmuch as Columbia was a thoroughly exhausted group of young men by that time, this courtesy went

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Saves butter, ration
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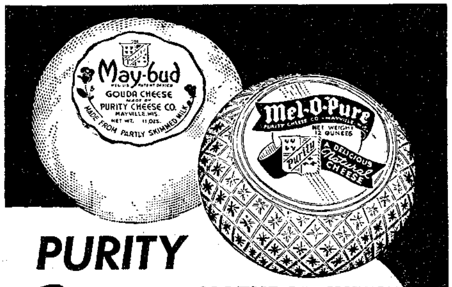
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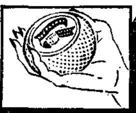

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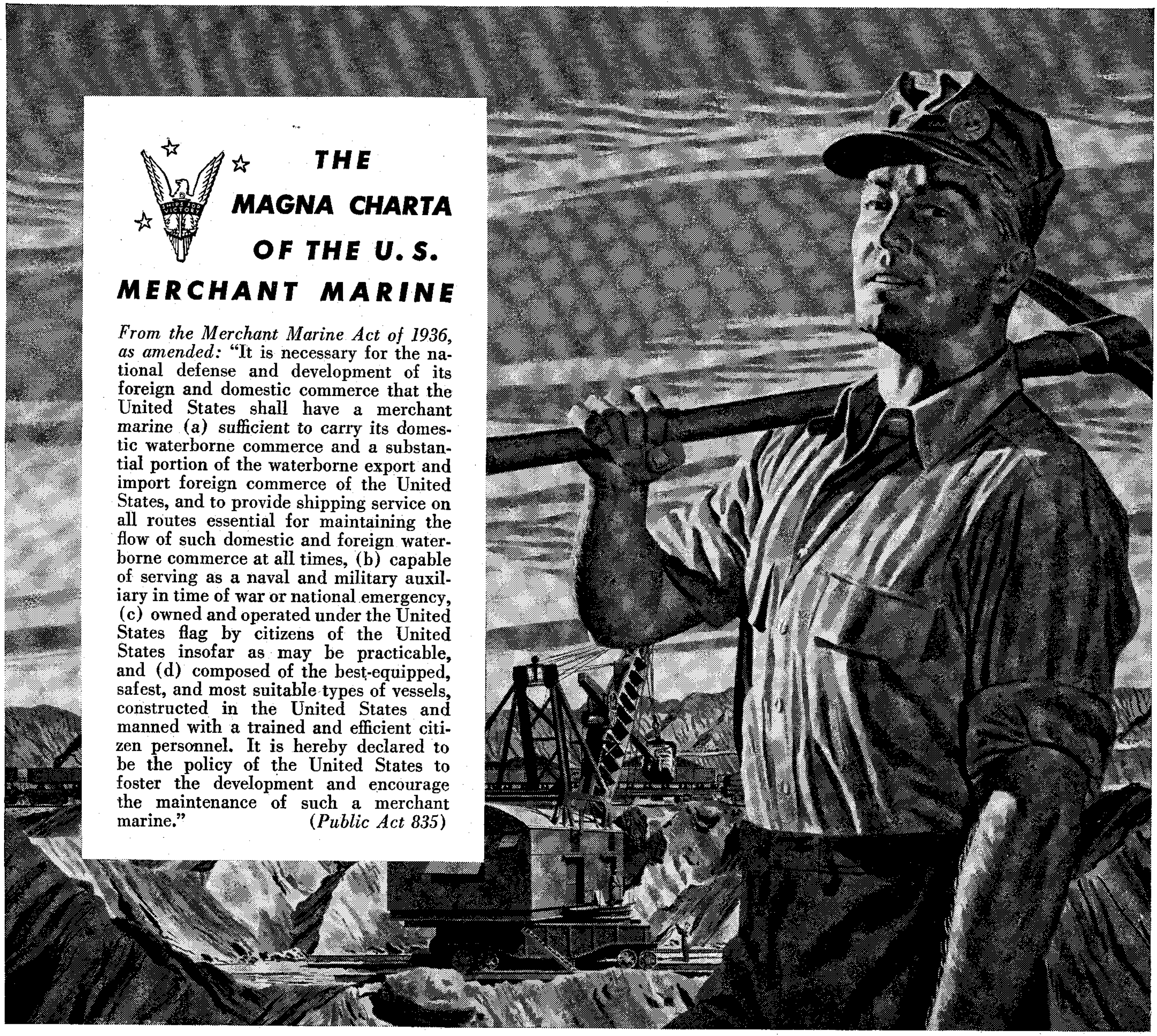

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (*Public Act 835*)

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He mines ore that helps make steel that helps make ships . . . just as others of his fellow citizens drill oil, mine coal, cut timber, form plates and do the countless jobs necessary to keep vast fleets plying the Seven Seas. But these people do more than provide the materials of which ships are made. Today, they help provide cargoes of war. Tomorrow, they will help provide cargoes of peace.

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Yesterday, the big fleet of American Export Lines carried many products of American farms and factories to peaceful ports along the Mediterranean and Black Seas, and as far east as India and Burma. Today, operating under War Shipping Administration orders, this greatly enlarged fleet carries many essentials of victory . . . helping to hasten the great day when America's big, new merchant marine will ply the greater trade routes of the postwar world.

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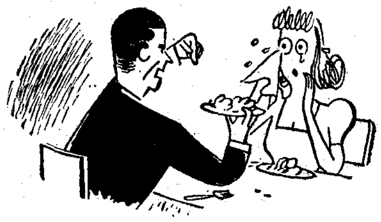

"WOE, it'll be a long, hard Fall!" was Helen's wail.

Tom was kicking up with his old-time meal-time tantrums again. Crabbing that every meal tasted the same. (Didn't know the old ration-book was pretty lame!)

Woe was begone when Agnes told Grace, and Grace told Helen about AMBER BRAND DEVILED SMITHFIELD HAM . . . the handy little jar of "meat magic" ready to add a delectable meaty top-off to tomatoes, eggs, croquettes, macaroni, etc.

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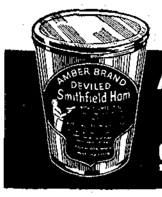

AMBER BRAND
Deviled
SMITHFIELD HAM
CARRIES YOU BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

almost unnoticed. Another, and briefer, way of indicating Army's strength this fall is to point out that its second team has in the backfield such players as George Troxell, a first-string star at West Point only a year ago, and Bob Woods, who used to be the same sort of thing for Navy.

FOR a month now, Army has been romping along just as it did against Columbia last week, and its admirers are worried to death about the situation. Army is sound enough tactically. It has only one fault of execution—a disinclination to make good on points after touchdown. This fault seemingly stems from a lack of material; it cannot conceivably stem from a lack of practice. Army did a lot of improvising against Columbia, and I still don't think that it has the thing down cold. First the team tried place kicks, with but indifferent success, and then Dale Hall tried a couple of his artistic drop kicks, with even worse results. The expedient Army finally adopted, at least temporarily, worked all right, but it was so elaborate that this department will diagram it for the benefit of any scouts who came in late. From place-kick formation, Glenn Davis boots the ball against the shoulders of any convenient Army lineman. The ball ricochets backward some fifteen yards. Bob Chabot, who has been just standing around pretending to be looking up the next train back to West Point, scoops the ball up and runs over the goal line. With the kind of blocking the Army backs have been getting, this maneuver, unnecessarily elaborate though it may seem, may be the solution.

It is Army's long-range strategy, though, that is making its admirers fret. In years gone by, the Army schedule makers used to pick the first half of the card by shutting their eyes and jabbing with a bayonet at the alphabetical listing of seats of learning in the *World Almanac*. As a result, little bands of warriors from such unlikely institutions as Furman, Oglethorpe, Davidson, and Suwanee used to appear in Michie Stadium the early part of every fall. These players always annoyed the spectators a great deal more than they did the Army team. After playing touch football for a month, Army never seemed quite up to beating Notre Dame when the time came. Then Army reformed and decided to give up playing squads from the wrong side of the tracks—the Southern Railway, mostly—in favor of teams which would offer a little firmer opposition. This year, the Army strate-

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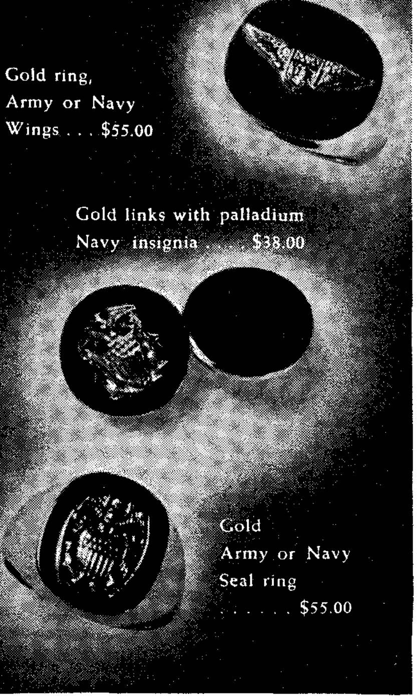

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Family all "fed up" with stew? Here's what to do. Use ½ tablespoon of Lea & Perrins Sauce for each pound of "budget" meat. It gives a rich, tangy flavor. Makes wartime stews . . . exciting news! Try it.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
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gists must have felt that they had picked some good conditioners—Colgate, Temple, and Columbia, on successive Saturdays. Against these three teams, Army has effortlessly run up approximately a hundred and forty points without being scored on once. It behooves the Army coaching staff to do some tough talking to their young charges, else the players will go up against Penn, Notre Dame, and Navy suffering from that giddy but treacherous sense of power that comes to even the best of us when everything we touch turns miraculously to gold.

NAVY's rainy-day ritual had perhaps more popular appeal than Army's. Penn State was allowed to keep the ball after it had recovered a third-quarter Navy fumble and thereupon proceeded to score a touchdown. Navy didn't pull into a safe lead until the final quarter of the game. The midshipmen may not have seemed as spry as they were earlier in the month, but that shortcoming is undoubtedly due to nothing more serious than a lot of muscle bruises left over from the game with Duke. . . . Cornell turned in another good effort last week, knocking off Holy Cross 20–7. . . . Penn put on a possibly overenthusiastic welcome for Pfc. John Dudenake, a Marine paratrooper invalided home from the South Pacific and now a guard on the Lakehurst Naval Air Station's football team. Making no effort to help the opposition by fumbling or kicking on second down, Penn beat Lakehurst, 74–6. . . . Rochester and Colgate, two upstate neighbors, have revived a custom of the nineties by playing each other twice this fall. Colgate won the first game, 7–0, some weeks ago, and Rochester won the second last Saturday, 14–6. Propinquity—which has its advantages in wartime—and not Gay Nineties fraternity was the basic reason for this doubleheader. At that, such a series makes a lot more sense, if there aren't enough teams in your neighborhood to go around, than those trumped-up intersectional games that used to clutter up the Polo Grounds on Saturday afternoon around this time of the year.

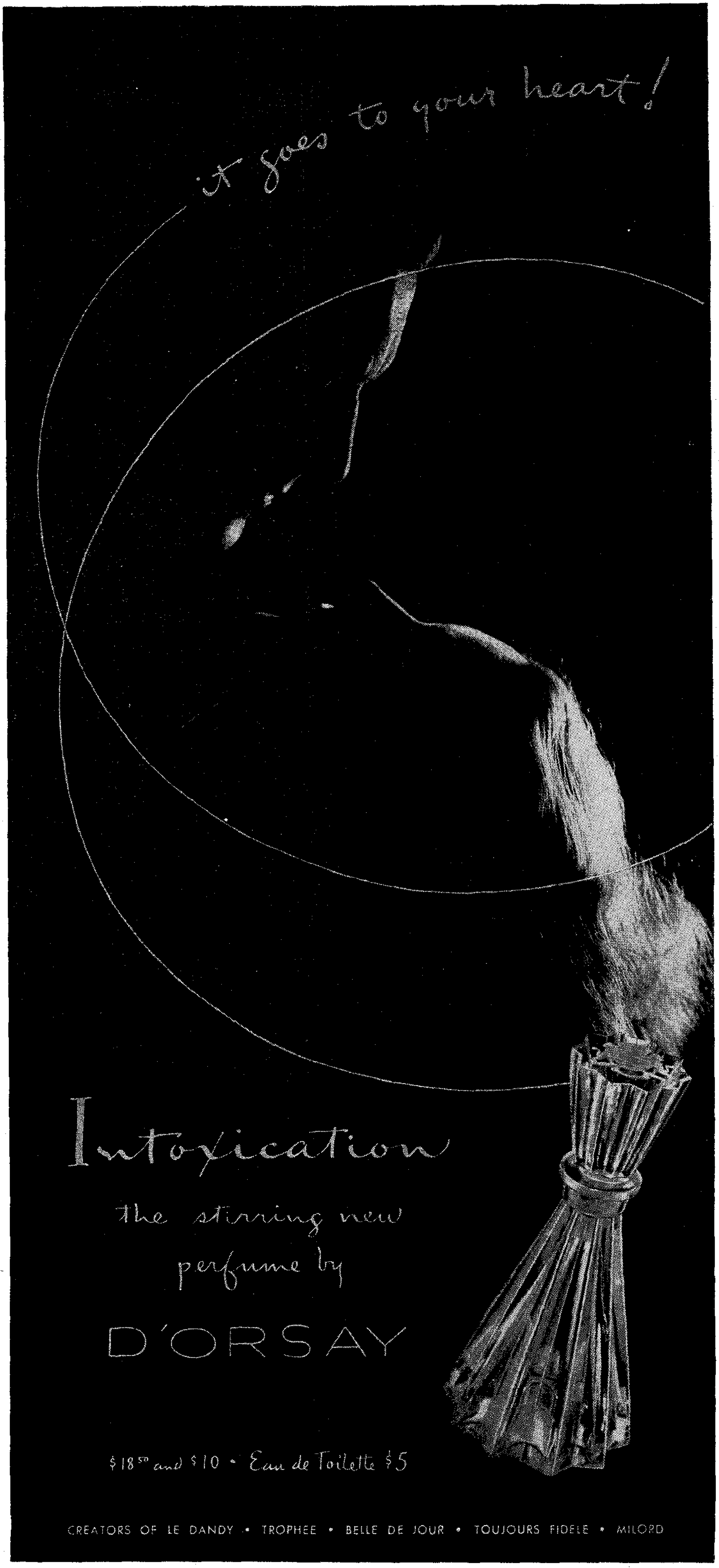
—J. W. L.

•

“It is our jom to destroy his ships
ward the positions from where we
island strongholds as we drive to-
and planes and to neutralize his
can reach with our shells and
bombs his industrial nerve centers.”

—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

Let's get going.



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ALVIN, West 52 St.
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STAR AND GARTER
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with ERIC BLORE
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Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

OF ALL THINGS

MR. CHURCHILL says that the granting of bases in the Azores is a result of the Anglo-Portuguese treaty of 1373. Sometimes these childhood friendships are almost indestructible.

•

At the Republican convention next year, states which have supported the party will be rewarded with increased representation and states which have favored the Democrats will be penalized. This is just one more proof that crime does not pay.

•

The big-hearted Japanese have granted the Filipinos a free and independent government. Furthermore, they have agreed to keep an army on hand to run it for them.

•

The five senators who toured the war zones seem to have brought home some troublesome prejudices against our British and Russian allies. Travel, it would appear, is not necessarily broadening.

•

Now that all the mines have been returned to their owners, the government is out of the coal business. Unfortunately, many retail dealers find themselves in just about the same situation.

•

The German army in the Crimea is, at this writing, facing the danger of encirclement. For the Nazis, life in Russia is just one delicate situation after another.

•

In his St. Louis speech, Wendell Willkie dedicated himself anew to the task of turning F.D.R. out of the White House. He spoke with the calm confidence of a man who has found his life work.

•

Lifting the censorship on weather reports has already been a great boon to the metropolitan area. New Yorkers promptly had a real big downpour of good old prewar rain.

•

Ration tokens, looking something like tiddlywink discs, will be put into circulation next February. They'll at least give the butchers a little diversion to while away the idle hours.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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PEALS OF LAUGHTER!
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VICTORY BELLES
A Farce Comedy on Husband Shortage
by ALICE GERSTENBERG Staged by Henry Adrian
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THE GIFT OF MY FATHER

MY Uncle Sergio had three sons, who had all left the Philippines for other parts of the world by 1919, when Father moved Mother and us children from his farm on the island of Luzon into the town where Uncle Sergio lived. I was six years old when the move took place. I did not know where my Uncle Sergio's two older sons were living, but I did know that the youngest had gone to America and was in business there as a building contractor, in California. His name was Amando and he was fair of complexion, and before he left home he used to strut about the town like a peacock.

One day Father and I were coming home from a wedding when we saw many people in the yard of my Uncle Sergio's house, which was a block away from our house. A big automobile was parked in the street and the house was bright with oil lamps and lanterns. It was one of those dark Philippine nights. We stood under a tree, watching.

I saw my uncle coming down the wooden ladder of his house with a flashlight in his hand. He stood in the yard, talking to the people. He was a gambler by profession, and most gamblers in our province had big houses and lived more luxuriously than those who worked hard for a living. Uncle Sergio's flashlight was new, and he kept flashing it at random against the house and among the coconut trees, as if he were enchanted by a marvellous new toy. Suddenly he focussed the beam on us.

"Is that you, Simeon?" my uncle called in Ilocano, the language of northern Luzon.

"Yes," Father said.

"It's the night of all nights!" my uncle shouted.

"Did you bring home a wife?" Father asked.

"My son Amando came home from America and brought a beautiful girl," he said.

Father and I jumped over the barbed-wire fence and pushed our way through the crowd of people in the yard. We climbed the polished ladder of Uncle Sergio's house and rushed into the living room.

My cousin Amando was standing smoking a cigar in the centre of a ring of barefooted men and women. He was wearing a heavy fur overcoat, although it was a hot night, and was sweating profusely. An old man rubbed his face against the soft fur of the coat. A young man snatched the cigar out of Amando's mouth and took a bite of it, chewing the tobacco with great satisfaction. Then a girl grabbed the feather in Amando's hat and put it in her hair. There were naked children on the floor, smelling and licking Amando's shoes.

Father pushed the people away and stepped up to my cousin. "Welcome home!" he said.

"You are Uncle Simeon?" my cousin asked. "I've something *special* for you." He produced a beautifully wrapped bottle of Manila rum from the pocket of his coat.

Father grabbed it. "I came to see your wife," he said.

"Sweetheart!" my cousin called in English, turning toward the little private room where my uncle kept his most precious belongings.

"Yes, sweetheart?" answered a girl's voice.

"Are you ready, sweetheart?" my cousin asked.

"Yes, sweetheart!"

The small door of the private room opened and a beautiful girl emerged from it. She stood at the door and her black eyes beamed. Wonder filled the house. The men opened their mouths to say something but could not because joy filled their throats. The women and the young girls sighed. Then my cousin approached the wonderful creature and put his arm around her slender waist.

"Meet the people, sweetheart," he said.

"I'm glad to meet you all," she said in Spanish.

"This is my Uncle Simeon, sweetheart," my cousin said.

"I'm glad to meet you, Uncle Simeon," she said, reaching eagerly for Father's hand.

Father sparkled with gladness. "Sweetheart," he said, shaking the girl's hand.

"Where are my cousins, Uncle Simeon?" Amando asked.

"Your youngest cousin is here," Father said, pushing me forward.

"My youngest cousin is here, sweetheart," Amando said to his wife.

The girl knelt on the floor and put her arms around me.

"Hello," she said.

"Say 'Sweetheart,' " Father said to me.

"Hello, sweetheart," I said.

The marvellous girl got up and laughed beautifully. "I like you very much," she said.

"Let's go outside now," my uncle said. "Let's give the young couple some rest."

The crowd started to go, but the young men all stopped before they went out the door and looked back at the girl.

"Good night," she said.

MY Uncle Sergio killed three pigs the next day and asked the neighbors to attend a feast in honor of his son and the wife he had brought home from America. Father was enchanted by the girl. He went to our farm and came back to town with two sacks of fresh vegetables for the feast and a pair of old shoes he had used as a soldier during the revolution. He even collected the white juice of a *calachuchi* tree and smeared it on the dusty shoes to improve their appearance before he put them on.

Uncle Sergio's yard was full of people who had come from the villages to look at the fabulous girl from America. They brought many gifts and put them in the yard. There were three Igorots there, too, head-hunters from the mountains of Luzon. They wore G-strings and carried bows and poisoned arrows. They sat under the house with their dogs and talked among themselves.

Father and several men gathered under the granary to talk.

"I tell you she is *americana!*" Father said, looking toward my cousin's wife.

"No!" my uncle protested. "She is *española!*"

"Her hair is curly and light, isn't it?" Father asked.

"But her skin is olive," my uncle said.

"I tell you she is *americana,*" Father said. "I saw one like her in Manila when I was fourteen."

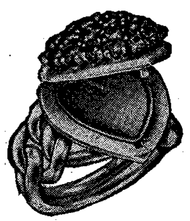
Just then my Cousin Amando came over to the group. "What's all the argument about?" he asked.

"It's about your wife," his father said. "Your uncle says she is *americana.* I say she is *española.*"

"You are both wrong," my cousin said. "She is *mejicana.*"

Father and my uncle looked at one

FOR WHILE
YOU'RE FAR AWAY



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another with doubt and amazement. They had never seen a Mexican girl before. They walked over to the girl and the crowd followed them. All the men in turn touched her hair. They pinched her skin. They pointed at her eyes. They put their ears on her cheeks. They knelt on the ground and marvelled at her legs. They looked at her breasts and were amazed.

The women were preparing long tables under the coconut trees and spreading food on them on banana leaves. They let the children eat under the tables. They told the young girls to sit at one side of the tables and the young men at the other side and asked the old men to sit by themselves at one table.

My cousin and his wife sat at a table by themselves. My uncle hovered about them, running here and there to get what he thought they needed.

Father sat with three old men away from the crowd. They were drinking from a gallon jar of wine. When Father saw me eating with the children, he leaped to his feet and rushed toward me. He took my arm and dragged me over to the wine jar. "Food isn't for you, son," he said.

"I didn't eat since yesterday," I said.

"Eating is only for donkeys," he said.

He poured some wine in a cup and I drank it without wincing.

After a time the eating was over. The tables were pushed out of the way. The dancing started and the young people searched for partners while the older people began presenting gifts to my cousin and his wife. The Igorots gave a rattan hammock and went away with their dogs. An old man from a village near the mountains gave a honeycomb with the bees still clinging to it. The *presidente*, the mayor of the town, had brought a young goat. The house was full of gifts.

It was one of those lean years in our life and Father was terribly frustrated because he had nothing to give the beautiful girl. He went to our house and looked around, tapping the walls in desperation and opening old boxes, hoping to find something for the girl. Once he stopped by the niche where Mother kept a miniature statue of the Virgin and the Child. He lifted it off the pedestal and brushed it slowly with the sleeve of his shirt. Then he put it back and lighted the two candles under the niche.

Soon Father left the house and walked along the street like a man who had lost his memory. I followed him because I was afraid he would be run over. He wandered along the river and he and I both began throwing stones at the heart-shaped mango fruits that grew there. Suddenly Father stopped just as he was about to throw a stone.

"I got it!" he cried.

"What is it, Father?" I asked.

He ran like mad through the street, I following him, and climbed the barbed-wire fence of my uncle's yard. Father jumped over the tables and grabbed my uncle.

"Has everybody given his gift?" he asked.

"Yes, Simeon," my uncle said.

Father looked triumphantly at the Mexican girl. He surveyed the people. He looked so gay they knew that he must have something exciting to say, and they stopped chattering.

"I'm not too poor to give something to my nephew and his wife from America!" he shouted.

"What is it, Uncle?" my cousin asked.

"I give you," Father shouted, and stopped long enough to jump on top of the tallest table so that everybody could see him, "*I give you my house!*"

I COULD not believe that Father really meant to give our house away, and for some days after Uncle Sergio's feast he said nothing more about it. But one day, when my mother and sisters were at Lingayen, the capital of our province, twenty men came with shovels and crowbars and started digging under our house. It was made of wood and bamboo, and built in two parts; each was a room and had a separate roof. We used the big room for sleeping and living and the small one for storing foodstuffs and for cooking. The men took the living room away.

When Mother and my sisters got home from Lingayen, they stood in the yard and looked at one another without speaking. Mother was carrying a bundle of rice on her head and my sisters had big baskets of fruits; they set their loads on the ground.

"Where is our house, son?" Mother asked me.

"This is our house," I said.

"I mean the big house," she said.

"Father gave it away," I said.

"Did he lose it gambling?" she asked.

"No," I said. "He just gave it away."

Mother could not believe it. We climbed the ladder. Mother cooked our dinner while my sisters tried to make room for us to sleep in. The kitchen was only ten feet by ten, and there was hardly space for us to move around in. We ate hurriedly and prepared for the night. Mother and my sisters slept on the floor. I slept on top of a pile of sacks in one corner of the room.

At midnight it started to rain. Then a strong wind came from the sea and the small kitchen trembled under its force. Mother bolted the door and put rags in the cracks in the walls. When Father came home later, Mother would not let him in and told him to stay outside and sleep in the rain.

In the morning we found Father sitting on a big, empty jar which was on a bamboo raft floating under the house. Mother took a crowbar and waded into the water and smashed the jar into little pieces and Father plopped into the water like a log. He screamed and jumped to his feet, shaking his clothes and flapping his arms like a wet duck. Mother struck him heavily across the face.

"This is my gift," she said.

—Carlos Bulosan

•

MINOR CASUALTY

Most of the 1,060 boys of Eton College are today wearing second-hand clothes, second-hand boots, and second-hand top hats. Hundreds are even making their own white ties of paper, according to the London *Daily Mail.—PM.*

The playing fields of Eton,
Where boys were satisfied
No Briton could be beaten
At any game he tried—

Those purlieus, once so proper,
Surprisingly reveal
The somewhat rusty topper,
Boots badly down at heel.

A little tough to stick it?
A little hard to win
That final goal at cricket
And bear the trophy in?

Tradition may be shattered,
Striped trousers go unpressed,
But lads who thought it mattered
The way they looked and dressed

Are sporting to the marrow,
Are *pukka* through and through,
Since maybe, up at Harrow,
The ties are paper, too.

—Leslie Nelson Jennings

•

Mr. Adler had acquired her as a very small puppy from S. R. Hemmingway, New Haven, Conn., her breeder. Little is known about her pedigree on her sire's side, other than that he was a dog owned by a travelling salesman.—*Dog World.*

The old story.

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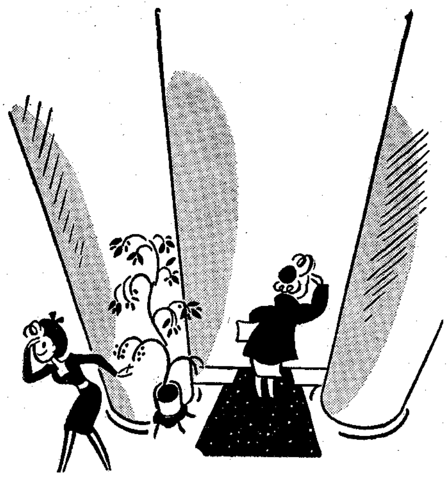

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THE RACE TRACK

Of Stoopers

OF the thousands of new horseplayers around town, some are pretty careless with their winning pari-mutuel tickets. At this writing, $193,871.35 worth of this season's winning stubs haven't been cashed. That is less than a tenth of one per cent of the amount handled in the tote, but it still seems a sum worth mentioning. Chances are that most of the outs, as missing tickets are called in the industry, never will be turned in, because they were torn up by mistake or in an unreasoned rage, or were just lost. A few probably were tucked away in vest pockets for safekeeping and forgotten by their holders. Next April, in accordance with regulations, the racing associations will turn over to the state treasury all the money that hasn't been collected. If you find your lost ticket after that and want to collect, you can, but you'll have to struggle through miles of red tape.

THERE is no way of telling, naturally, how many of the tickets that are cashed were lost or thrown away by their purchasers and later found by stoopers. A stooper, not to mince words about it, is a fellow who spends his afternoons wandering around the grandstand and the betting ring, picking up discarded tote tickets off the floor in the hope he'll find a live one. There are a lot of amateur stoopers and some professional ones around the tracks. Several of the professionals, sometimes referred to as ground squirrels, don't do at all badly. In the course of a season, their pickings may average more than a hundred dollars a week. This, obviously, has it all over betting on favorites.

The most enterprising of these artists is E. R. Pyle, who has a post-office-box address in Baltimore and transacts all his business with racing associations by mail. Nobody seems to know much more than that about Mr. Pyle, or even whether there actually is a Mr. Pyle. The name may well be a nom de course. Some pari-mutuel men believe that he represents a syndicate of ground squirrels or that he handles, on a commission basis, tickets found by cleaners and trash men, because the

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tickets he sends in have been "stooped" at the New England and Jersey tracks as well as those in Maryland and New York. Then there is Carlos Alton, who lives in Jamaica during the summer so as to be near his work and follows it South in the winter. There's even a lady ground squirrel, but chivalrous pari-mutuel men won't tell anyone her name.

To be a good stooper, Mr. Alton says, requires concentration and long training. The sole trade secret Mr. Alton will give away is that he memorizes the code word and the winning numbers for every race. (A code word—five letters that usually don't make much sense—is printed on all tickets, and there is a different one for each race to make counterfeiting harder.) Then he just walks around with his eyes open. It's difficult enough to spot a live ticket that has merely been crumpled up or torn in two. To find all the pieces of one that's been reduced to confetti and put them together again seems like working a small miracle. In the batches Mr. Pyle and Mr. Alton send in to the cashiers at the end of a meeting, there are always a few tickets so deftly and lovingly patched up with Scotch tape that they are little gems of reconstruction. All torn tickets turned in for redemption are double-checked. They are inspected by New York State Tax Commission men after the track's experts have passed on them. The better ground squirrels, consequently, are quite proud that payment has never been refused on any reconstruction jobs they have turned in.

AT Jamaica last week, there were afternoons when the most heavily played horses hardly made a mistake, and others when the favorites simply couldn't do anything *but* go wrong. On Monday six favorites won and on Tuesday seven were beaten, on Wednesday five favorites won and on Thursday seven were beaten. In the presence of such regularity it should have been easy to whip up a profitable system, but just the same many horse-players were worn to thin, nervous shreds by the end of the week. On Saturday, to vary the monotony a bit, the favorites in the three important races all finished second. Maybe there was a hex on the track. —AUDAX MINOR

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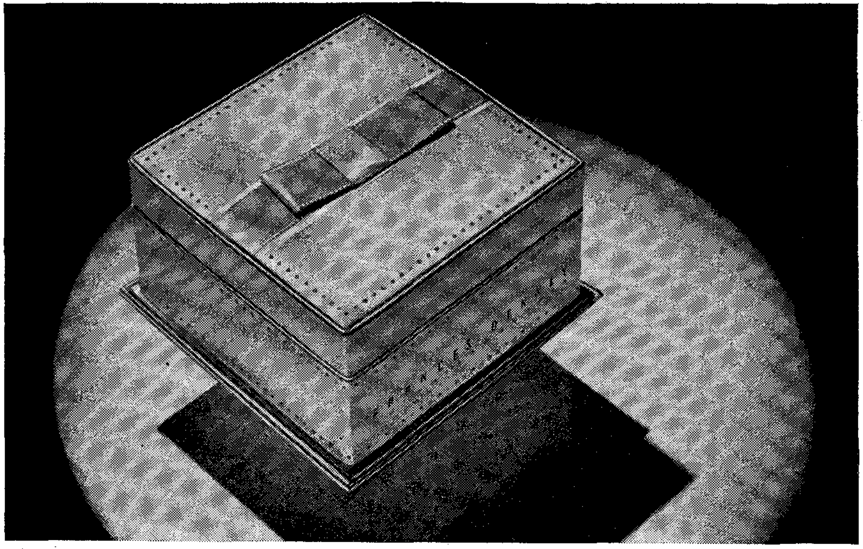

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Robust Russians

THE Russians have adroitly turned out a movie in which all the unquestionable realism you could ask for is combined with the most gaudy melodrama. Their work was simplified by their having chosen, for a subject, guerrilla fighting, which is certainly as close to romance as modern warfare is likely to get. The fact is that "We Will Come Back," as the film is called, is the synthesis of a number of true stories. It's about the able-bodied men of a nameless Russian town, the wrecking job they bring themselves to do on their own, hard-earned property at the approach of the Germans, the subsequent damaging raids they make from an outlying hideaway, and their final revenge on the German commander and most of his garrison. It's about a woman, too, who fights along with the men, falls in love with a German spy, and denounces him when she finds him out. Every one of these people is a roaring, ripsnorting character who goes about his desperate business in shouting defiance.

It can't be denied that the Russians, as portrayed by themselves in their own movies, are a type of warrior that would astonish their American allies. They play hell with the American ideal of a strong, silent man. They are strong, noisy men. When they are faced with an enemy they hate, it does not fill them with a cold, mute fury; it fills them with a yelling, gesticulating one. When they are engaged in killing Germans, it appears that they are just as apt as not to tell them why they are doing it and what they are going to do to any more who come along. This method does not allow the Germans to wind up any the less dead.

It's probably time we got acquainted with the names of some of the Russian actors now in practice, not only because we're seeing a lot of them these days but because they're frequently lulus. The guerrilla leader in this picture is played by Vasili Vanin, the German commander by Mikhail Astangov, the girl guerrilla by Marina Ladynina, and a fourth character, an old veteran of the last war with plenty of fight left in him,

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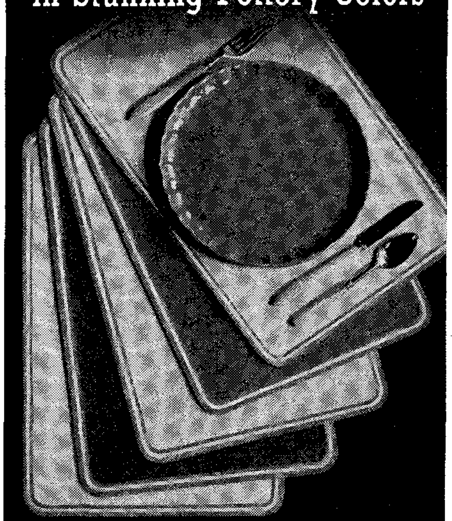

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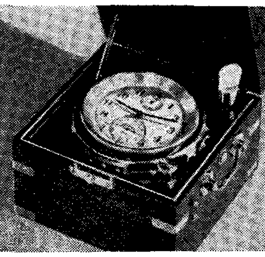

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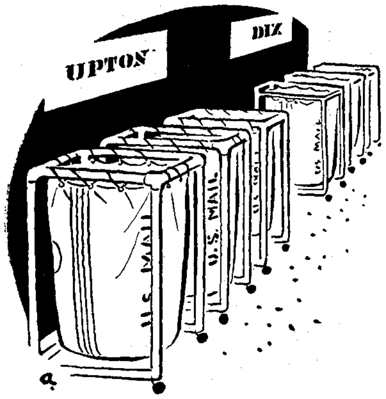
by Mikhail Zharov. All are fine, in their boisterous, Russian way.

A NEW comedy about a typical, lovable American family which includes a dear old clown of a dad, who invents gadgets, and a louse of a wife's brother—in other words, a comedy born with four or five strikes on it—somehow succeeds in coming through in spite of its handicaps. Its name is "True to Life." The family, so the story goes, is discovered by a couple of radio writers, who decide, unbeknownst to its members, to use it as a model for their soap opera about an everyday family. One of the writers falls in love with the daughter and is afraid to tell her what he's up to, which naturally results in her spitting in his eye when she finds out. Then there's the reconciliation, and that's that. What puts this gimcrack across is mainly the work of Dick Powell as the writer in love with the girl. Mr. Powell is not the oppressively sunny fellow he was in those early musicals. He has soured somewhat, and it has done him good. He has several fine, gruff lines to say and he says them as though they were the kind of thing he has been looking for all along. Then there are Franchot Tone, Mary Martin, and Victor Moore to support him, and also, it must be admitted, some pretty funny situations. Don't pay any attention to the ending, though. Not a great deal of thought went into it.

BETTY GRABLE has apparently climbed into her niche, since her vehicles now are all built around the good old music-hall days and she always plays the rowdy song-and-dance girl. Her latest one, "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," has Robert Young and Adolphe Menjou in it, as well as a few new tunes, but nostalgia and legs are its main features.

TWELVE short stories from which successful movies were made have been compiled, in a book called "Box



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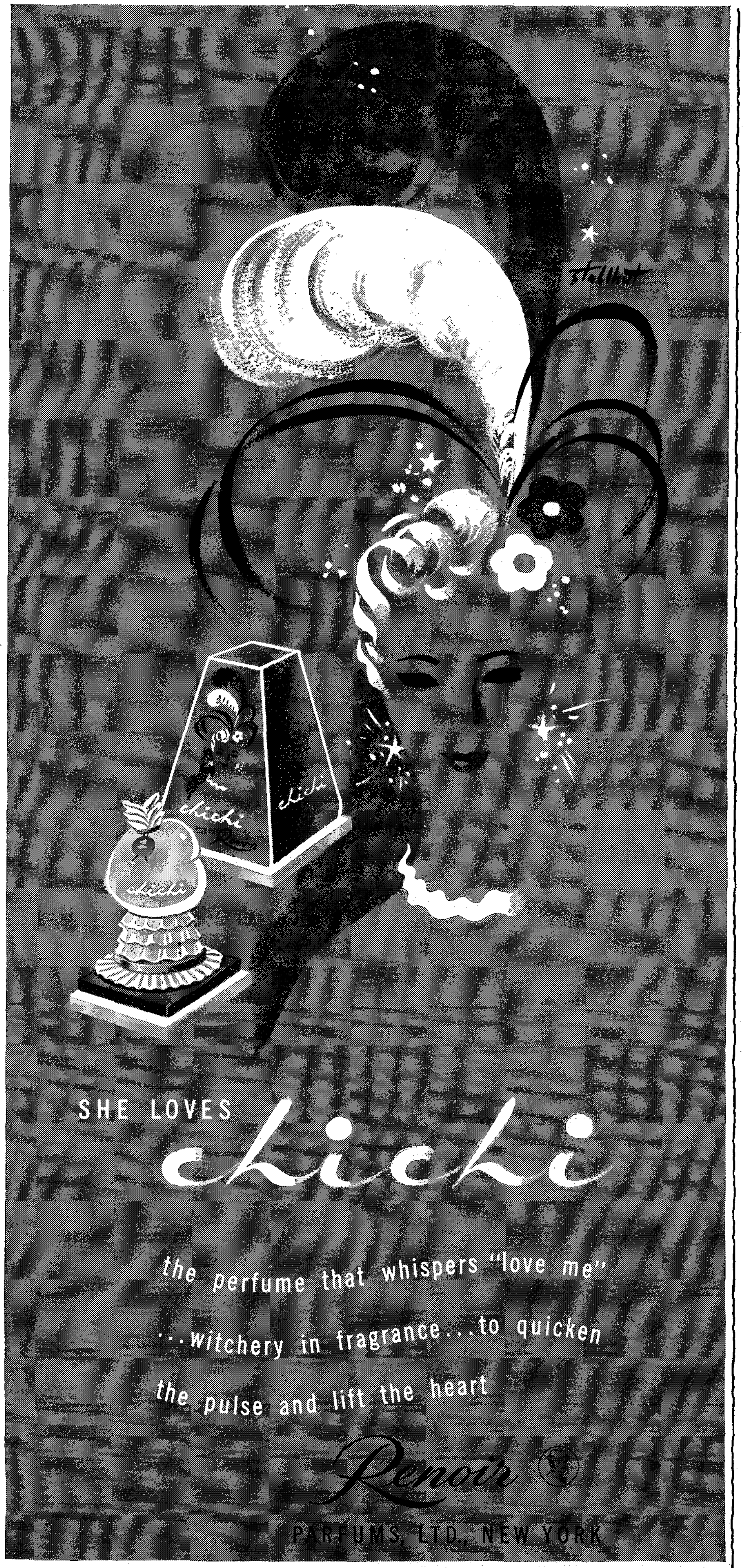
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Office," by Marjorie Barrows and George Eaton. This is an upside-down sort of project, though not as much so as a brand-new art form that has sprung up called "novelization," which has been applied, for example, to the picture "Air Force." Novelization is making a book out of a movie, and you get dizzy if you think about it long enough.

The book "Box Office," at any rate, is food for one or two observations. The main one is that the movies, in general, were better than the stories. A spectacular case is that of "Night Bus," which Samuel Hopkins Adams apparently wrote in a great hurry and which became "It Happened One Night," a very nice job on the screen. "The Failure," by Katharine Haviland-Taylor, also came out better as "A Man to Remember." My impression is that the same goes for "The Most Dangerous Game," although I don't remember the movie, which had the same name, well enough to be certain. The cast included Leslie Banks, Fay Wray, and Joel McCrea, in case you don't, either. Damon Runyon got breaks with both "Madame La Gimp" ("Lady for a Day") and "Butch Minds the Baby" ("Butch Minds the Baby"), even though much of his unusual dialogue was retained in the movie versions and they were a little shaky as a consequence.

On the whole, the stories seem to have had good ideas for plots and not a great deal more. In a foreword, the compilers say each one had literary merit, and to this I can only reply, "Pish posh." Two by Somerset Maugham, two by O. Henry, and one by Ben Hecht might be said to be as good as or better than their screen counterparts, but that's about all. One other thing about the book is that some part of its physical makeup, the glue or the ink or something, has a funny smell.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

A luncheon to which our friend was invited began with a cocktail made of carrots, celery and apple juices, to which a guest asked that watercress juice be added "as she had been out late the night before."—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

Hair of the dog?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Weep No More," by Angela du Maurier*]

He put his hand on one of her breasts and the other behind her neck and gently raised her lips to his.

A PROVINCIAL CHILDHOOD

SATAN'S TRICKS ON THE FRONTIER

WHEN I was a boy on the old family ranch in Lampasas County, Texas, growing up in the pretty, oak-studded valley which is formed by the confluence of School Creek and the Lampasas River, it was generally accepted that the wages of sin is death, that the Devil finds work for idle hands to do, and that wine is a mocker. In those days, the early nineteen-hundreds, that part of the country was by no means soft and the lusty pioneer juices had not entirely dried up, but I was given to understand that, compared with the doings before I was born, the life we lived was tame. I suppose it was. I was born too late to be a witness of the fence-cutting feuds, the lynching of horse thieves, and the execution, by six-shooter, of any rustler who was caught in the act. However, I did hear accounts of all these horrendous activities and was privileged even to know some of the grizzled patriarchs who had taken part in them.

Sin was in very low esteem in our county. People were generally divided into "good" people and "bad" people. Sometimes, for variation, they were separated into the "sinners" and the "saved." It began to dawn on me early in life that this was a shaky system of classification. I felt this way chiefly, I suppose, because some of those who had been branded as sinners were obviously very fine folk. Contrariwise, some of the saved were clearly of not much account as human beings. All in all, though, I did not seriously question the essential soundness of the prevailing standards of morality. The penalties of evil-doing, even if they did not always lead to the jail house, were discernible enough in occasional cases of tragic poverty and social ostracism, and ostracism could be a terrible thing in Lampasas County. The people who lived thereabouts, most of whom bore names like Wright, Moore, Richardson, Higgins, Green, Smith, Miller, Holley, Clark, Williams, and Jones, were the sort who set great store by "doing right."

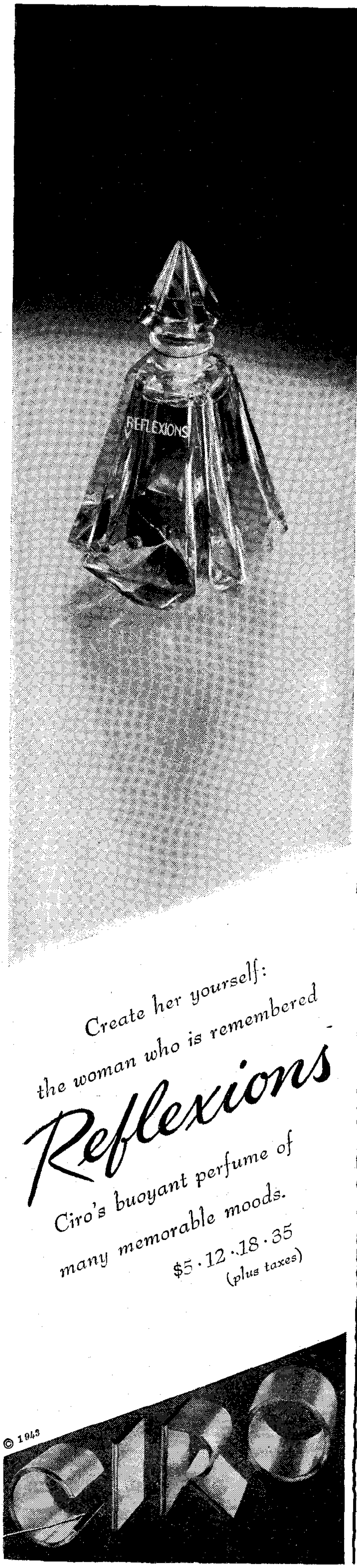
One of my most shocking early recollections concerns a distant relative who, although he had never committed any serious crime, was recognized as an authentic tough hombre. I had never seen him, but he had been described to me as an ill-favored half monster, with legs too short for his torso, bushy and unkempt hair, and the manners of a Comanche buck on the prod. To make matters worse, his stamping grounds were on the upper reaches of a stream called Devil's River. I came to dread the day this creature would visit us. Finally it happened. One morning a man came toward the house in a buggy drawn by two horses. "Well," said my mother, who was sitting with me out on the front porch, or gallery, as we called it, "there comes Cousin Bill." That was enough for me. I got away from there. Weeks before, I had prepared a sort of redoubt in a clump of Spanish oaks some eight hundred yards north of the house, and there I was ready to make my stand, armed with a 22-calibre rifle and plenty of long cartridges. I hid out there all day, even though I was hungry. I was determined to take no nonsense from Cousin Bill and to sell my life as dearly as possible if he made a false move. He drove off late in the afternoon and I crept back to the house. My family told me that Cousin Bill's visit had been pleasant. My grandfather, a forthright man known as Buttermilk Tom Stanley, told me I was a damned fool. My mother told him not to use such language. Soon I was regretting that I had not had the nerve, or the curiosity, to stand my ground and see a real sinner in action.

By degrees, for such knowledge comes slowly, I gathered that a great many of my relatives were hardly what was known in church circles as "sanctified." Buttermilk Tom aligned himself with no religious sect, cussed when he felt like it, and always took a chaw of tobacco just before he pulled on his pants in the morning. My Uncle Jim Stanley, who had helped the famous Colonel Goodnight run cattle up in the Panhandle and who was accounted a mighty fellow in his own right, had once taken nips from the snake-bite bottle. Worse, my childhood hero, my Uncle Ernest Walker, was a sinner beyond any doubt. He had sinned not only in Texas but in Oklahoma and New Mexico as well. Yet we were "nice" people—none better. Musing on these matters made me, as I have said, doubt the eternal verities.

It was my Uncle Ernest, so far as I can recall, who gave me the first realistic glimmerings of life's gaudy pattern. I occasionally went to visit him or my Grandfather Walker in the cow town of Lampasas, the county seat. The greatest treat for me would come on Sunday morning. The godly went to church, but Uncle Ernest would take me down to Buck Berry's wonderful barbershop. While he was getting fixed up, I would read the *Police Gazette*, which opened up a whole new world—a world edged with scarlet, obviously, but not devoid of charm. His barbering finished, Ernest would pass the rest of the day playing seven-up with his crony John Donovan, proprietor of the local flour mill and a fairly well-known sinner himself. It occurred to me that they were harming no one and that they had a very good time.

Uncle Ernest would sometimes jest with preachers, hinting that they themselves were guilty of certain sins. He was good-natured about this, but it did seem to me to border on the sacrilegious, for preachers were held in considerable awe in Lampasas. Uncle Ernest also had another bizarre habit: he would get divorced from Aunt Hattie every few years, would disappear for a time, and then would come back and marry her again. Nobody could say exactly what was wrong with this system, but it was regarded somehow as playing fast and loose with God.

MOST of the sins in Lampasas County were picayune, but a few were on a big scale. A man named Hunt was sent to the penitentiary for killing his brother. (I think he got the conventional ninety-nine-year stretch.) Then there was an ugly story from far up in the hills, which I never verified, that two young ranchers had traded wives with no more formality than if they had been exchanging horses. Also, over along the Colorado River, a case of incest came to light. And in Lampasas itself there lived for several years a woman who was said to be a prostitute. If she was, the pickings were not easy; she seemed anything but prosperous. Sin of that sort, it was known, was most quickly found some sixty miles to the east, in the town of Temple, a flourishing railroad and farming centre. On the whole, however, these lurid and spectacular matters did not concern us much.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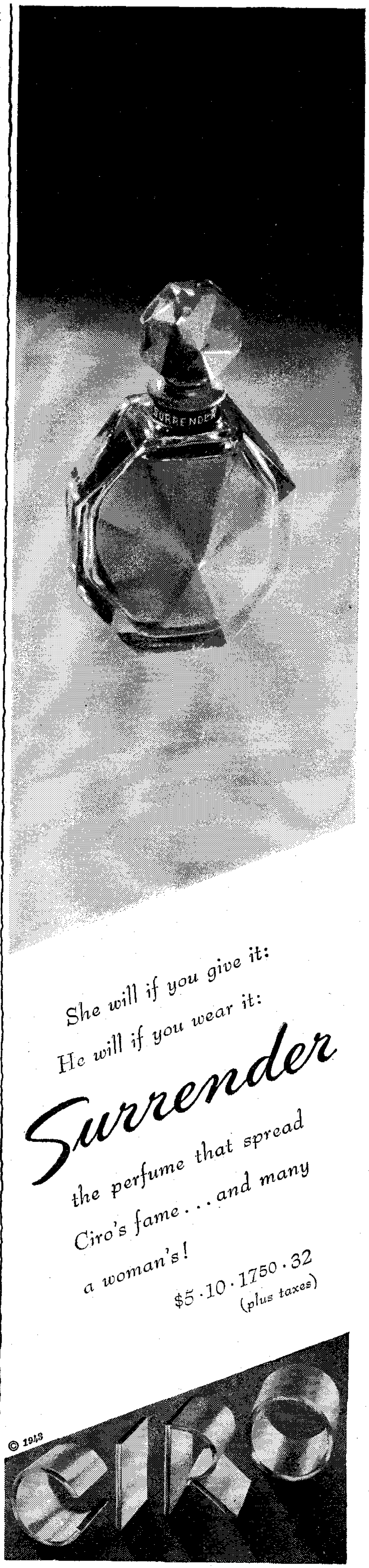
Drink was the main preoccupation. Next to that, perhaps, was the matter of profanity. A man who used really foul language in the presence of a woman would be treated as practically an outlaw. On the other hand, an ordinary "cusser," although beyond doubt a sinner, was tolerated. It was largely cattle country, but the word "bull" was seldom used in the company of ladies; the less offensive word "male" was employed to get the idea over. When I was very small, I was sent one morning up the creek to bring back a merino ram my father had bought from a sheepman named Hell-Roaring Jones. This Jones had the reputation of being the loudest cusser in the county. I had been hoping to hear him at his height, but instead I found him a mild and exceedingly friendly old gentleman. He and his wife gave me one of the best midday dinners I have ever eaten. I remember the peach pie as being superb. These two people were the happiest sinners I had ever encountered, and their little white house was set in the midst of a garden of flowers, shrubs, vines, and vegetables. Here was something more to ponder.

Dances and "parties" in that country, in that remote and strangely innocent period, were not interdicted by the ruling classes, but they were not encouraged, either. The reason was not so much religious and moral as it was practical. Democracy was working full tilt then, and when a man gave a dance it meant that anybody could come. Among the guests, more often than not, would be a few young cutups who would bring along some liquor and get into fights. Moreover, there was a streak of downright malicious meanness in some of these young bloods, which usually resulted in "harness cutting." The harness cutters, who would also leave pasture gates open on their way home, were the problem children of that era. At an early age I developed a hatred for them, partly, no doubt, because their antics often forced me to round up cattle that had strayed off to neighboring ranges. Most of these wanton mischief-makers came to bad ends.

Another aspect of our moral code was that no nice woman could smoke a cigarette or use a bad word. Also, it was not quite proper for a young man, when courting a young woman, to smoke a cigarette in her presence. It meant he didn't respect her. Inveterate cigarette smokers were considered to be well on the way to becoming bums. Again, novel-reading was frowned upon because it was a waste of time and because it was likely to give people, es-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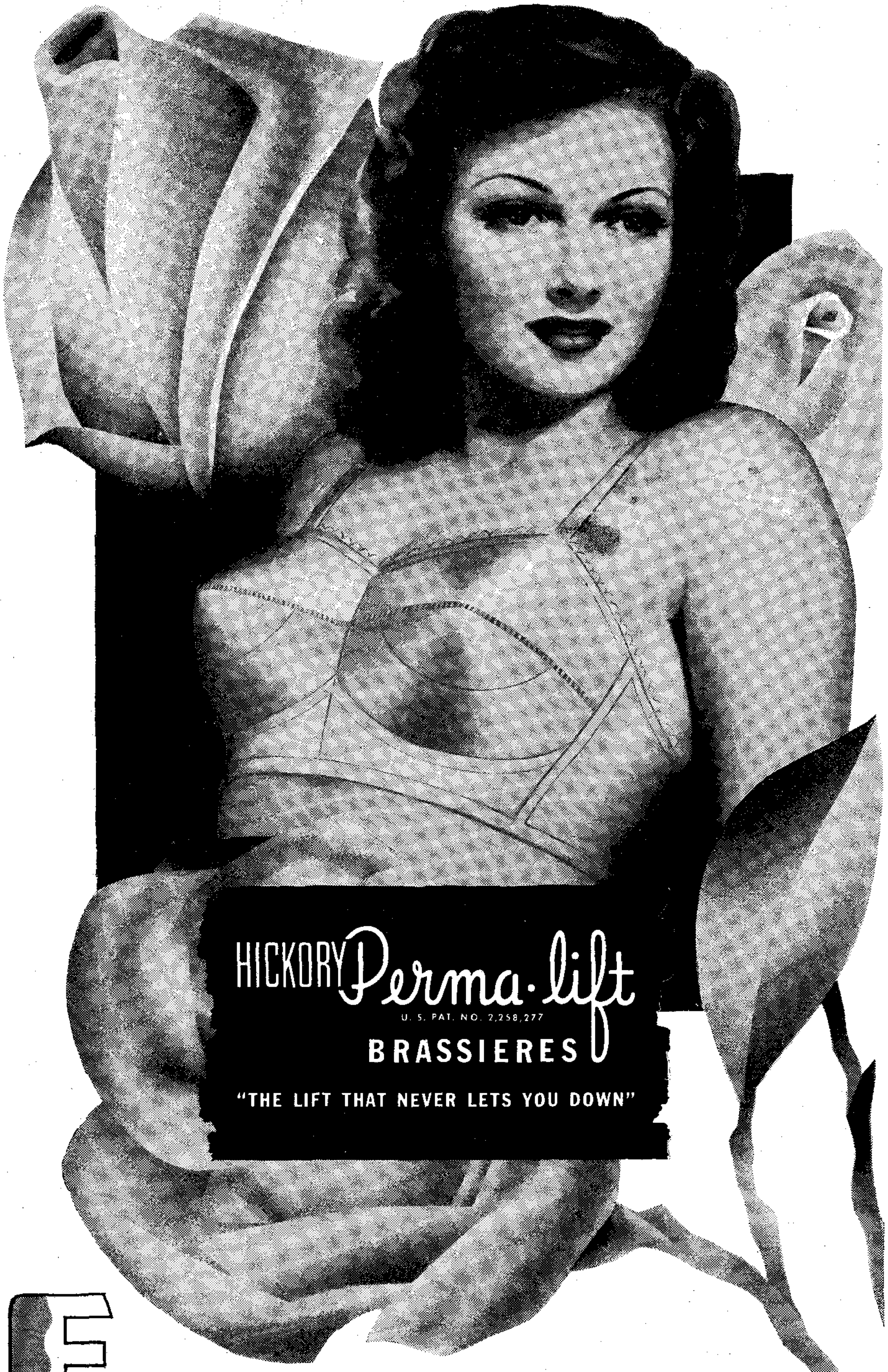
pecially impressionable women, highfalutin ideas about life. Once we had a family of sharecroppers who lived in a two-room house on our ranch. They were desperately poor. The wife, who was frail and bent, fixed up a hammock under the shade of some hackberry trees and sometimes in the afternoon she would sit out there reading paper-back novels. One of the neighbors, a pillar of rectitude, reported her to my father. "She's lolling there in the shade," he said, "wasting her time on that trash. Why can't she get out and work with her husband?" My father, who had his strait-laced side but was not a bigot, told this spy to mind his own business, that the woman could read all she pleased, and that he intended to give her some good novels. We knew a man who thrashed his son for reading "Dombey and Son" when he should have been out digging post holes on a rainy day. My father bawled the man out and lent the boy some more Dickens.

Yet my father had his prejudices, too. Tobacco was one of them. When he went to town, he would always bring back some cut plug for Buttermilk Tom, but he seemed to do it grudgingly. One day I was riding to town with my father when we were hailed by a lonely sheepherder who, pulling out a few coins, asked that we bring him some tobacco on our way back. "You know how it is," he said, "when a fellow can't get anything to smoke or chew. I've been without for four days." "Sure I know," said my father. "I've been without for forty years." Just the same, he got the tobacco for the forlorn sheep wrangler. His remark about the forty years, when news of it got around, was regarded as a rare bit of humor. Wisecracks were not common in those days.

BUT liquor—there was the trouble and the sin you saw almost anywhere you looked. It wasn't that there was much drinking, but the fruits of what little there was were all too apparent. I remember, when I was five or six years old, stumbling upon a hired man who had got hold of some booze and was trying to sleep it off under a tree. I had never seen a man in that condition, and it seemed horrible. Then there was a man in Lampasas who, it was whispered, was a heavy "secret drinker," though a prominent churchman. It was said that the poor fellow "couldn't help it," that it was a "disease" with him. He finally went broke and disappeared. We had another hired man, a heavy-thewed young German named



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Schmidt from New York, who turned out to be an object lesson. He was one of those orphans, or waifs, who a generation or more ago were picked up by "Pop" Wendell, the New York philanthropist, and placed in people's homes all over the country. Wendell's scheme was excellent, but it fizzled in the case of our young Mr. Schmidt. This fledgling cowhand, after two months of hard work and the more or less monastic life, decided one night to have some fun. He borrowed a fine bay Percheron brood mare, which no one was supposed to ride, and rode into town, a distance of fifteen miles. He was back before daybreak and he was pretty drunk. That was not so bad, but the mare was in terrible shape. This fool, who knew next to nothing about horses, had cruelly rowelled her bulging sides with Mexican spurs. My father went into a cold fury that I have never seen equalled in any other human being. He gave the German an artistic beating and sent him on his way, on foot.

It was things like this, as much as the machinations of the Protestant preachers, that caused strong sentiment for prohibition in our part of Texas. The steady, temperate drinkers in town rarely caused any trouble—not much, anyway—but the sporadic, high-rolling exhibitionists were something else again. Under the local-option law, Lampasas County held several elections on the prohibition issue. For many years the factions were evenly divided, but finally prohibition won. (Drinking, of course, continued.) Those were exciting years. To me the most convincing argument in favor of prohibition was the one put forward by Brother McGee, a Baptist preacher who was a friend of the family. "Line up all the wets on one side," he said. "Then line up all the drys on the other. Then figure out which sort of people you'd rather live with." But for a few exceptions, there could be little doubt. The "good" people were almost unanimously dry. What is known today as civilized drinking hardly existed in the cow country then. People drank to get drunk, and when they got drunk they got into trouble, and that was that. Moreover, most of them had a touchy sense of "honor" and a low boiling point and would fight over trivial matters. The epithet "son of a bitch" called for instant action, ideally with guns.

Once, when I was eight, I was taken on a trip down river to one of the old Texas German settlements, where they were having a big picnic and fish fry. I observed one of the German mothers giving her baby a big glass of beer. The baby loved it. This seemed shocking, but my Uncle Ernest explained that there was nothing wrong in this. "These people are sensible about it," he said. Then, when I was a little older, I accompanied a bunch of young men, who fancied themselves to be baseball players, over to a little place called Bend, on the Colorado River, where we were to play a rival outfit. I was the youngest in the group by several years; they thought they might need me as a substitute shortstop. We camped outdoors the night before the game and when we got up we cooked our own breakfasts. Here I saw another shocking sight. Just before our star pitcher, a big, red-headed fellow, started to eat, he pulled out a flask of whiskey and took a long drink, without changing expression. "Always helps to have an eye-opener," he said. I was sure that the game was as good as lost right there. Surprisingly, we won. The boozing red-head had never been more brilliant. Something else to think about.

UP to the time I was fourteen, I had never tasted whiskey. I had merely assumed (though I had occasional doubts) that it was bad stuff and that if I was ever going to amount to anything in the world I had better leave it strictly alone. Then came the Christmas Eve when I was just past fourteen. I had gone to Lampasas with a friend of mine, Milton Healer, who was two years my senior and unquestionably a man of the world. We were going to pick up some supplies for the ranch and he was going to ride home with me in an early-model Buick which belonged to my father.

We packed the things in the car, all right, and should have been on our way soon after dark. Just as we were passing an alley a bit north of Buck Berry's barbershop, we were accosted by a notorious man from the hills, an old, weatherbeaten codger named Thompson, and a thoroughgoing sinner. We both knew him. He drew a large, dark bottle from his overcoat pocket. "This is Christmas Eve, boys," he said. "Have a drink with me." Milton Healer, the rounder, who knew his liquor, took a drink and passed the bottle to me. I had no idea of how much made "a drink," but I was game. I tilted the bottle and let the stuff flow down my gullet, holding my breath. There were at least four loud gurgles and glugs. It must have been a terrific wallop. I handed the bottle back to Thompson. For a moment everything seemed all right; the booze didn't seem to burn very much. Then I knew that something awful had happened. I was drunk. The worldly wise Milton Healer (Thompson had disappeared on missions of his own) led me to a lunchroom and ministered to me with food and coffee. In two or three hours I felt that I might live. I even felt that I might be spared eternal disgrace. Nobody had seen me except Doc Daniels, the lunchroom man, and he, a sinner himself, wouldn't tell.

—STANLEY WALKER

•

"SO HERE ARE THINGS TO THINK ON
THAT OUGHT TO MAKE ME BRAVE,
AS I STRAP ON FOR FIGHTING
MY SWORD THAT WILL NOT SAVE."

[*A message received by the commanding officer of an Army post*]

WAR DEPARTMENT
ARMY SERVICE FORCES
HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH SERVICE COMMAND
Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
MESSAGE FORM

SPKED 012.31/1 25 August 1943

TO: Commanding Officers All Posts and Stations.

INFORM ALL MILITARY PERSONNEL YOUR STATION CONTENTS FOLLOWING WD RADIO 24 AUGUST 1943 QUOTE UNDER TREASURY REGULATIONS APPROVED 21 AUGUST 1943 ALL MEMBERS ARMED FORCES ON ACTIVE DUTY 15 SEPTEMBER 1943 MAY DEFER FILING DECLARATIONS OF ESTIMATED FEDERAL INCOME AND VICTORY TAX AND PAYING SUCH ESTIMATED TAX UNTIL 15 MARCH 1944 WITHOUT INCURRING INTEREST OR PENALTY PERIOD NO APPLICATION TO COLLECTOR OF INTERNAL REVENUE FOR SUCH DEFERMENT IS NECESSARY PERIOD NO DECLARATION OF ESTIMATED TAX OR PAYMENT OF ESTIMATED TAX FOR 1943 NEED BE MADE IF FINAL RETURN FOR SUCH YEAR IS FILED AND TAX SHOWN THEREON PAID BY 15 MARCH 1944 PERIOD BUREAU INTERNAL REVENUE STATES THAT ALTHOUGH ALL MEMBERS ARMED FORCES ON ACTIVE DUTY 15 SEPTEMBER 1943 ARE ENTITLED TO ABOVE DEFERMENT IT IS GRANTED PRIMARILY FOR BENEFIT OF MEMBERS WHO FIND IT DIFFICULT TO ASSEMBLE AT ACTIVE DUTY STA-

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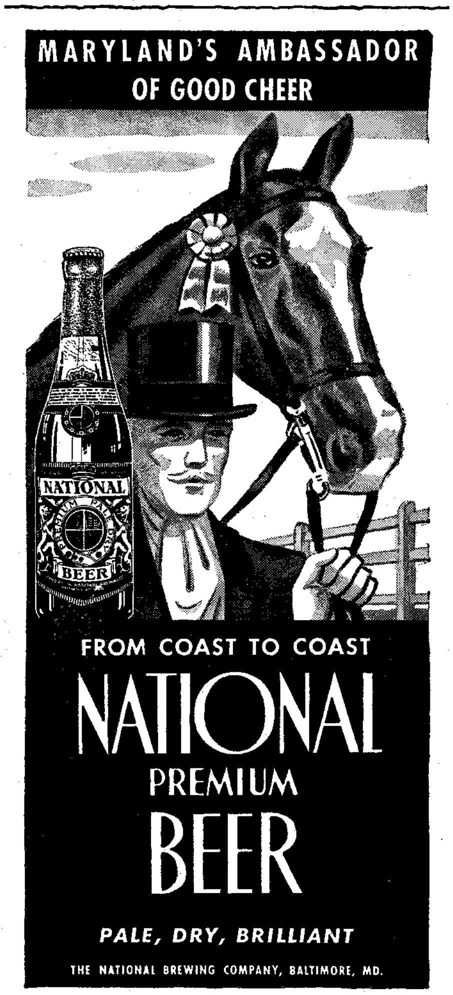
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OFFICIAL: /S/ E. W. DENNIS
COLONEL, AGD
ADJUTANT GENERAL

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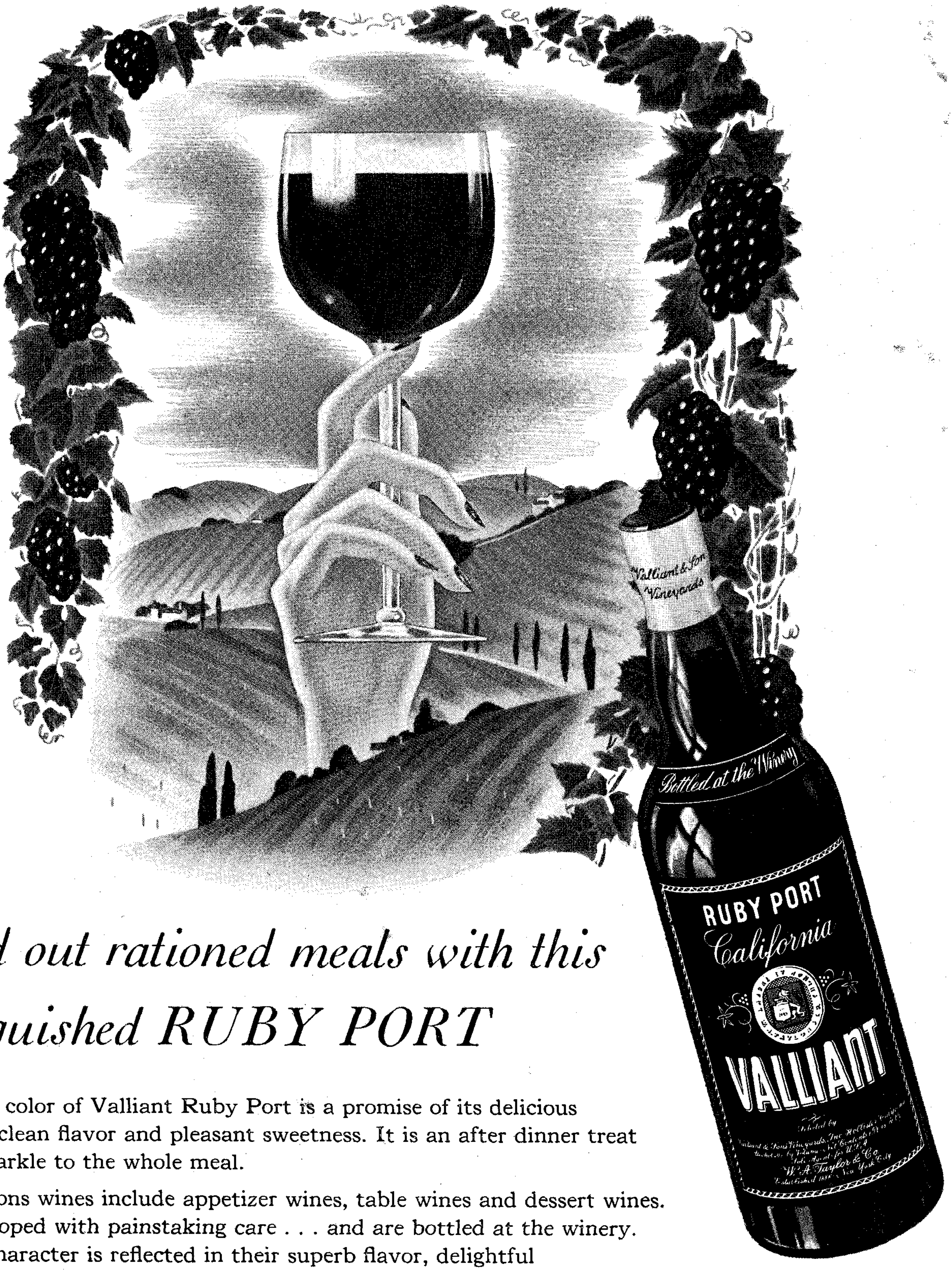
SEASONAL

With cooler days, you must allow,
This thought's worth paying heed to:
The sweater girls wear sweaters now
Because they really need to.
—RICHARD ARMOUR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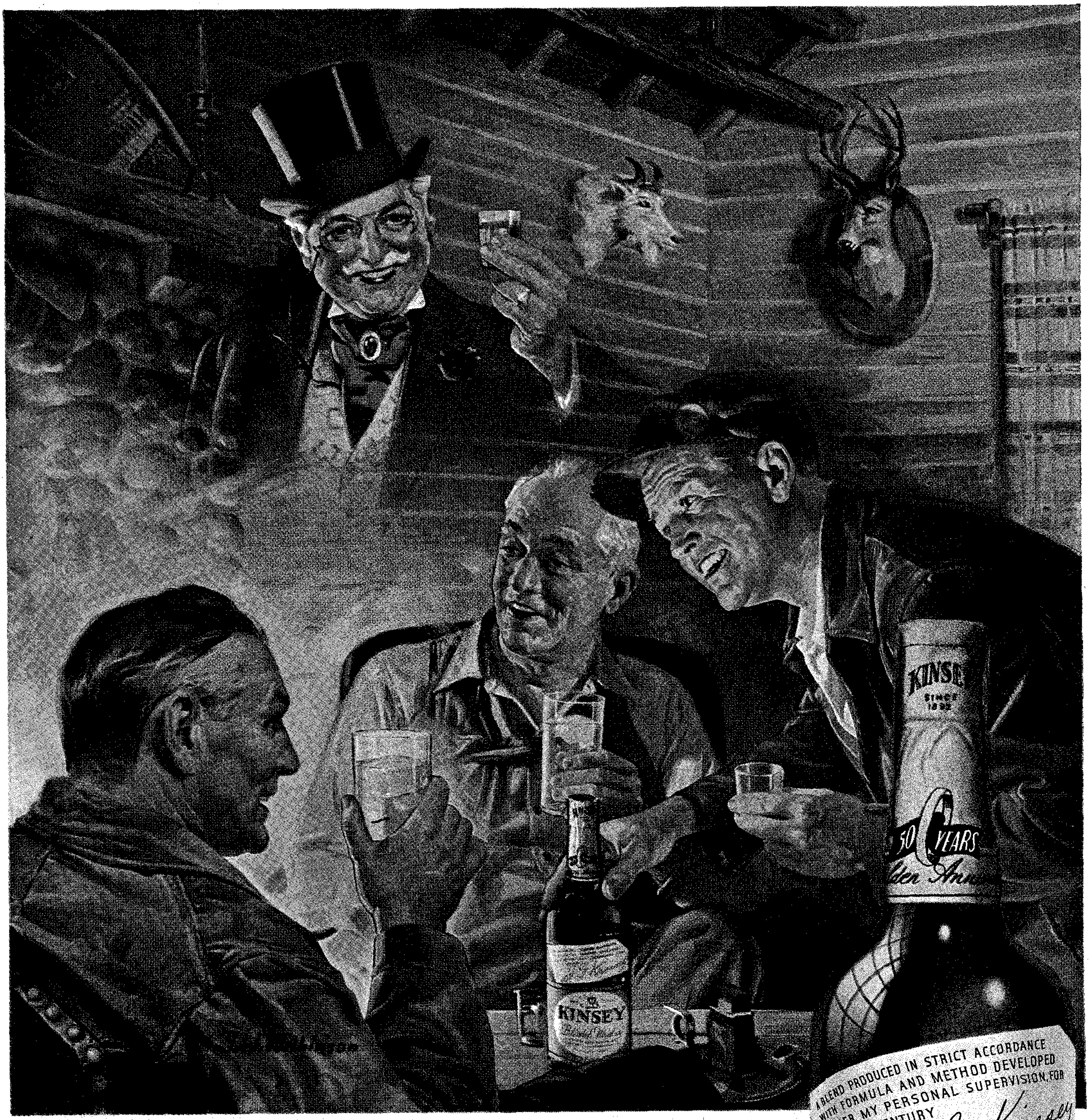
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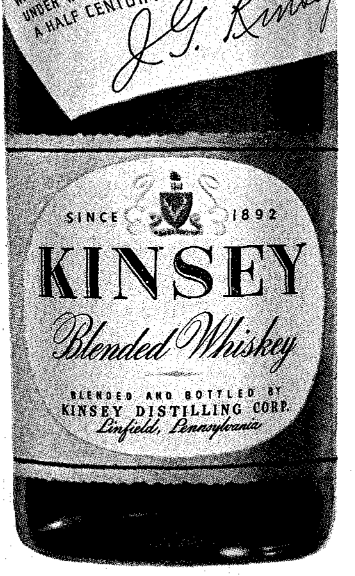
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SINCE 1892
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BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
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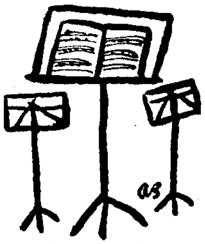
MUSICAL EVENTS

Bands and Ballet



A COMPOSITION that is thought startling and even scandalous when it's young often grows up to be a respected, substantial item in the repertoire. A good sample of this transformation, the Dance of the Seven Veils, from Strauss's "Salomé," was part of the Philadelphia Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall last week. The music still sounds rather sexy, but nobody these days regards it as an adventure in tonal naughtiness. Similarly, as time goes by, works that were originally considered "wild" finally reach a point where they don't strike audiences as uproariously rough after all. Take another offering on the same program, Prokofieff's Scythian Suite. Tuesday last, the suite had bounce and color and a lively finale, but it achieved its effect because of its musical content rather than because it seemed strangely primeval. For that matter, the oldest piece of the evening, Beethoven's seventh symphony, was labelled by some early commentators as a bacchanalian affair.

Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra played these works, in addition to Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn, as music, and made fine-sounding music of all of them. The changes in personnel caused by the war have not affected the characteristic tone of the ensemble or lessened the brilliance that Mr. Ormandy can deliver when he wants to. One important change might be noted now for the benefit of those who didn't go to this concert. That's the starting time, which is eight-thirty instead of the eight-forty-five of many previous years. The concerts begin just about on the nose, and if you get there late, you usually have quite a wait before you can get to your chair.

YOU will hear many orchestral novelties in the course of this semester. They will range, as always, from bright to dull, and there will perhaps be an occasional smash hit or a flop to remember especially. You probably won't hear many newcomers with as much quality (that word isn't satisfactory, but it may suggest the idea) as Bela Bartók's concerto for violin and orchestra, which

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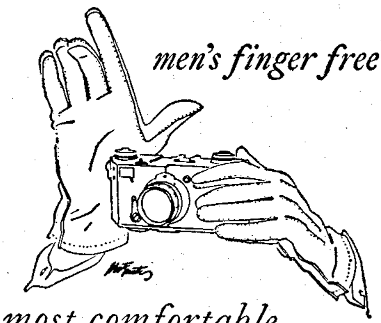

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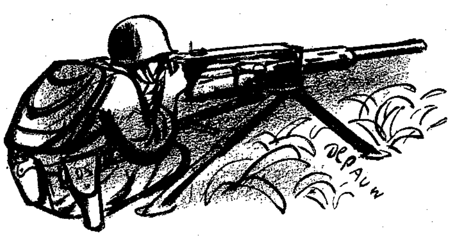
was lately introduced by Artur Rodzinski, the Philharmonic-Symphony, and Tossy Spivakovsky. If you are interested in musical minutiae, you'll find something continuously fascinating in the technical working out of the concerto. If you prefer simply to listen, you will encounter a flow of arresting music that is both personal and detached, restrained and spectacular. The performance was a honey, and the management of the virtuoso solo job by Mr. Spivakovsky was one of the great achievements in recent violin playing hereabouts.

Mr. Rodzinski surrounded the concerto with three Bach chorale preludes, arranged by Respighi, which were solid if uneventful, and Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique, which was turned out impressively. I wish that I could get properly rapturous about the Symphonie Fantastique. I try to persuade myself that it really is the great work some people insist it is, but it still seems like a long journey for what you get on the way.

THE showings by the Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, have something for everybody—classics, more recent staples, and new business. Help yourself to one of those long, printed sheets hanging in the lobby and pick the bill you think you will like best. Whenever you go, you will probably encounter some of the younger members of the company, certain of whom are likely to become important stars before long and certain others of whom are that as of this season.

In the first week's repertory, there were three new productions. The first of these, "Pictures of Goya," danced by Argentinita and her company, who were guest artists for the occasion, was the crisp and effective presentation that you have come to expect from this expert small group. "Fair at Sorochinsk," fashioned for Moussorgsky's music with shrewd choreography by David Lichine, was lots of brisk entertainment in the Russian tradition. I saw this one at a matinée, and the kids (not to speak of the rest of us) were particularly diverted by the rhythmic electricity of Anton Dolin as the Devil of the Ukraine. "Mademoiselle Angot," based on a



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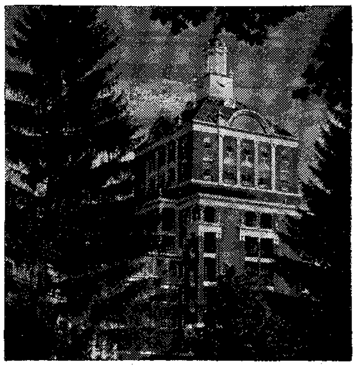

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Lecocq operetta, with the music arranged by Efrem Kurtz and scored by Richard Mohaupt, was one of the lesser examples of the ooh-la-la school. This sort of ballet, though, usually picks up speed and sharpness with repetition.

—Robert A. Simon

CONCERT RECORDS

To Hear and to Read

THIS may not be too early to begin considering Christmas gifts of records. A suggestion for lovers of chamber music is a package containing three trios for violin, 'cello, and piano, played by Jascha Heifetz, Emanuel Feuermann, and Artur Rubinstein. The contents should consist of Brahms' trio in B (Victor DM-883), Schubert's B-flat trio (Victor DM-923), and the Beethoven "Archduke" trio (Victor DM-949). The last is one of Victor's latest releases, and it is fully up to the high standard set by the two earlier recordings of this distinguished trio.

Chamber-music specialists are wary of all-star productions, because such affairs are likely to be contests rather than ensembles. However, there is nothing competitive in the playing of the Messrs. Heifetz, Feuermann, and Rubinstein. They simply placed themselves at the disposal of the music and worked together like a trio that was exclusively a trio. I don't know whether or not Victor recorded other trios by this group before Mr. Feuermann died, more than a year ago, but if there are any more such discs which have not yet been released, I think they can safely be considered essential additions for any chamber-music library.

LALO's opera, "Le Roi d'Ys," hasn't been heard in this vicinity for at least twenty years and it is represented nowadays only by concert samplings of its overture and the tenor air, "Vainement, ma bien-aimée." The entire overture has now received a first-rate recording by the San Francisco Symphony, under the guidance of Pierre Monteux (Victor 11-8489). The tenor solo exists on a record that is a collectors' item—Victor 6062, on which it is sung by Edmond Clément. This isn't readily obtainable, but if you can get it you will have not only a superb performance of the air but a notion of Clément's almost fabled artistry. Of course, this is an old acoustic recording, so be prepared to make plenty of allowances. By the way, I find that such ancient discs sometimes show off to best advantage when they are played with

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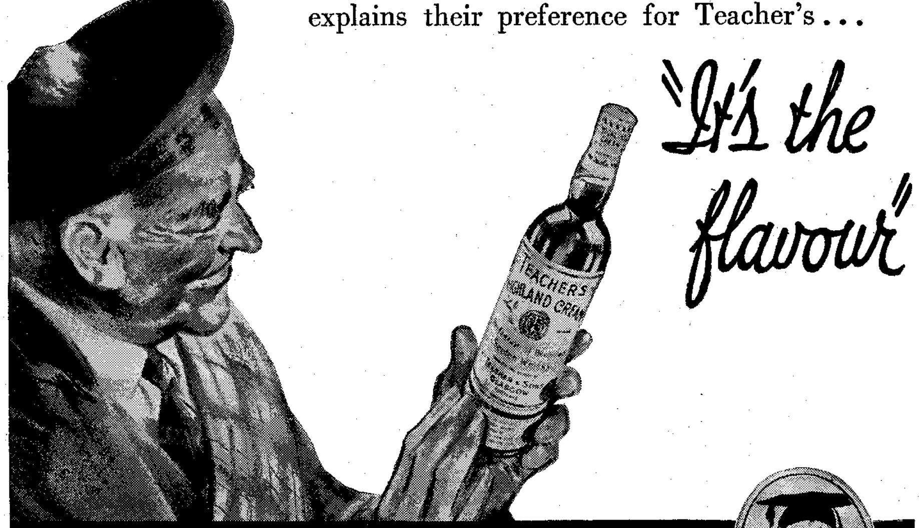

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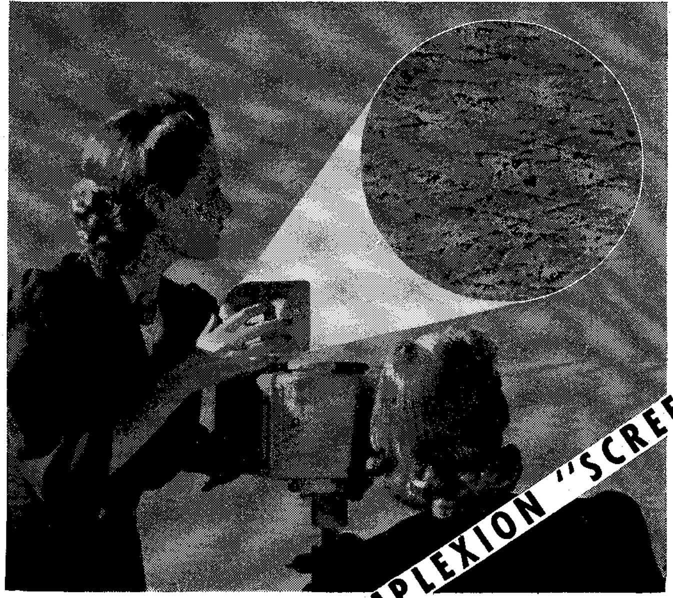

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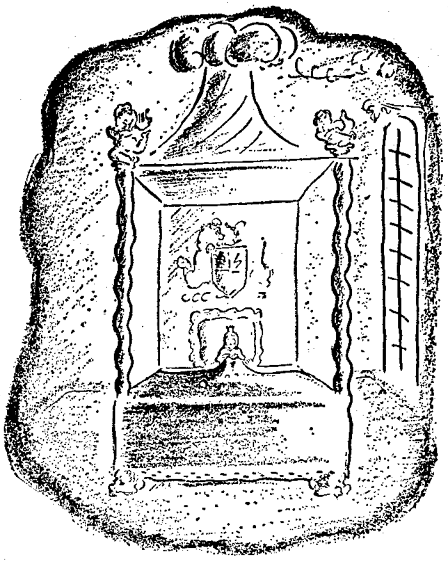

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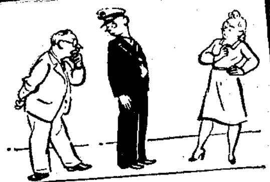

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BERTHA DAMON, author of A SENSE OF HUMUS (Simon & Schuster $2.50) says, "I live too far away and am too busy composing compost to get to The Book Shop in person, but I buy a lot of good books there just the same."

THE BOOK SHOP

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fibre needles. For a good modern recording of the song, there is one by Richard Crooks (Victor 15543).

Entertainment music, as some like to call it, is supplied by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, directed by Arthur Fiedler, in its doings with Johann Strauss's "Tritsch-Tratsch" polka (Victor 10-1058), an amusing supplement to your Strauss file. It is coupled with a "Cuckoo Clock" by Lloyd del Castillo, which is pleasant enough listening. In this line of goods, however, I am still loyal to Orth's "In a Clock Store."

If you'd like to study Latin-American folk dances, and apparently there are plenty of people who do, you might invest in Bost album ES4, which contains ten specimens, along with an instructive booklet by Irma Labastille. Between the records and the reading matter, you might learn how to do, say, the huella, the bambuco, or the marinera, if you're in the mood. In any case, the album is full of interesting material to hear and to read and the performances are good, straight stuff without concert trimmings.

SOMETHING like a foolproof record catalogue is about to make its appearance—a five-hundred-page affair called "The Music America Loves Best." It lists just about anything you might want from the Victor and Bluebird ateliers, and it is arranged so that you can't miss finding the item you're after, provided it is in the book to start with. Everything is cross-indexed in several ways. If, for instance, you looked up "In a Clock Store," mentioned a couple of paragraphs ago, in the title index, you'd be told you could find it under educational music, or entertainment for children, or light concert orchestra favorites.

Massive as the book is, it doesn't represent everything that Victor could offer, because production has been suspended on certain items not in great demand. There's plenty of music in it which you may have overlooked, however. The volume, which will cost only a quarter, should be on sale most any day now. —R. A. S.

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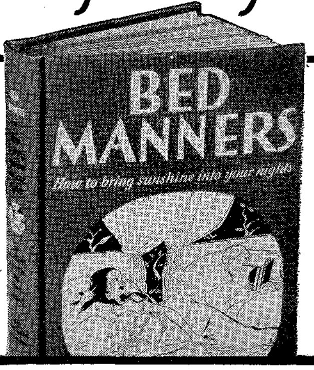

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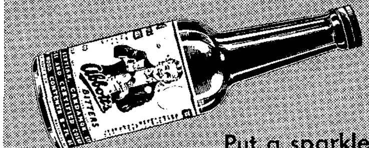

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BOOKS

Post-Post-Meridian—Vansittart

TESTIMONY that no impossible abyss yawns between *PM*'s editorial desk and the mine fields of Tunisia is provided this week by Captain Ralph Ingersoll's "The Battle Is the Pay-Off." Here is a businesslike, earnest, careful account of the events of the battle of El Guettar (in Tunisia), in which Captain Ingersoll of the Engineers participated. Quite unrhetorical and thoroughly military in its professional viewpoint, it will stand as a valuable record of the adaptation of an "intellectual" to the business, fairly intellectual itself, of warfare.

It has other values, too. For one thing, it is the first non-technical war book I have read that explains, clearly and simply, what a modern army is like, how it is constructed, what each of its component parts does, what a battle order is, how mines are laid and located, how troops are fed and watered, what equipment the men fight with, and dozens of other basic matters, ignorance of which flourishes among civilians like myself.

For another thing, Captain Ingersoll's conclusions are helpfully astringent. He is convinced (which we at home don't seem to be) that the war is hardly begun, that German production is still going up despite the bombings, that the Germans cannot be knocked out by air power but must be beaten in the field, that civilian optimism is responsible for the lack of toughness in our training, that the Germans (and the English and the Russians and the Chinese) are "committed" to this war because they believe in it, whereas our soldiers are fighting mainly in order to get home again, and that their lack of a sense of commitment is not only imperilling the chances of complete victory but vitiating the possibility of a true peace.

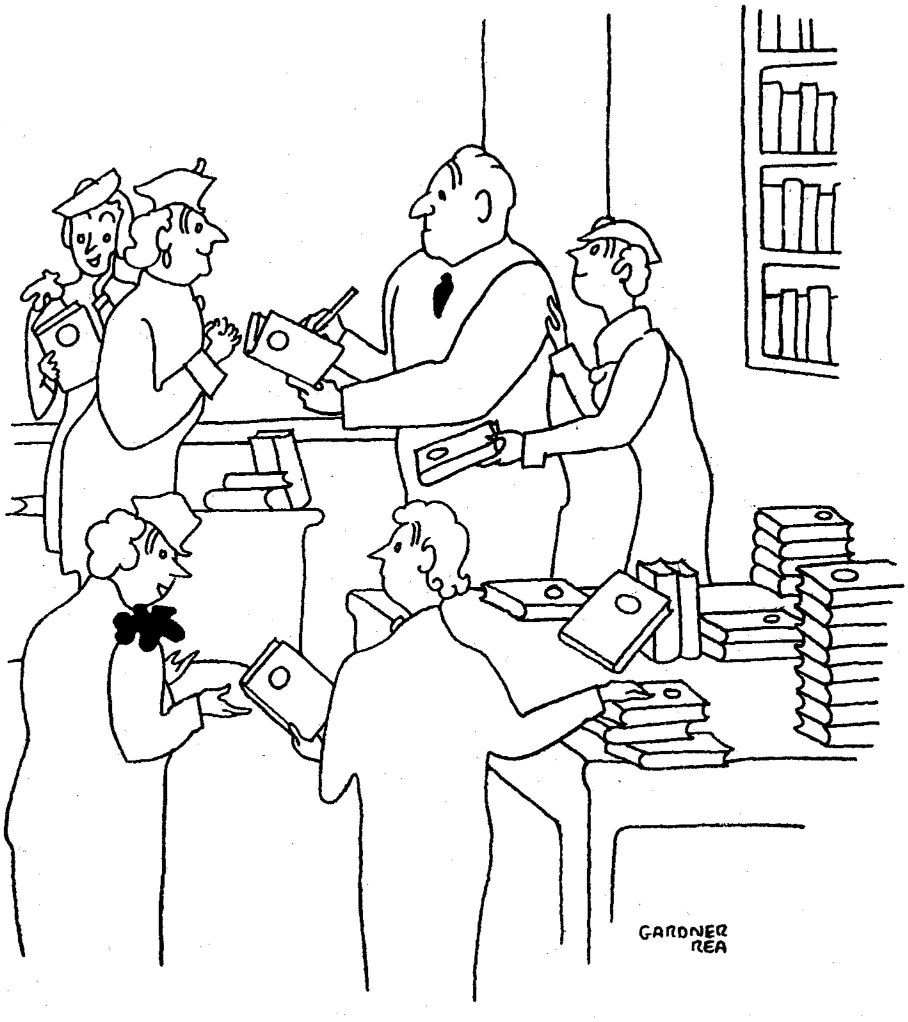
I AM no great admirer of Lord Vansittart, who was for many years the éminence grise of British foreign affairs. I do not believe in his professions of democracy and it is my sincere hope that *men like himself, however brilliant their* talents, will not govern England after the war. That much made clear, may I go on to say that to my mind he is the only first-flight statesman in the ranks of the United Nations who has consistently talked sense about the Germans and who is consistently talking sense now?

His book, "Lessons of My Life," has been attacked by every woolgatherer, sentimentalist, and unconscious pro-German in England. It has been attacked because Vansittart is the only veteran politician in England who has dared to cry out that the emperor has no clothes on—in other words, that the Germans are precisely what for a hundred years their leaders have declared them to be.

It has been said that Vansittart is an exterminationist. This is not true; only the Germans are exterminationists—witness the fate of the Poles, the Greeks, and the Jews. It has been said that Vansittart wishes to subject the Germans to torture. This is not true; only the Germans (and the Japanese) have openly declared torture a legitimate method of warfare. Vansittart in his extraordinary book asks for only four things—the defeat, demilitarization, occupation, and reëducation of Germany, without which, as he properly says, "the Four Freedoms will be moonshine."

But no one of these aims can be completely achieved unless we renounce absolutely the distinction our leaders have already made between the Germans and the Nazis. For a bulletproof demonstration that this distinction is a myth, I refer you to the well-documented pages of "Lessons of My Life."

THOSE with a special interest in the history of ideas will want to know about "Romanticism and the Modern Ego," by one of our brilliant younger philosopher historians, Jacques Barzun. "Romantic" and "romanticism" are words that have been kicked around for years, and most attempts at explaining them have merely thickened the fog. Mr. Barzun really helps. He defines the perennial romantic viewpoint as a keen and vivid sense of the contrast between the potential nobility of man and the actual wretchedness of his state. He explains the special nineteenth-century romantic movement as a



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varied and complex attempt to build a new, post-Napoleonic world on the ruins of the old.

In the course of his beautifully organized and developed discussion, Mr. Barzun makes clear that romanticism is not responsible for Fascism, that it is in essence realistic rather than escapist, and that the romanticist Rousseau is not the archdevil Irving Babbitt makes him out to be.

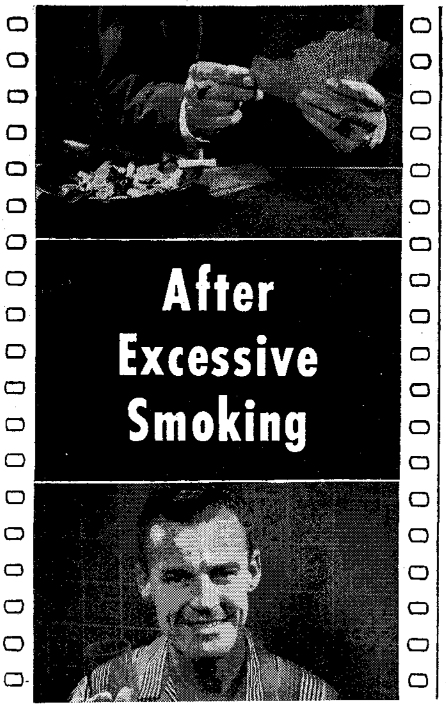
THE 1943-1944 Harper Prize novel is Martin Flavin's "Journey in the Dark," the story of the pilgrimage of Sam Braden, a lower-middle-class Mississippi Valley American, his business success, his marital failure, the slow growth of his understanding of his own life and character. As your correspondent was one of the three judges in the contest, perhaps it is best merely to quote the opinion he sent to the publishers directly after his first reading: "The book is intelligent and conscientious, and mirrors a representative cross-section of American life during the last sixty years." I have now reread Mr. Flavin's honest and thoughtful work and I do not feel I can add anything to this verdict. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ONE FAIR DAUGHTER, by Bruno Frank, translated from the German by Claire Trask. Another novel of Nazi tyranny. The fair daughter is the child of an Austrian nobleman and a Jewish singer. She has the ill luck to be born, after her father's death, into the collapsing society of postwar Europe. That the girl grows up in Hitler's New Order with a passionate loyalty to the Jewish people furnishes, of course, all the necessary ingredients of tragedy. There are some moving scenes of courage and faithfulness as well as of brutality and sadism, but on the whole Herr Frank doesn't seem to have been trying terribly hard.

SEE WHAT I MEAN? by Lewis Browne. A historical novel about a moment in our pre-Pearl Harbor past which we are all inclined to forget. The unprincipled press agent of a small-time American Fascist organization reveals, after his involvement with the racket has landed him in prison, the machinery by which such a movement is set going. Mr. Browne knows all about the technique of organized Jew-baiting and his material sounds factual enough. For that matter, he lets his documentation clutter



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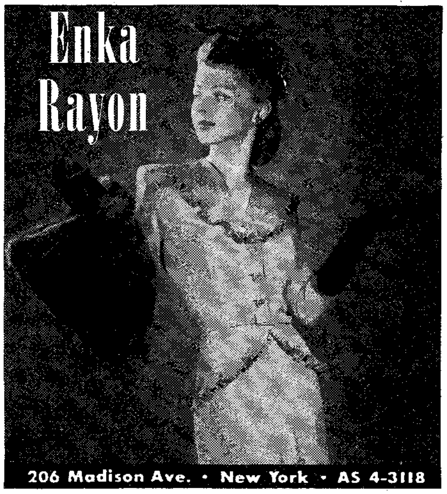

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up the narrative, with the result that the story often creaks.

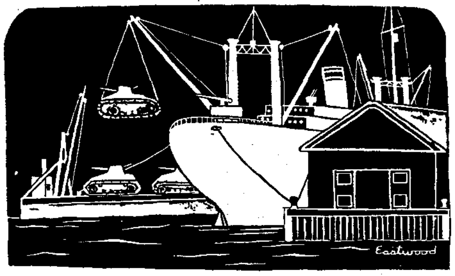
GENERAL

CONNECTICUT YANKEE, by Wilbur L. Cross. Autobiography of a genial original who grew up in a New England small town, went from undergraduate to Dean of the Graduate School at Yale, and ended up as Governor of Connecticut. Free-flowing and witty, with a good, pithy turn of phrase, and one of the pleasantest autobiographies of the season. Even so, unless you happen to be a pious Yale man, you may find the chapters on college matters rather heavy going. Photographs.

THESE ARE THE GENERALS. Seventeen shoulder-star officers of the American Army—Marshall, Eisenhower, Arnold, Clark, McNair, Chennault, and Saunders, among others—as seen by a dozen or so writers. Interesting stuff—except, perhaps, for Clare Luce's conventional impressions of MacArthur—but on the whole only skin-deep on a subject that merits bone-deep treatment. The foreword, by Walter Millis, is probably the best piece in the book. All the other material has been reprinted from the magazines.

MAKERS OF MODERN STRATEGY, edited by Edward Mead Earle, in collaboration with Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert. Scholarly history of the development of military thought, especially the theory of the nation-in-arms, from Machiavelli to Hitler, and broad enough to include both Vauban and Marx. An impressive, well-documented résumé by twenty authors, several of whom are associated with the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. Except for Hamilton, Mahan, and Mitchell, though, the American tradition seems, rather curiously, to have been neglected. Maps.

MAXIM LITVINOFF, by Arthur Upham Pope. Full-length biography of the former Soviet Ambassador to the United States, along with what amounts to a compilation of his more important speeches and a fairly ex-



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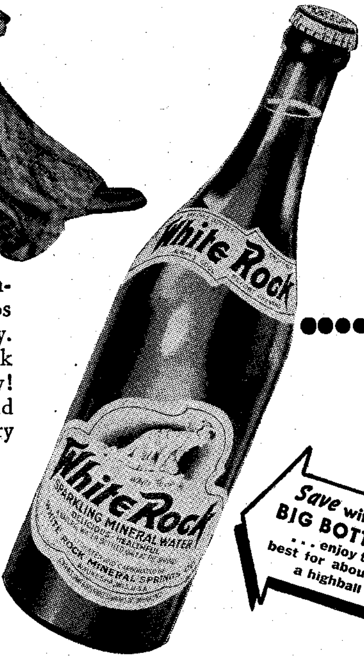

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tensive background history of Russo-European politics from the late nineteenth century to the present. It is interpretive rather than critical and seems to stick pretty close to the orthodox Soviet view throughout. A readable, thorough, and intelligently organized book.

The Spanish Labyrinth, by Gerald Brenan. The social and political history of Spain, beginning with the fall of the First Republic in 1874, as a prelude to the late civil war, with a chapter on that war itself. An original work, democratic in viewpoint, understandingly objective, and well documented. Maps and appendices.

The Wake of the Prairie Schooner, by Irene D. Paden. Fresh Americana about the old emigrant trails westward from Independence, Missouri, the result of some twenty years' field work and digging into diaries by the author and her husband. Awkward writing, but the detail is profuse and evidently authentic. Excellent bibliography, plus sketches by the author.

Dedication, edited by Keith W. Jennison. A photographic portrait of the United Nations—fighting forces in action, industry, countryside, and so on. There is fine feeling in this assemblage of photographs, which bear appropriate captions drawn from the utterances of our leaders.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Sister of Cain, by Mary Collins. A war bride moves in with her husband's six sisters, a Grade A group of psychopaths, and finds herself involved in the murder of the eldest and most unpleasant of them. A good mystery which would be even better if some of the more incredible clues were eliminated.

Mr. Mirakel, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Mr. Mirakel, an eccentric fellow who has a theory that nice people shouldn't be bombed, takes a handpicked group of his English friends to his own private Utopia, modelled on Wellsian lines. A haphazard piece of work, which even Oppenheim fans may admit isn't quite up to par.

•

Hollywood, Sept. 8.—(AP)—Celia Villa, 28, daughter of the late Pancho Villa, Mexican revolutionary leader, and Fred Datig, 45, movie casting director, were married Monday, his studio said. temperatures range as high as 160 degrees.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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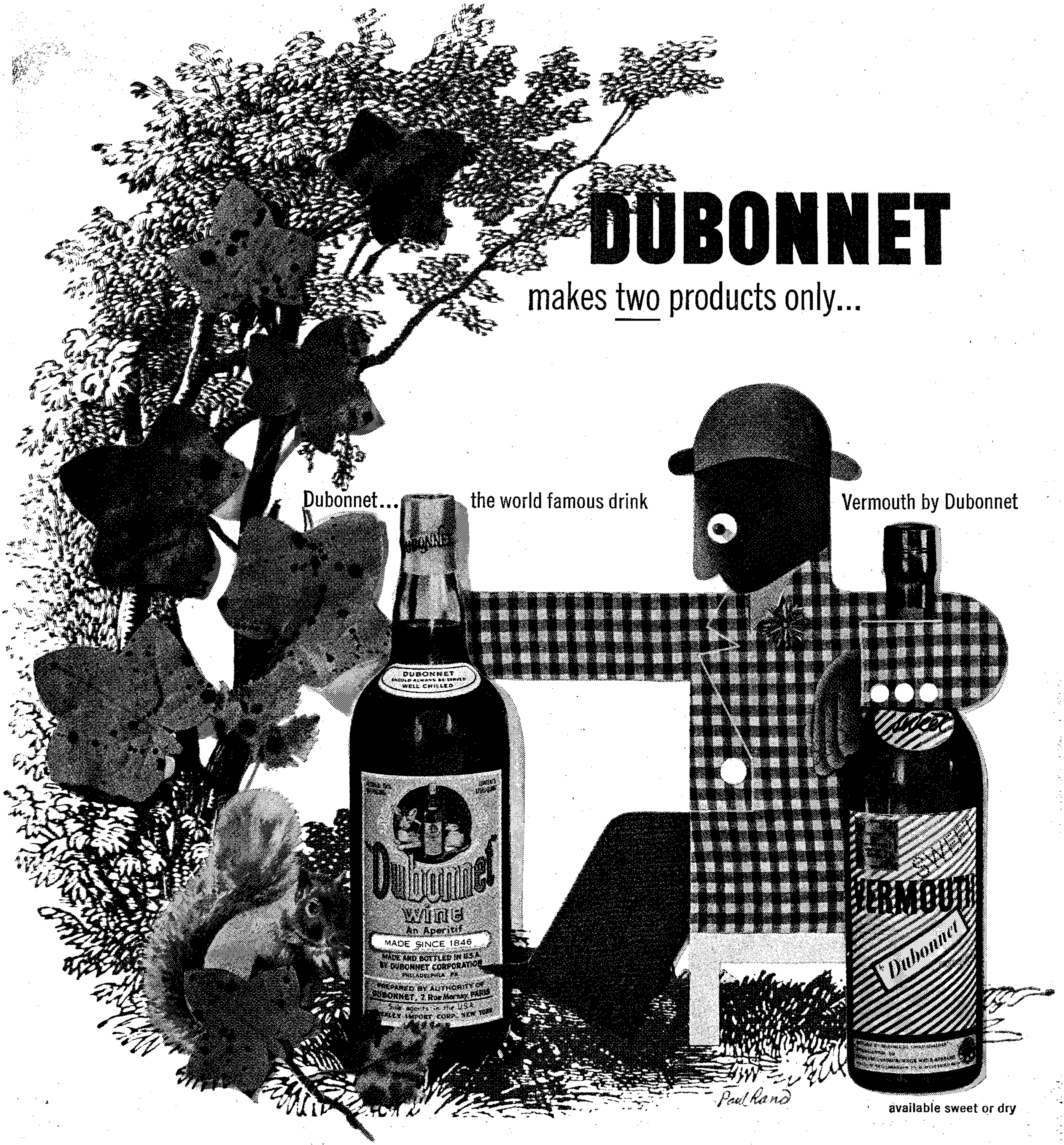

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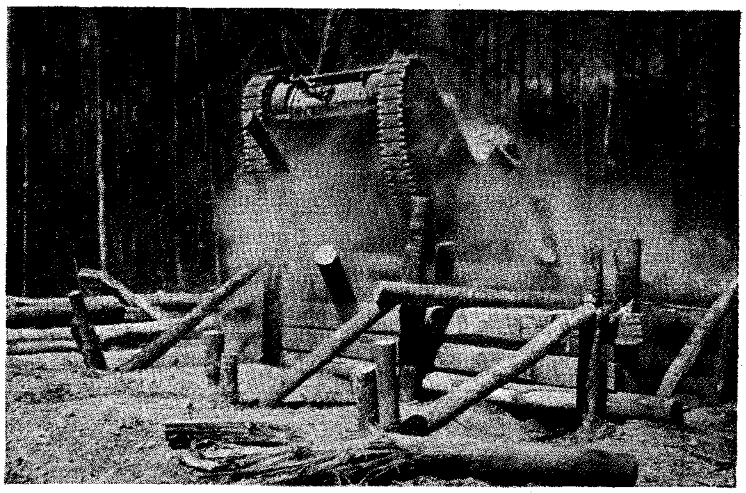

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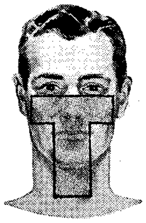

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